THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JUNE 1, 1912 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY OLIVE RUSH

Beginning a New Series by Will Irwin

ARE YOU CARELESS ABOUT FLOUR?

It is easy to be a little careless in ordering and on the other hand so very easy to get the kind that is unquestionably superior to all other brands

Back in the early Seventies, the Washburn Mills began grinding flour with the idea that a very superior quality would bring to them a great number of satisfied customers

40,000,000 packages of flour distributed to customers annually speak for the success of this "quality idea"

Don't be careless

Order GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN–CROSBY CO'S

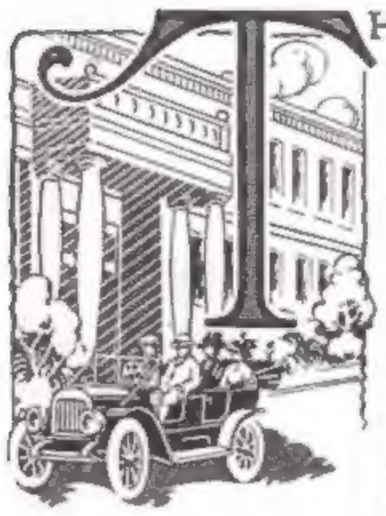
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Have your boy or girl send 4c for postage and receive a little sack of Gold Medal Flour

Washburn-Crosby Co., Largest Millers in the World, General Offices, Minneapolis, Minn.

What's What in Tires

By H. S. Firestone



THE car owners of America are spending about $100,000,000 a year for tires.

Not one user in a thousand would guess that the volume of business had reached that tremendous sum. Therefore the average buyer attributes the growth and success of tire manufacturers, individually and collectively, to high price rather than large volume.

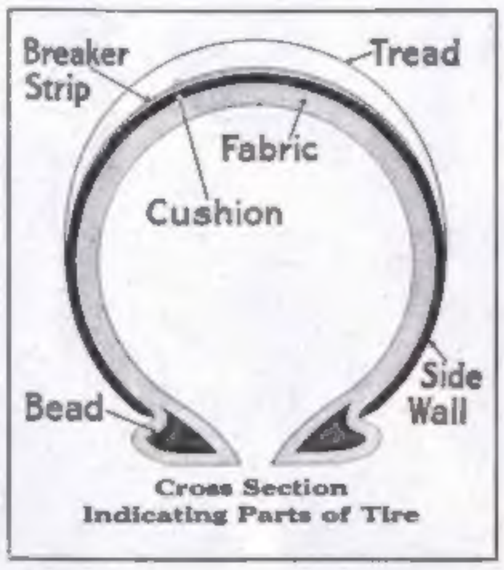
Add to this the fact that the vast majority of people know little about the basic values of a tire, the cost of materials and labor, and it is not surprising that they question whether or not they get their money's worth.

Basis of Selection

To put it broadly, one gets about what he pays for in tires, as in all else. But as tires look more or less alike outwardly, one needs to rely largely on the responsibility and experience of the manufacturer and the past record of the tire.

That is why "Firestone" appears on every Firestone Tire. It fixes responsibility clear down to the individual.

That is why—"Never an 'off' season in eleven years"—is put so prominently in Firestone advertising. Also why the unequalled records of these tires in the severest tests of race and tour are featured. Past performance is important.



Cross Section Indicating Parts of Tire

When the User is Used

It must not be taken for granted, however, that *all* poor tires are intentionally so. The costly disappointments of some tire users must be attributed to a lack of definite knowledge and practical experience among manufacturers.

The making of tires is a comparatively new industry. The "know how" regarding materials and construction is rare. And the demand has been so great that some have been tempted to allow the public to share the risk of experimental work.

Building tires is a delicate science. Quality does not just "happen." It is the result of scientific research, knowledge and practical experience. From now on, with more tires of known quality available, due to enlarged facilities, it will be a question of the survival of the fittest.

Knowledge is Insurance

Our purpose here and in the more specific installments to follow, is to tell the tire user what constitutes a good tire.

When car owners know the quantities of expensive materials that go into the making of really good tires—

When they know the minute care that must be exercised and the rigid standards of workmanship necessary—

Then they will appreciate why a tire costs what it does—why a good tire is worth all it costs—and why a poor tire is expensive, even at a very low price.

Quality is the Issue

Many people look upon the *type* of pneumatic tire used as an all important element in its service value. This is not the case. *Quality* is the issue. Materials of highest quality in sufficient quantity and an unsparing degree of skill and care in workmanship are the deciding factors.

All standard types are good. Every standard type is represented in the "Firestone" line and each has demonstrated its merit because there has been supreme quality in all.

Let quality be skimped in any particular to any degree and no special type of tire is going to establish its record for service on the road.

Every process of development, from crude rubber and fibre to the finished tire, must be handled by the unhurried expert.

Each piece of work must pass muster, under the eye of an uncompromising inspector, if the tire is to deserve the stamp of quality at the end—if it is to deserve the quality price asked—if it is to deliver your money's worth on the road.

"Firestone"

Non-Skid and Smooth Tread Tires

Are the tires which meet all requirements of the highest standard of quality through and through.

Firestone Rubber is almost exclusively Up-River Fine Pure Para, accurately compounded to give the greatest resiliency, the surest, fullest service in extra mileage.

Firestone Fabric is the highest priced combed Sea Island cotton—tested for strength—inspected inch by inch.

This fabric is completely saturated with pure Up-River Fine Para and cured into the tire. You are assured against blowouts by Firestone Construction.

Firestone Tires are double cured. There cannot be a "pinch" or imperfection in the fabric. The pure rubber in the fabric saturation, in the cushion and in the breaker wall, flow together and anchor the parts into one. You are sure of durability, secure against tread or fabric separation in Firestone construction.

In the Firestone factory, there is an expert inspector to every ten skilled tire makers. One weakness of material, one fractional inch of lack of perfect work—and the tire is rejected. Result:

When you get a Firestone Tire you can be sure of supreme service, because every possible weakness is eliminated.

You can get Firestone Tires to fit your every idea. Smooth tread or non-skid tread in all standard types.

Firestone Quick Detachable Clincher. Built with stiff beads. Fit all detachable rims with clincher side rings.

Firestone Regular Clincher. Built with pliable beads. Fit all regular one-piece clincher rims.

Firestone Quick Detachable Straight Side. Built with a series of wire cables in base. Non stretchable. The type offered by some as extra size and safe against rim cuts. Fit detachable rims with straight side rings.

Service-wise car owners everywhere are avoiding frequent punctures and blowouts—are getting most miles on the road, by specifying Firestone equipment.

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company "America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers" **Akron, Ohio**

Pergola in a Los Angeles House

Copyright, 1912, by Hart Schaffner & Marx

YOU'LL be a welcome guest in any good clothing store where our goods are sold, if you mention our name.

The best in the house will be at your disposal; and you'll find it good.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers

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THE AMERICAN SPENDERS

They Who Count the Pennies—By Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

WHEN the question of the high cost of living was up for daily settlement in the newspapers, James J. Hill contributed his bit. "It isn't the high cost of living that's the trouble," he said in effect; "it's the cost of high living." And to the standpat mind the question was settled. "The demand of workingmen, clerks and Government employees for higher wages to meet the demands of the age," said the American Tories, "arises not from necessity, but from the unreasonable desire for luxury."

Most plain Americans do not agree with this easy dictum—hence such phenomena in the body politic as Insurgency and Socialism. Most of us believe that the cost of living, even at the simplest standards, has risen faster than the average price of a day's wages. We believe also that, in the last analysis, this has come to pass because certain gentlemen of Mr. Hill's class have got more than their due reward from the exploitation of industry and natural resources. Yet these are but snap judgments. The question of the high cost of living is far too deep and wide for any one man, even a high economist, to settle. University committees and Government commissions must gather and sift data for months and years before we shall have any clear light upon the subject. It goes down to the very foundation of economics.

Often the Whole Family Goes to the "Movies"

However, it is the policy of true enlightenment to yield your opponent every reasonable point, in order that you may hit him the harder when you reach the unreasonable ones. And none, rabid radical though he be, can deny with justice the grain of truth in Mr. Hill's epigram. We have become a nation of facile spenders. The rich and the half-rich, with those easily won fortunes that come in an era of sudden industrial expansion, have set the pace. No city of the world was ever so lavish, so extravagant, so free with money, as New York—unless it be Chicago. The American abroad is the hope and sport of the European innkeeper and tradesman. Since, socially considered, this is a democracy, since no one is held back from extravagance by the feeling that any luxury unbefits his station of life, we find the so-called "upper middle" class imitating the rich, the salaried people imitating the upper middle class, the wage-earners imitating the salaried people. A moderate-priced luxury of this year becomes a necessity of the next; a fashion of last autumn has run its course by this spring from the richest stratum of society to the poorest. A dozen new tongues of commerce shout in our ears the necessity for the latest luxury that has been put on the market; a dozen new agencies of distribution bring even the bulkiest of these goods to the remotest town of our continental area. As a people, we have grown a little ashamed of economy, more than a little inclined to rank the man by his outward display of wealth and modernity.

Let us be concrete, or at least as concrete as possible, in discussing a subject that cannot be proved by statistics. Let us visit in imagination the houses of a few exemplars. Beginning at the very foundation of wealth, let us take first the so-called working class.

We must, I think, pass over the very poorest stratum of that class. With such, wages tend, as they have always tended, toward the very lowest standard upon which life may be maintained. We cannot study their use of the margin because they have no margin. It is best to begin with such journeymen as printers, railroad employees, workers in the building trades.

Robert Hart, a union carpenter, lives in an old city that has never achieved the leading ten in population, but that still maintains itself in the first class. Call it Springfield or Indianapolis, Columbus or Louisville, as you prefer. Robert's wages have varied with the fortunes of his union; in recent years they have run from $4.50 to $5.00 a day. Old Jim Hart, Robert's father before him, also was a carpenter. In dollars and cents his yearly wage was less than his son's; in buying power it was about the same. As happens rarely in American families, the two generations have reproduced equally. James Hart, Robert's father, had four children, and Robert has four. Nellie, the eldest daughter, left high school in the middle of the second year to take a six-months course at business college. She is earning nine dollars a week as a stenographer. Bessie, aged sixteen, will leave the high school with her diploma next spring. She has bookish tendencies; the Harts are hoping to send her to normal school and make her a teacher. Bobbie, aged twelve, and Harry, aged eight, are both in school, of course. From every point of view this is just an average American family; normal, affectionate, reasonably healthy, fairly happy, holding the aspirations and the prides that belong to the American. Robert Hart admires his children, cherishes his wife, votes according to his conscience and his lights, brings home his wages on Saturday night, goes to church on Sunday morning.

Their native city has not yet come to tenement conditions. The Harts, like their parents, live in a small frame house measurably near the center of the city. Behold Robert Hart now, rising on a certain morning in late November and hurrying through his breakfast that he may reach the job by eight. His wife serves him and the children with a breakfast consisting of oatmeal, bread, coffee and eggs. James Hart, being practical rather than contemplative, has never matched these breakfasts of his with those he used to get from his mother when he was a boy. The eggs, for example. It is November; the price is high. In his father's time eggs never appeared on the table during the period of winter scarcity. The modern family has them for breakfast at least three times a week all winter long. Also the oatmeal. It appears on the Hart table about twice a week. On the other mornings Mrs. Hart gives her family other breakfast foods—all variations, of course, upon prepared raw grains. Now Mrs. James Hart, Robert's mother, also served cereals for breakfast. She had four staples—oats, rice, cornmeal and cracked wheat. These were bought in bulk from the barrel. The modern Harts buy all their cereals in packages. The manufacturers have introduced many appetizing variations on the plain raw cereal, and the Harts like them. Mrs. Robert Hart, in buying as she does, pays not only for the raw product, but for the treatment in the factories, for the flavor. It is true that many of the prepared cereals are partly cooked at the factory and, therefore, require but little heat for their preparation. Nevertheless, a really clever housewife of the old school—the kind of housewife who does not exist, in this generation, outside of New England—had the art of economizing heat, of keeping every stovecover at work. She would have wiped away that margin. Somehow such a proceeding seems never to have occurred to the Harts.

Four times a week the Robert Harts have fruit for breakfast. The James Harts never did that—the custom had not reached them. But Nellie Hart, at the age when a girl begins to look about and perceive her world, learned that fruit for breakfast is not only hygienic, but "swell." Also Robert Hart tasted a grapefruit and liked it. Except for an occasional apple, the older Harts had fresh fruit only in summer and fall. Then it appeared at "supper." The Robert Harts have fresh fruit for "dinner" just as often as their parents had. The breakfast fruit—including expensive grapefruit and oranges in winter—is an extra. Mrs. Hart admits that this is an extravagance; but Robert likes it, the children like it, she likes it, and they must have it. I might pick

out other little expensive changes in the Hart menu, had I time to dwell longer on that aspect of the subject. However, I cannot forbear mentioning sugar. The staple sweetening of the older family was brown sugar in its crude state. Loose granulated or refined sugar was a luxury; they used it on berries, they brought it out for company. Now this refined white sugar is the staple; and the Robert Harts have gone a stage farther, for when they have company they sweeten the coffee or tea with molded lump sugar—a thing unknown to the James Harts in their day. It matters not that the crude sugar of thirty years ago is cheaper in dollars and cents than the refined sugar of today. We are not arguing in the fluctuating unit of money, but in the stable units of the day's labor and industrial processes. Molded sugar is more costly than loose sugar because of and by the cost of one major process; by the same measure is refined white sugar more costly than brown.

Breakfast over, Robert Hart starts for the trolley car, after first giving his everyday suit a lick with the brush. Here at once we have two important differences. When his father's job lay anywhere within reasonable distance of home he walked out and back. To any job beyond a radius of eight or ten blocks Robert Hart rides. He has reason for this: life is more full with him than it ever was with his father; he has more to do of evenings; he finds himself less energetic when he goes to his work in the morning. On a guess, James Hart parted with ten cents for carfare on less than a hundred working days of the year, his son on more than two hundred; and a hundred times ten cents is ten dollars.

Old Economies Become Obsolete

AN EMINENT English actor, just arrived in America, was asked for his first impression. "The fact that your laborers all ride to work," he said. "That more than anything else impressed upon me the lavishness of the United States."

As I have said, Robert Hart proceeds to work in his everyday suit. But for his dinner pail or an occasional tool you might think he was one of the office force. When he arrives at the job he will change to old clothes and overalls. His father traveled to and from the job in his working clothes. This is another item so small that it appears insignificant until we view it in the cold light of personal mathematics. The only true economist I know is a woman clerk, who manages to maintain herself with respectability on a salary of nine dollars a week. She has just taken a new job. "I had another offer," she told me—"the same price and easier work. But to get there I had to transfer twice, and this place is on a direct carline." "A matter of time?" I asked. "No," she said, "clothes. When I change cars getting up and sitting down take just so much wear out of my tailor suit." Old Jim Hart, if the truth be known, wore that respectable everyday suit rather seldom. On weekdays he came home in his overalls, washed up and donned another outfit of old clothes which was good enough to wear about the house. His good suits lasted him three years on the average; his son's a year and a half. All this is a concession to a higher standard of personal appearance.

While Robert Hart is proceeding to work, Mrs. Hart is getting the children away to school or to the shop and is beginning her daily domestic routine. First, she washes the dishes—with yellow laundry soap. Her mother, her husband's mother, used soft soap, made or earned from the refuse of the skillets and the stove. That grease from the fried eggs, which Mrs. Hart has just turned into the garbage can, would have gone into her mother's or her grandmother's soap-fat kettle. Her grandmother would have turned it into soft soap herself; her mother would have exchanged it with the "fat man" for yellow soap. The soap-kettle, as a part of domestic equipment, is about extinct. In a somewhat exhaustive inquiry into modern domestic methods I have discovered only one family that retains it—and that a well-to-do one. And soap-grease is not the only valuable refuse that goes into Mrs. Hart's garbage can. Every day she throws away something for which her mother would have found a use. Her mother had an axiom which Mrs. Hart has forgotten—"Watch the garbage pail and you don't have to watch the pantry." Indeed, there is scarcely a single small operation of Mrs. Hart's household régime but suffers, by comparison from an economic standpoint, with the corresponding process in the older establishment. For example, she has just prepared to "set" some bread. She used a cake of patent yeast. Her mother made her own yeast. A moment later she lights a match to explore a dark closet. Her mother would have used a paper quill rolled in her spare moments from refuse wrappings or newspapers. Mrs. Hart's mother and mother-in-law strove to make the one match which lighted the initial fire on a winter morning serve for every fire and every lamp that day. Old Jim Hart lighted his after-dinner pipe from the stove—did it by habit and instinct. That sheaf of paper quills neatly thrust into an ornamental quiver—where is it now? Gone with the soap-fat kettle and the ragbag into a limbo of things that were.

His Father Traveled to and From the Job in His Working Clothes

Let us digress to point the moral. Being reading people, the Harts have always taken newspapers and periodicals. The woman's page of the newspaper which came to old Jim Hart's door was concerned mainly with these very household economies: "How to make lampwicks from old hats," "How to turn merino dresses," "Hints about practical dyeing," "The use of paper scraps"—such articles shared with descriptions of the latest fashions the honor of the first column, top. The Robert Harts take that same newspaper. Modified by the changing years to suit modern tastes, it still maintains its woman's page. But now the leading articles—bar fashions—are "Flossie Footlights' Beauty Secrets," "Leola Lorraine's Advice to Lovers," "Sophie Strongwoman's Exercises for Health and Complexion."

If household economies are noticed it is only occasionally—in mere fillers at the bottoms of the columns. The same is true of Mrs. Hart's fat, prosperous woman's periodical. Page after page of fashions, of designs for new houses, of artistic interiors, of advice on cultivating mind and body and soul, and one small column, run occasionally through the advertising pages, of Household Hints. The art in editing a modern publication lies in giving the public what it wants; this change in editorial policy but reflects the desires of Mrs. Hart and her kind.

It is Monday—washday. Mrs. Hart sorts the washing, separating the sheets, pillow-cases, towels, underwear, tablecloths and napkins from Mr. Hart's shirts, collars, cuffs and those "fussy" white waists that Nellie herself has not the time or skill to wash. We are coming later to the uses which Nellie makes of her evenings. Presently the laundry-wagon comes and takes away this second heap. For Mrs. Hart, like all her neighbors, never thinks of doing stiff shirts and collars at home. The rough washing is all that she can manage. Including as it does the shirts and collars that Mr. Hart wears to and from work, the second pile makes a pretty penny in the household expense. However hard she may try, Mrs. Hart can scarcely hold down the bill to less than a dollar a week. The corresponding item cost the elder Mrs. Hart only the price of an occasional box of starch.

Since it is washday Mrs. Hart gives the children a "picked-up lunch" and makes Bessie and the boys wash the dishes. She manages, however, to scratch out a few minutes, while the kettle is boiling for dinner, to do some necessary mending. She takes up a pair of Harry's breeches and sighs as she runs a slit seam. The knees are about finished; the time approaches when Harry must have a new suit; and how Robert can manage it just now she for one cannot see. Confronted with such a crisis in the sartorial affairs of the juvenile Robert Hart, Mrs. James Hart would have behaved very differently. She would have snipped out those knees, rummaged through her ragbag for a piece of cloth which matched, and made a strong and neat patch. Mrs. Hart does not patch her children's clothes—at the earnest request of the children. That battle was fought out long ago when Bobbie first went to school. She had patched a pair of his trousers. He came home crying. The other little boys had "joshed" him all day. It appeared that patching clothes wasn't being done in their circles. The Harts, expressing the American spirit, want their children to be as good as anybody's children; and they have, besides, the modern way of consulting the children's wishes, as their elders never did. So patches appeared no more on the school clothes of Bobbie Hart, aged twelve, and Harry Hart, aged eight.

Indeed, there is hardly an item in the wardrobe of these two average American boys, there is hardly an activity of their lives, that does not point the difference between this age and the past age in the standard of living. Robert Hart was the youngest of three brothers who appeared in this world at intervals of two or three years. From the age of knickerbockers well into the age of long trousers he had only one new suit. That was bought for his confirmation. Otherwise he was dressed in the cut-down clothes of his elders. One suit which he hated, but which he wore without protest, came to him fourth-hand. It had been his father's best. Cut down to eliminate the worn seams, it served its term as everyday suit for Brother Jim, Junior, who was in long trousers. When it grew shiny Mrs. James Hart turned it and made it into a respectable short-trouser outfit for Brother William. He was shooting up fast in this period; he outgrew it. Whereupon, with a little alteration, it was bequeathed to Robert, who wore it, patched and repatched, for a year. The Hart children of this generation know not that process. Everything they wear comes to them new.

To Any Job Beyond a Radius of Eight or Ten Blocks Robert Hart Rides

The Days of Copper-Armored Gunboats

THE elder Mrs. Hart never bought stockings for the children in their short-trouser or short-skirt period. She knitted them from the spun wool. She knitted also their mittens and the big enveloping scarves or comforters which they wore in place of overcoats. These stockings were more substantial, they lasted longer, than those which the younger Mrs. Hart buys at the department store. Mrs. James Hart darned the children's stockings until it seemed sometimes that she replaced all the original threads. Mrs. Robert Hart never goes so far with her darning. This is not a matter of indolence. As in the matter of patches, it is a response to the wishes of the children. When the darned places become too conspicuous Bobby and Harry feel that they are losing face with their playmates—that they are being ranked in public opinion with the children from the slum district.

The consideration of stockings leads to shoes. During a great part of the summer months the juvenile Robert Hart and his brothers, city dwellers though they were, went barefoot. They liked it; and, since all the neighboring children did the same, none thought the less of them. Bobby and Harry would lose much caste if they did that. Punch was funny once—which happens more often than most Americans will allow. It printed a picture of a barefoot Scotch gillie who had just stubbed his toe on a rock. "It's lucky," he was saying, "that I hadna me puir boot on!" Now I am not reverting to Gaelic type and holding the dead cuticle of oxen dearer than the living cuticle of men; I but tell the news and let the reader write his own editorial. The fact remains that this custom of the elder Hart family wrought a great saving in shoes. Further: The children in that family wore thick, stout "gunboats" or copper-toed boots. Shapeless, ugly things, they were made for one purpose—to last. You can scarcely get such shoes now, because there is no demand for them. Even in "children's lines" the makers sacrifice strength to style and beauty; and in doing so they but follow the public taste. I think that I am not guessing extravagantly when I say that Bobbie Hart, at the age of twelve, has probably cost his parents more for shoes than did Robert Hart, Senior, up to the time when he began to shift for himself.

Any modern parent understands that bare necessities are not everything in the expense of a modern child. Yet if we knew all we should discover that the children in the elder Hart family had very little above the margin of bare necessity. Their pleasures sprang mainly from their imaginations; their tools of play they improvised from household lumber and refuse. Let us take baseball—that will put us all upon a common ground of experience. When Robert Hart played the national game, which he did whenever the snow was off the ground, he used a yarn or string ball. The boys begged or stole the material and wound it painfully about an improvised core. Failing yarn, they fell back on rags, which they tried to fold and sew

into a sphere. For bats they generally used pieces of timber whittled into shape with their precious jackknives. Once in a great while some playmate more lucky or more affluent than the rest appeared with a real twenty-five-cent "cock of the walk" baseball. While it lasted, the owner also was cock of the walk. When some embryo Richardson or Anson knocked it out of shape or burst its cover, the boys rewound it with yarn. The Hart boys of this generation have played with store baseballs ever since they learned how to catch and throw—at first "five-centers," then as Bobbie advanced in skill he came finally to scorn anything cheaper than a "Junior League," which costs seventy-five cents or a dollar. So with bats. When Robert Hart played baseball Arthur Irwin had not yet broken his fingers and invented the baseball glove. If the boys needed protection for their hands they begged old kid gloves from mothers, sisters or aunts. Now every boy who would shine in the game must have his fielding glove or his catcher's mitt. Who pays? In the last analysis the parents. "Please give me a nickel," "Please give me a quarter"—had Grandfather Jim Hart been faced by such a request his impulse would have been to answer with the rough side of his tongue or the hard side of his hand. But Robert Hart listens, and when he feels it necessary to refuse he does so with a secret sense of regret. We give more to children in this generation; we are more inclined to consult their wants and wishes, not only in necessities and things that tend to their certain improvement, but in luxuries and frivolities. And baseball is only an instance that points the tendency. The Hart boys have in their bags more and better marbles than did their father or their uncles. It is true that marbles are cheaper than they were thirty or forty years ago—but I am purposely ignoring the comparative cost of commodities. They eat more and "fancier" candy, which helps account for our increased per capita consumption of sugar. They have sat on the bleachers at baseball games, whereas their father and uncles always saw their baseball through knotholes. They have been to the theater a few times, to the moving-picture show many times. Almost any parent of middle age can cap these instances with others from his own observation.

The Upbringing of Aunt Amelia

CHRISTMAS has always been something of an occasion with the Harts. The children of old Jim Hart hung up their stockings on Christmas Eve and whooped with joy over their presents on Christmas morning. To be exact, however: At Christmas, 1870, a period in which little Robert Hart still believed that there was a Santa Claus, his mother paid just one dollar for all the presents she gave her two youngest boys. Robert got a rubber ball and a little book; William, who had musical tastes, a mouth organ and a somewhat larger book. Mrs. Hart filled out the chinks in that dollar with such items as toy trumpets and candy canes. That was a red-letter Christmas for James Junior, the eldest. He got from his father and mother a pair of skates that cost $1.50. In all his ten years nothing like that had ever happened to him.

On the Christmas of 1911, as on many Christmases before, the Harts had a tree. What with its trimmings and candles it cost money. Banked about it were presents of a richness that would have seemed great luxury to the children of the older family. Bobbie got a sled—he has already run through two pairs of skates—a baseball mask, three books and small articles galore. Harry got, among other things, an airgun and a rubber football. In cold dollars and cents the parents paid nearly eight dollars for presents to the two boys, and this does not include gifts from Sister Nellie and various fond aunts.

As for Mrs. Hart—but here I shall omit details. The mother of a growing working family is by the law of maternity the self-sacrificing member. She gets most of her joy in material things vicariously. It would be a shame to deny Mrs. Hart, even by inference, any comfort or luxury that she squeezes out of life. The cold fact remains, however, that she does require more than did her mother. Let us pass on to the girls; they will better point our moral. How have the worldly circumstances of Nellie, aged nineteen, and Bessie, aged sixteen, compared with those of their mother and their aunts at corresponding ages?

Aunt Amelia, now gone to her reward, was Robert Hart's sole and elder sister. Up to the age of fifteen, when she left high school mid-course and went to work, Amelia wore in summer calico and gingham dresses and in winter a dress of exceedingly stout wool known as tibet. This fabric resembled cashmere, only that it was heavier and twilled on both sides. It was expensive—ignoring the comparative value of money, more expensive than the cashmere of today, since its manufacture involved more wool and more labor. But it was built to last. That dress was first fitted on her at the age of nine, and she wore it until she "went into long dresses" at fifteen. It was made to "let out"—loose in the waist, wide-hemmed in the skirt. Every year her mother released a few tucks. That dress carried her through the higher grammar grades and as far as she went in high school. Also she wore it to Sunday-school. When she came home she took it off—or her parents knew the reason why—replaced it with an abandoned dress of her mother, cut down to a shapeless fit, and covered it with a long apron. When she abandoned it for long dresses her mother gave it away to a cousin, who dyed it, turned it, and made it over for her own little girl's second-best. Amelia, like her brothers, wore home-made stockings. As soon as she became old enough to use needles she knit her own in her spare time. In winter she wore home-knitted wool mittens on her hands, a home-knitted wool scarf about her neck. Until she went to work she knew not gloves for ornamental purposes.

Aunt Amelia had her first really frivolous dress at fifteen, or just before she went to work. It was not used for a frivolous purpose however. Her people were Episcopalians, and it was her confirmation gown.

Aunt Amelia, who had her two years in high school, went farther with education than most girls of her period and her circle. The high school was a luxury; now for people whose income is above the bare margin it is pretty nearly a necessity.

In all the years of the not unhappy girlhood that preceded her entrance into industry, Aunt Amelia experienced few boughten pleasures. Once every year there was a Sunday-school picnic. What small expense this involved was endured by the family on the ground that it was a contribution to the church. Just three times before she was fifteen she went to the theater—in the gallery. There were a few birthday parties among the children of her circle. The sport consisted in parlor games; the refreshments were usually no more elaborate than cake and lemonade. As she grew older she picked up dancing in the parlors of her friends. The confirmation gown, made over a little for secular purposes, served for the first really formal dance. She did have one ornamental accomplishment, however—music. Her mother played; early in her married life Jim Hart had bought a piano—that mark of aristocracy among working people—for his wife. Mrs. Hart gave Amelia her first lessons; a teacher polished her off a little; the rest Amelia picked up for herself. The music which went with the piano in Amelia's time consisted of a book of exercises, the church hymnal, Gospel Hymns No. 2, a Compendium of Selections that included such old-fashioned tunes as Silver Threads Among the Gold and Long, Long Ago, and the sheets that came with her mother's woman's magazine—no more than these.

Robert Hart Tasted a Grapefruit and Liked It

It has been a different story in nearly every detail with Nellie, now out at work, and Bessie, who is preparing for her graduation. Since they could run freely out-of-doors they have had on an average nearly one new dress a winter apiece, last year's serving for second-best. Once or twice Mrs. Hart has cut down Nellie's clothes for Bessie—in the face of a fierce protest to which Mrs. Hart eventually yielded. Their stockings have come ready-made from the store. Early in life they required and got certain luxuries of ornament, certain half-necessities, like hair-ribbons, cheap jewelry and gloves. Because of their insistence on pleasures common to their set, each has had what amounts to an irregular allowance since she was twelve. Nellie's, of course, stopped when she went to work. This has served for candy, for an occasional visit to the theater and, in recent years, for moving-picture shows. Often the whole family goes to the "movies" in winter or to an amusement park in summer, the expense coming from Mr. Hart's pocket and standing apart from the allowance. When, in her years of juvenile dependence, Aunt Amelia had candy it was the plain "bull's-eye" or stick candy of childhood. The Hart girls of today turn up their little noses at anything cheaper than chocolates. Both had their music lessons. But the old-time compendiums serve them no more. They must keep up with the latest popular songs of the day. The accumulation of sheet music, bought at twenty-five or fifty cents the selection, makes a bale on the piano. The Hart girls are already scornful of the old square piano, bought second-hand when mother was a bride. They long for an upright at least; and what they long for—within range of reason—they usually get. But that is not all. Instead of picking up their dancing, they learned it at a cheap but respectable dancing-school of the neighborhood. These are but items in the "advantages" which the Harts have given their daughters.

The Girls' Social Expenses

MRS. HART has made comment on the expense of educating a daughter. There are more courses and trimmings in the high school than in Aunt Amelia's day, and consequently there is greater expense for books. And she overlooks, too, one tiny item—but the cost of living is made up of these tiny items. When Aunt Amelia worked her algebra or took notes on her Latin she used scratch paper—the wrappings from bundles or even the margins of newspapers. Also she cherished her pencils and wore them to the butt. It was just a matter of habit. Bessie, like Nellie before her, has cultivated other habits. She must have a fair sheet, and she thinks nothing of losing a pencil or so. Although she is an inconspicuous person enough, although she has never aspired to that sanctum of juvenile snobbery, the high-school sorority, Bessie has some inevitable social expenses which Aunt Amelia never knew in her high-school days. These include class parties, expeditions with the chorus club, and the like. The average high-school girl of Aunt Amelia's day never had need for an evening dress until her graduation. Bessie has owned a simple party frock ever since her freshman year. When she is graduated she will need another. Graduation, as the Harts will learn to their cost next spring, calls for some other frills. The graduate must receive flowers, for example. The girl who got no flowers would cry her pretty eyes out. She must go to the hall in a carriage. Her parents and friends must give her presents. The girls display those presents to each other. Some have even gold watches and diamond rings and are much envied therefor. The girl who had no presents to show would feel—"well, like thirty cents," Bessie says. None of these extra expenses was known when Aunt Amelia went to school.

Nellie earns nine dollars a week, having worked up in four years from six. She pays a nominal two dollars a week for board at home, and is usually in debt to her

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Patching Clothes Wasn't Being Done in Their Circles

SHAKING UP THE SHARON

By Rufus Steele

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. J. WATSON

For the First Time a Great American Dining Room Was Selling to Its Waiters Instead of to Its Patrons

IT WAS the greatest hotel in the world! Even the guest from the other coast—the Atlantic—knew that. After it had served a notable public for twenty years, nobody thought of measuring for shrinkage an appraisal that undoubtedly was accurate the day the place opened. That estimate placed the Sharon, in amplitude and in magnificence of furnishings and service, as without a peer. It remained the greatest hotel, just as the Ledger Building, across the street, continued to flaunt the proud boast, not to be disputed when the building received the tenants ten years before: "Only bronze clock tower in America!"

The Sharon made one slow to question any extravagant statement in its praise. A Western Aladdin had rubbed the lamp to bring the hotel into existence—had rubbed again to give its atmosphere. A metropolis that doubled in the twenty years upheld the works of Aladdin.

Every one of the thousand rooms contained an open fireplace, with a mantel cut from marble that would serve a sculptor. From mantel to ceiling the wall was a French plate mirror reflecting everything that went on in the room. On his way to the Western mines in search of fortune the dreamer had heard, in South America, of a forest that produced a wood like no other wood for hardness and polish. He sent men back to find the magical forest, to fell its trees and get them out to the sea to be shipped thousands of miles to the new city in the West, where they would be turned into furniture for his hotel. No table, bed or settle had a mate in any market of two continents. Twenty years after the opening banquet some of the original order of table silverware still lay in the chests unpacked.

Mergen was chef from the beginning. The dreamer got him by going to Paris and asking if any king's cook happened to be out of a job. He booked Mergen's passage before asking him his figure, nor batted an eye when the chef, who had argued the policies while satisfying the palates of rulers, named a salary in keeping with his new employer's assurance. Mergen had been general to many colonels, captains and "non-coms" of the kitchen. He brought with him a staff; and through the years others who had executed his orders in the posts of royal service drifted to America and out West to serve under him again where the bushes burgeoned with a crop of dollars. The Sharon *cuisine* began as a climax, which Mergen contrived to sustain. The great one acknowledged the inspiration of clients with the means to indulge any appetite and a craving to learn all there was to know.

However, it was to the atmosphere that pervaded its marble-flagged corridors, its huge lobby, its men's grill, its ladies' dining room, and the unique palm court roofed by glass seven stories above, into which carriages drove before the whole space was demanded by the divans and lounging chairs as large as beds—it was to an atmosphere that, like velvet hangings, shut it off from the other and outer world—that the Sharon owed its kind and degree of success. The dreamer made other men feel his dream: men felt it years after the dreamer's career ended in the sweeping waters of the bay. In his hotel the dreamer caught the spirit of a gold surfeit such as no other coast of the country had known. His hospitality was a refinement of the generosity, the daring, the extravagance, the visions of the race of lovable giants who came to tear open the ground where the gold was. Fashion that maintained a fine rigidity in its isolation came to the hotel as to its natural abiding place; the buds of the first generation in a new land were presented in the ballrooms in a show that would beggar the coronation splendors of a lesser European state. Millionaire miners and then millionaire merchants loved to part their coattails and sink into the red plush of the huge seats in the court. The bar became the afternoon gathering place of brokers, lawyers, judges, politicians and statesmen; gigantic deals and state statutes had their inception in this gilded, curtained place.

In the Sharon, tradition bred rules and laws—the stronger because unwritten. The new guest or the new servant made few mistakes. Everything in the Sharon was unmistakable; everything belonged; anybody who stayed over night would know how to act. Presidents, princes, oriental potentates with glittering retinues, the great ones of earth, fared this way at times, and each found himself contained without strain upon the walls or roof.

A railroad president lodged here at the moment. That was why Laurie MacCallum sat in the palm court—not in one of the red, bedlike affairs, but in a stiff, hard chair likely to keep him reminded that he was not here for pleasure—and waited. His card had gone upstairs; and by-and-by, when the magnate found that he could spare the next seventeen minutes to one who represented nothing more important than the inquisitive interest of the general public, he would send the reporter a summons.

An elderly negro, with brass buttons gleaming like gold and a chamois dustcloth, stopped by a palm and stared at the interviewer. The young man had a square face, with a forehead that rounded pleasingly; in the eyes were reflected the colors of the heather in autumn. Old Jackson shrewdly placed him as a Scotchman by the look of him and as a reporter by the pad in his coat pocket. The negro's mind leaped back to the day he saw sitting in that same chair another young Scot, with pad on knee, making notes of the scene about him, whom he afterward learned to be a half-starved reporter named Robert Louis Stevenson. Because of the incident of years ago, Jackson went over and dusted in Laurie's neighborhood. He spoke to the reporter. The Sharon was as full of guests as usual, he told him.

"But it don't seem to do no good someway," old Jackson went on. "Today I heard the manager tell one of the heirs of the estate that the dinin'-room service loses regular ten thousand dollars a month. Of course it don't matter so much, 'cause the stores and offices on the street front pays rent enough to cover the shortage and the heirs is always swearin' they'll keep the house up to the old standard, no matter what; but it's kind o' queer—ain't it?"

From where Laurie sat he could see the men's grill half filled, even at ten-o'clock breakfast. Often, at evening, he had come across from the Ledger office to see every table in the great ladies' dining room surrounded—a glittering picture. His reply was addressed more to himself than to the communicative negro servant:

"Yes, it is queer—if that is the word."

At midafternoon Laurie MacCallum stood at a window of the local room on the seventh floor of the Ledger Building. He had tossed his interview with the railroad president upon the copy desk, and as he stood at the window he looked across into the top-floor windows of the Sharon. The reporter was in the half grip of a big resolve. It had taken form when old Jackson told him the Sharon dining service was losing ten thousand a month; it had wrestled with him while the railroad president, wishing to avoid a discussion of his plans for Western extension, talked in some detail of the system for stopping leaks and preventing waste that had made his company strong.

Hodson, the city editor, passed through the local room.

"What are you thinking, Scotty?" he asked.

"I'm thinking the Sharon needs a better operating system," was the spirited reply.

"All right; go over and teach 'em a better one," said Hodson with his easy way of always encouraging the news scout who might be on the trail of something. "Make it your afternoon detail."

MacCallum looked at the city editor and saw that he was not laughing. "I wonder if I could make good on that assignment!" he said. He walked out and stepped into the elevator as the only bronze clock boomed three times. Afterward it seemed to him that the clock had boomed him a farewell, for within an hour he had persuaded the puzzled manager of the Sharon to take him into the hotel's employ.

. . . . . .

To Laurie's high desk in a corner of the men's grill the waiters came to have the totals noted and stamped upon the customers' checks. The new checker, being quick at figures, found his work little more than mechanical; and soon he could look about him. In command of both dining rooms was Reynor, the head waiter. Under him were a dozen captains, each with seven or eight tables on his station; and each captain had half as many waiters as he had tables to watch over. There was an omnibus to set up and carry off for every three waiters. Reynor had personal charge in the ladies' dining room, assigning command in the grill to Verdon, a captain. Laurie noted that there were few Americans among the waiters—none among the captains. Reynor, the head, was an Alsatian. The men were Swiss, French, English and Italian. Their training was the common bond. They were as well mannered as many of the guests they served, had traveled more widely, were better judges of mankind.

Laurie saw one of the waiters, a Swiss, reading a small book and passed the man close enough to glimpse the page. It was Latin. The waiter was deep in the deeds of the Gallic Wars. Leading off with an intelligent comment on Cæsar, Laurie drew the man into a discussion. Before the checker returned to his desk he had gotten under the skin of the service by way of the wars of Gaul. He had learned that most of the waiters were educated men, that they were here for the better-than-wages they could

"The Sharon Hotel Does Not Count the Leaves That Go Into Its Guest's Cup of Tea"

make, and that no genuine loyalty cemented them to their work or to their employer.

When Laurie MacCallum had been in his post a week he knew the money the waiters turned in at the end of the day, though tallying with the total of the checks charged against them, did not cover the full amount of food served and did not represent all the waiters took in besides their tips. Where was the leak and how did it keep under cover? Laurie set himself the task of finding out. He would follow the food as it came from the kitchen; and it was in following—in attempting to follow—such of it as was served outside the dining rooms that he ran against a tradition that resisted his efforts to fracture it.

The luxury-breeding atmosphere of the Sharon led many a guest to take his breakfast in bed. A boy carried the order to the kitchen; a waiter carried a tray to the room. The waiter used an exit called the service door. By a tradition as old as the house itself, none but a waiter with a tray ever left or entered by this door—the manager himself went by another way. The service door was in charge of Wickham, one of the captains, an Englishman who stood six feet four and wore a stolid mask that was deceptive. Back of his dead countenance lay a critical knowledge of five languages.

Laurie MacCallum, exercising his rights under an order from the manager that he be allowed to move about without interference, started to follow a tray that looked too well loaded for one bed-loving guest out through the service door. When the waiter passed, Wickham, the English captain, laid a flesh-and-blood barrier across the doorway.

"Take down your arm!" commanded Laurie, rising to his full five eleven.

Wickham continued to stare straight over the top of the checker's head.

"Take down your arm! I'm going through that door!" repeated the checker with some heat.

Wickham paid him the compliment of lowering his heavy eyes until they rested upon his own; he did not lower his arm. Another captain and half a dozen waiters had heard and were watching, their arms loaded with smoking dishes. Ryan, the assistant steward, who never broke the "no smoking" rule because he never held a match to the cigar eternally between his teeth, stood grinning. Laurie could not recede and he did not wish to. Conscious of the other's gigantic proportions and resolved to risk no more than was necessary, he planned to strike up the captain's arm and leap through before the Englishman could drive a blow. He had not seen the cat through the stolid mask. As his wrists struck up the arm that barred the doorway, the captain's right hand seized him at the back; the left hand was whipped into place for a trick the big Englishman had learned in Yokohama, and in its execution Laurie MacCallum was likely to land upon his head several yards away. That he did not do so was due to his quickness of mind and his powers of sheer physical resistance. He landed upon all-fours somewhat stunned and with the breath gone out of him. Wickham's voice was booming in his ear:

"Take that, you interfering Jock! You had best stay in your pigeonhole and let men who know their business alone."

It was Ryan, the steward's assistant, cigar in teeth, who helped Laurie get to his feet with a seeming nimbleness that misled the smiling waiters who were clearing out at Ryan's emphatic command. Laurie looked Wickham in the face and, without addressing him or offering to renew the conflict, turned and walked a little unsteadily to his desk in the grill; but first he managed to grip the hand of Jimmy Ryan in gratitude.

A check presented for totaling as he reached his seat enabled Laurie to resume the order of things; but even as he ran up the brief column of figures he was conscious that the magnified news of his encounter with Wickham was flashing by wireless to every starched-front captain, waiter and omnibus in both dining rooms. His personal feelings he would analyze and adjust after business hours; for the present, he was conscious of a dull load that came less from the physical wrench than from the realization that the happenings of the last ten minutes had multiplied the difficulties of his undertaking in the Sharon Hotel about tenfold.

The saving thought was that he had carried the dull load before. He carried it for a while at the wheel in the Chicago packing house—in the days when he was struggling for a foothold, so he could bring his widowed mother on from Glasgow—when his novice hands held back the wheel and the experienced workers cursed him in the name of the few extra cents he prevented them from earning. It was good now to remember that in the end he was helping the other workers, so they could keep up with the pace he set for the wheel.

When Laurie entered the private office at the close of the day with report sheets in hand the manager said with a trace of meaning:

"I'm told you are a determined investigator. I granted your request to give you a place at the bottom and let you see if you could discover why the dining service isn't on a profitable basis. Are you ready to tell me why my hotel does not pay?"

Laurie claimed the manager's full attention.

"It does pay," he said; "the trouble is that it does not pay you!"

"And how are you going to make it pay me?" asked the other with interest.

"By putting in a checking system that will prevent graft to the last possible degree."

"No system could more than half cover the ground."

"Three-quarters, I figure it," said Laurie MacCallum. "I hope to cover the other quarter by making graft a disgrace in the Sharon Hotel."

They were interrupted by the intrusion of an elderly man, Rogers, an inventor, who came to ask whether the manager would not change his mind and adopt in the kitchen the device he carried in his hands.

"You see, you merely touch this knob and into the pot drops an exact measure of dry tea. Why, the thing ought to save you the fifty dollars I'm asking for it in a week!"

"I repeat what I told you before," said the manager tartly: "the Sharon Hotel does not count the leaves that go into its guest's cup of tea."

Laurie was examining the device. As the disappointed man turned to go, Laurie handed him a card bearing his address.

"Call there tonight; I think I'd like to invest fifty dollars in your invention for my own amusement."

"That's the most I ever knew a Scotchman to pay for amusement," commented the manager. "What marvel have you worked out in the way of a checking system that won't step on its own feet in the first hour?"

Though the manager looked his incredulity, his interest, and often his utter doubt, Laurie outlined the system he had evolved and then turned over and over in his mind for a flaw as he watched waiters, who were nothing short of artists in their line, serve meals *de luxe* to satisfied guests, who paid cheerfully sums which, it seemed to Laurie's native insight, should make this dining service a gold mine.

"The hotel," Laurie said, "sells to the patrons and is robbed of its legitimate profit by the go-between. I wish to try out in the grill the experiment of selling, not to the patron but to the waiter. Let us lose sight of the patron after we have assured him the perfect serving of anything he orders. I turn the patron over to the waiter and I wish the waiter turned over to me. As the customer for what we have to sell, I shall treat the waiter fairly and with consideration, and show an appreciation of volume of business by seeing that the captains allot the best stations to waiters who show themselves the best customers."

"At Fifteen Cents the Cup, That Is Nearly Forty-Five Thousand Dollars Thrown to the Birds in a Year!"

The checker moved out of the grill the following morning. He moved into a boxlike office set up outside the exit door of the kitchen, and on the counter in front of him he had filing spindles and boxes of small coin for making change. The new checking system had been explained to the twenty waiters whose work was in the grillroom through Verdon, the captain in charge; and when they paused at Laurie's counter they cursed less vigorously than they might have done had they known he was the author of the innovation they regarded only in the light of a disaster. A man coming from the kitchen would lower his tray while Laurie noted the appetizing contents of the silver platters, bowls and pots, and scribbled a check at menu prices, placing the check on a spindle as the waiter spread the cash for the order upon the counter. For the first time a great American dining room was selling to its waiters instead of to its patrons, and for the first time in the history of the Sharon there was a certainty that the house would be paid for everything that went out of its kitchen.

At noon, in the stone-flagged grillroom, where the only sounds were made by the guests themselves, many a man looked up at the silent waiter bending above his elbow and asked: "What's happening round here?" The grill waiters spoke to each other in monosyllables as they brushed elbows in the aisles—the captains would permit no further conversation—yet every man of these twenty who had served on two continents understood the situation that faced them all, and each regarded the day as the most precarious in his experience. The fact that they had no opportunity to cast reserve aside and speak freely to each other afforded the only hope—each man hoped that the day's total receipts would not show an increase twenty times as great as the increase in his own returns!

Laurie MacCallum stayed at his post until the guests who preferred to dine in the grill had been served. The manager, wondering why the checker had not come to the office to report, came to the checker's desk. The grill waiters noted his entrance, broke the rules and held a hasty conference in a corner of the grillroom. They called Verdon, the captain, who summoned Reynor. In another minute the head waiter stood before the manager, who was watching the checker briskly totaling his receipts for the day, to announce with suppressed excitement that each of the twenty waiters wished to quit without notice and to be paid off.

The manager was staggered.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"It means," said Laurie, so softly that Reynor did not hear, "that the receipts from the grill

It Was Fun, He Declared; It Was Joy!

today are one hundred and fifty dollars more than on any other weekday since I have been here, and these men are afraid we will prosecute them for robbery!" Raising his voice, he added: "We can get along without these men."

"What!" cried the waiting Reynor. "Permit to resign and go away the twenty picked men of my service? The men who serve the guest from any country of Europe in his own style and in his own language? Let go these graduates of my college for waiters? *Parbleu!* This checker—this Jock—he does not know what he says. No!"

The loud tones brought the men under discussion timidly to the back of their chief, perhaps hoping to gather from his words courage to demand that they be cleared and reinstated. Behind them came the captains, among them the giant Wickham, a student of the languages, who gave no sign that in spite of his stolid mask he had the agility of a cat. Waiters from the ladies' dining rooms, their trays piled high, paused on the fringe to watch a crisis that was likely to have almost as much significance for them as for their fellows of the grill.

Laurie glanced at the manager, but before their eyes met he had begun to speak, lifting his voice so that all might hear.

"These twenty men are going away," he said, "not because the hotel is suffering from any sense of injury, but because it has been proved that these men are not worthy to serve in the Sharon."

"And what of the gentlemen's grillroom?" cried Reynor, almost beside himself at what seemed like the crumbling of the whole institution of service he had spent years in building up. "How shall the grillroom run tomorrow?"

Laurie MacCallum answered briskly: "The grillroom will run with a staff that we will organize tonight—at once."

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Reynor. "By what power, pray, will you enable a new staff from the other dining rooms to run the grillroom as it should be run?"

Laurie let his gaze travel round the tense group that surged up to his desk until it rested upon the immobile face that lifted above the heads of the men in front—the face of the Englishman, the captain.

"We shall leave that to Wickham," he replied. "Mr. Wickham will be in charge."

"Oh, sir ——" exclaimed Wickham; then, catching himself, he remained silent and attentive, like the perfect servant he was.

. . . . . .

Down in the basement of the Sharon Hotel, occupying nearly all of the lowest floor, was the heart of the great establishment—the storeroom. The place was fragrant with spices, with pleasantly blended aromas that might not be analyzed. Those who worked there lived in an odor of sanctity that rose from the tins, crates, hampers, bags, bales and mysterious and puzzling containers from overseas, and from the knowledge that here was gathered what was in several respects the rarest and most aristocratic collection of edible products to be found. It gave pleasure to the most stunted imagination to move down the long, cool aisles walled with the shelved cream of the world's foods. It was a shivery satisfaction to slip into the refrigerators and regard the choicest and most juicy of meats on the hooks. The ice-boxes were always full of papayas, plantains, mangoes, alligator pears and other fruits from Hawaii, the South Seas and the Tropics. Here were clusters of purple grapes that had come in barrels of ground cork from Spain. The wine cellars—caverns of cool cement opening from the storeroom—contained the choicest products of Old World vintners and a stock of native sweet and dry that spoke a pride in the newer vineyards of this Western sunland.

When success had crowned his own and big Wickham's efforts to prove the worth of the new checking system in the grillroom and then in the ladies' dining room, with a loss of fewer good waiters than he had feared, Laurie MacCallum was able to leave an assistant to scribble the waiters' checks and take their money while he turned his attention quietly to the storeroom.

"It is as well for you to learn all about it," the manager said to him, "though you will find nothing there in need of change. The buyers are honest and careful, and it is a Sharon tradition that they are not to stint. We want the best and we are willing to pay for it."

Eric Christiansen read the note Laurie brought him from the manager with a smile. Eric was the big, blond, whiskered viking who ruled over the spirits and ambrosias in the storeroom Valhalla. He was master of the influx and governor of the outflow, and his healthy, earnest personality gave the immediate impression that the rule was wholesome here.

"Shuah, you shall know all aboud it," said Eric warmly. "I myself shall show you everytang. I have heard aboud you upstairs."

The checker found the slow, thorough Christopher Columbusing through the storeroom delightful and informing. The conversation consisted mostly of big Eric's lucid explanations; but when Laurie asked an occasional question he almost nettled the viking by his penetration. Maybe it was this that moved Eric, after they had swung shut the door of the last ice-box, to do what he would not

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ONE OF ESAU'S FABLES

The Mouse Scratches the Lion's Back; the Lion Scratches the Mouse's Back

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"NO, ELKAN," said Louis Stout, of Flugel & Stout. "When you are coming to compare Johnsonhurst *mit* Burgess Park it's already a molehill to a mountain."

"Burgess Park ain't such high ground neither," Elkan Lubliner retorted. "Max Kovner says he lives out there on Linden Boulevard three months only and he gets full up with malaria something terrible!"

"Malaria we ain't got it in Burgess Park!" Louis declared. "I am living there now six years, Elkan, and I never bought so much as a two-grain quinine pill. Furthermore, Elkan, Kovner's malaria you could catch in Denver, Colorado, or on an ocean steamer, y'understand; because, with a lowlife bum like Max Kovner, which he sits up till all hours of the night—a drinker and a gambler, understand me—you don't got to be a professor exactly to diagonize his trouble. It ain't malaria, Elkan, it's *Katzenjammer!*"

"But my Yetta is stuck on Johnsonhurst," Elkan protested, "and she already makes up her mind we would move out there."

"That was just the way with my wife," Louis said. "For six months she is crying all the time Ogden Estates; and if I would listen to her, Elkan, and bought out there, y'understand, instead we would be turning down offers on our house at an advance of twenty per cent on the price we paid for it, we would be considering letting the property go under foreclosure! You ought to see that place Ogden Estates nowadays, Elkan—nothing but a bunch of Italieners lives there."

"But ——" Elkan began.

"Another thing," Louis Stout broke in: "Out in Johnsonhurst what kind of society do you got? Moe Rabiner lives there, and Marks Pasinsky lives there—and *Gott weiss wer noch.* My partner, Mr. Flugel, is approached the other day with an offer of some property in Johnsonhurst, and I was really in favor he should take it up; but he says to me, 'Louis,' he says, 'a place where such people lives like Pasinsky and Rabiner I wouldn't touch at all!' And he was right, Elkan. Salesmen and designers only lives in Johnsonhurst; while out in Burgess Park we got a nice class of people living, Elkan. You know J. Kamin, of the Lee Prin-temps, Pittsburgh?"

"Used to was one of our best customers," Philip Scheikowitz replied, "though he passed us up last year."

"His sister, Mrs. Benno Ortelsburg, lives one house by the other with me," Louis went on.

"Out From Here, You Dirty Loafer You!"

"Her husband does a big real-estate business there. Might you also know Julius Tarnowitz, of the Tarnowitz-Wixman Department Store, Rochester?"

"Bought from us a couple years a small bill," Marcus Polatkin said. "I wish we could sell him more."

"Well, his brother, Sig Tarnowitz, lives across the street from us," Louis cried triumphantly. "Sig's got a fine business there on Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn."

"What for a business?"

"A furniture business," Louis replied. "And might you would know also Joel Ribnik, which he is running the McKinnon-Weldon Drygoods Company, of Cyprus, Pennsylvania?"

"That's the feller what you nearly sold that big bill to last month, Elkan," Scheikowitz commented.

"Well, his sister is married to a feller by the name Robitscher, of Robitscher, Smith & Company, the wallpaper house and interior decorators. They got an elegant place down the street from us."

"But ——" Elkan began again.

"But nothing, Elkan!" Marcus Polatkin interrupted with a ferocious wink; for Louis Stout, as junior partner in the thriving Williamsburg store of Flugel & Stout, was viewing Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company's line preparatory to buying his spring line of dresses. "But nothing, Elkan! Mr. Stout knows what he is talking about, Elkan; and if I would be you, instead I would argue with him, understand me, I would take Yetta out to Burgess Park on Sunday and give the place a look."

"That's the idea!" Louis cried. "And you should come and take dinner with us first. Mrs. Stout would be delighted."

"What time do you eat dinner?" Philip Scheikowitz asked, frowning significantly at Elkan.

"Two o'clock," Louis replied, and Polatkin and Scheikowitz nodded in unison.

"He'll be there," Polatkin declared.

"At a quarter before two," Scheikowitz added, and Elkan smiled mechanically by way of assent.

"So come along, Mr. Stout," Polatkin said, "and look at them Ethel Barrymore dresses. I think you'll like 'em."

He led Stout from the office as he spoke, while Scheikowitz remained behind with Elkan.

"Honest, Elkan," he said, "I'm surprised to see the way you are acting with Louis Stout!"

"What do you mean, the way I'm acting, Mr. Scheikowitz?" Elkan protested. "Do you think

I am going to buy a house in a neighborhood which I don't want to live in at all just to oblige a customer?"

"*Schmooes*, Elkan!" Scheikowitz exclaimed. "No one asks you you should buy a house there. Be a little reasonable, Elkan. What harm would it do you, supposing you and Yetta should go out to Burgess Park next Sunday? Because you know the way Louis Stout is, Elkan. He will look over our line for two weeks yet before he decides on his order—and meantime we shouldn't entegonize him."

"I don't want to antagonize him," Elkan said; "but me and Yetta made our arrangements to go out to Johnsonhurst next Sunday."

"Go out there the Sunday after," cried Scheikowitz. "Johnsonhurst would still be on the map, Elkan. It ain't going to run away exactly."

Thus persuaded, Elkan and Yetta on the following Sunday elbowed their way through the crowd at the entrance of the Brooklyn Bridge, and after a delay of several minutes boarded a train for Burgess Park.

"Well, all I can say is," Yetta gasped, after they had seized on the only vacant seats in the car, "if it's this way on Sunday what would it be on weekdays?"

"There must have been a block," Elkan said meekly. Only by the exercise of the utmost marital diplomacy had he induced his wife to make the visit to Louis Stout's home, and one of his most telling arguments had been the advantage of the elevated railroad journey to Burgess Park over the subway ride to Johnsonhurst.

"Furthermore," Yetta insisted, referring to another of Elkan's plausible reasons for visiting Burgess Park, "I suppose all these Italieners and *Bötzimmers* are customers of yours which we was going to run across on our way down there. Ain't it?"

Elkan blushed guiltily as he looked about him at the carload of holiday-makers; but a moment later he exclaimed aloud as he recognized in a seat across the aisle no less a person than Joseph Kamin, of Le Printemps, Pittsburgh.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Kamin?" he said.

"Not Elkan Lubliner, from Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company?" Mr. Kamin exclaimed. "Well, who would think to meet you here!"

He rose from his seat, whereat a bulky Italian immediately sank into it; and as livery of seizin he appropriated the comic section of Mr. Kamin's Sunday paper, which had fallen to the floor of the car, and spread it wide open in front of him.

"Now you lost your seat," Elkan said; "so you should take mine."

He jumped to his feet and Kamin sat down in his place, while a Neapolitan who hung on an adjacent strap viciously scowled his disappointment.

"You ain't acquainted with Mrs. Lubliner?" Elkan said.

"Pleased to meetcher," Kamin murmured.

Yetta bowed stiffly and Elkan hastened to make conversation by way of relieving Mr. Kamin's embarrassment.

"Looks like an early spring the way people is going to the country in such crowds," he said.

"I bet yer," Kamin rejoined emphatically. "I arrived in New York two weeks ahead of my schedule, because I simply got to do my buying now or lose a lot of early spring trade."

"Have you been in town long?" Elkan asked.

"Only this morning," Kamin answered; "and I am going down to eat dinner with my sister, Mrs. Ortelsburg. She lives in Burgess Park."

"Is that so?" Elkan exclaimed. "We ourselves are going to Burgess Park—to visit a friend."

"A customer," Yetta corrected.

"A customer could also be a friend," Kamin declared, "especially if he's a good customer."

"This is a very good customer," Elkan went on, "by the name Louis Stout."

"Louis Stout, from Flugel & Stout?" Kamin cried. "Why, him and Benno Ortelsburg is like brothers already! Well, then, I'll probably see you down in Burgess Park this afternoon, on account every Sunday afternoon Louis plays pinocle at my brother-in-law's house. Why don't he fetch you round to take a hand?"

"I should be delighted," Elkan said; but Yetta sniffed audibly.

"I guess we would be going home right after dinner, before the crowd starts back," she said.

"Not on a fine day like this you wouldn't," Kamin protested; "because once you get out to Burgess Park you ain't in such a hurry to come back. I wish we would got such a place near Pittsburgh, Mrs. Lubliner. I bet yer I would quick move out there. The smoke gets worser and worser in Pittsburgh; in fact, it's so nowadays we couldn't sell a garment in pastel shades."

"Well, we got plenty blacks, navy blues, Copenhagen blues and brown in our spring line, Mr. Kamin," Elkan said; and therewith he commenced so graphically to catalogue Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company's new stock that, by the time the train drew into Burgess Park, Kamin was making figures on the back of an envelope in an effort to convince Elkan that his prices were all wrong.

"But, anyhow," Kamin said, as they parted in front of the Ortelsburgs' colonial residence, "I will see you in the store tomorrow morning sure."

"You'll see me before then, because me and Yetta is coming round this afternoon sure—ain't we, Yetta?"

Mrs. Lubliner nodded, for her good humor had been restored by Elkan's splendid exhibition of salesmanship.

"Once and for All, Either You Would Fix That Plumbing and Do That Painting, or I Would Move Out"

"This afternoon is something else again," Kamin said, "because a feller which tries to mix pinocle with business is apt to overplay his hand in both games."

II

"NO, JOE; you're wrong," Benno Ortelsburg said to his brother-in-law, Joseph Kamin, as they sipped their after-dinner coffee in the Ortelsburg library that day. "It wouldn't be taking advantage of the feller at all. You say yourself he tries to sell goods to you on the car already. Why shouldn't we try to sell Glaubmann's house to him while he's down here? And we'll split the commission half and half."

Kamin hesitated before replying.

"In business, Joe—it's Esau's fable of the lion and the mouse every time!" Ortelsburg continued. "The mouse scratches the lion's back and the lion scratches the mouse's back! Ain't it?"

"But you know so well as I do, Benno, that Glaubmann's house on Linden Boulevard ain't worth no eighteen thousand dollars," Kamin said.

"Why ain't it?" Benno retorted. "Glaubmann's Linden Boulevard house is precisely the same house as this, built from the same plans and everything—and this house costs me thirteen thousand five hundred dollars. Suburban real estate is worth just so much as you can get some sucker to pay for it, Joe. So I guess I better get the cards and chips ready, because I see Glaubmann coming up the street now."

A moment later Glaubmann entered the library and greeted Kamin uproariously.

"Hello, Joe!" he cried. "How's the drygoods business in Pittsburgh?"

"Not so good as the real-estate business in Burgess Park, Barney," Kamin replied. "They tell me you are selling houses hand over fist."

"*Yow*—hand over fist!" Barnett cried. "If I carry a house six months and sell it at a couple thousand dollars' profit, what is it?"

"I got to get rid of a whole lot of garments to make a couple thousand dollars, Barney," Kamin said; "and, anyhow, if you sell a house for eighteen thousand dollars which it cost you thirteen-five you would be making a little more as four thousand dollars."

"Sure I would," Glaubmann replied; "*aber* the people which buys green-goods and gold bricks ain't investing in eighteen-thousand-dollar propositions! Such yokels you could only interest in hundred-dollar lots between high and low water on some of them Jersey sandbars."

"There is all kinds of come-ons, Barney," Joe said, "and the biggest one, understand me, is the business man who is willing to be played for a sucker, so as he can hold his customers' trade."

"You got the proper real-estate spirit, Joe," Benno declared, as he returned with the cards and chips. "You don't allow the ground to grow under your feet. Just at present, though, we are going to spiel a little pinocle and we would talk business afterward."

"Real estate ain't business," Kamin retorted. "It's a game like pinocle; and I got a little Jack of Diamonds and Queen of Spades coming round here in a few minutes which I would like to meld."

"Now you are talking poetry," Barnett said.

"Take it from me, Barney," Benno Ortelsburg interrupted, "this ain't no poetry. It's a fact; and if you could see your way clear to pay a thousand dollars' commission, y'understand, me and Joe is got a customer for your Linden Boulevard house at eighteen thousand dollars."

"Jokes you are making me!" Barnett cried. "You shouldn't drink so much schnapps after dinner, Benno, because I could as much get eighteen thousand for that Linden Boulevard house as I would pay you a thousand dollars commission if I got it."

"You ain't paying me the thousand dollars," Benno protested. "Don't you suppose Joe's got a look-in here?"

"And furthermore," Joe said, "you also got Louis Stout to consider. If you think Louis Stout is going to sit by and see a commission walk past him, Benno, you are making a big mistake."

"I'm willing we should give Louis a hundred or so," Benno agreed. "We got to remember Louis is a customer of his also."

"A customer of who's?" Barnett asked, as the door bell rang.

"*Stiegen!*" Benno hissed; and a moment later he ushered Elkan and Yetta into the library, while Mr. Stout brought up the rear.

Benno cleared his throat preparatory to introducing the newcomers, but Louis Stout brushed hastily past him.

"Mr. Glaubmann," Louis said, "this is my friend, Elkan Lubliner."

"And you forget Mrs. Lubliner," cried Mrs. Ortelsburg, who had hurried downstairs at the sound of voices in the hall. "I'm Mrs. Ortelsburg," she continued, turning to Yetta. "Won't you come upstairs and take your things off?"

"Elkan," Louis Stout continued, "you better go along with her. I want you to see what an elegant lot of clothes-closets they got upstairs. You know most houses is designed by archytecks which all they are trying to do is to save money for the builder. *Aber* this archyteck was an exception. The way he figures it he tries to build the house to please the women, *mit* lots of closet room, and—excuse me, ladies—to hell with the expense! I'll go upstairs with you and show you what I mean."

Benno frowned angrily.

"'Tain't necessary, Louis," he said. "Mrs. Ortelsburg would show him."

He drew forward chairs; and, after Elkan and Yetta had followed Mrs. Ortelsburg upstairs, he closed the library door.

"Couldn't I introduce people in my own house, Stout?" he demanded.

Louis Stout shrugged his shoulders.

"If you mean as a matter of ettykit—yes," he retorted; "*aber* if it's a real-estate transaction—no. When I bring a customer to Mr. Glaubmann for his Linden Boulevard house, Ortelsburg, I do the introducing myself, which afterward I don't want no broker to claim he earned the commission by introducing the customer first—understand me?"

He seated himself and smiled calmly at Kamin, Glaubmann and his host.

"I ain't living in the country for my health exactly," he declared, "and don't you forget it."

"Where's your written authorization from the owner?" Ortelsburg demanded, raising a familiar point of real-estate brokerage law; and Stout tapped his breast pocket.

"Six months ago already," Stout replied, "Mr. Glaubmann writes me if I hear of a customer for his house he would protect me, and I got the letter here in my pocket. Ain't that right, Mr. Glaubmann?"

Glaubmann had walked toward the window and was looking out upon the budding white poplars that spread their branches at a height of six feet above the sidewalks of Burgess Park. He nodded in confirmation of Louis' statement; and as he did so a short, stout person, who was proceeding hurriedly down the street in the direction of the station, paused in front of the Ortelsburg residence. A moment later he rang the bell and Ortelsburg himself opened the door.

"*Nu*, Mr. Kovner!" he said. "What could I do for you?"

"Mr. Glaubmann just nods to me out of your window," Max Kovner replied, "and I thought he wants to speak to me."

Benno returned to the library with Max at his heels.

"Do you want to speak to Mr. Kovner, Glaubmann?" he asked, and Glaubmann started perceptibly. During the months of Max Kovner's tenancy Glaubmann had not only refrained from visiting his Linden Boulevard house, but he had also performed feats of disappearance resembling Indian warfare in his efforts to avoid Max Kovner on the streets of Burgess Park. All this was the result of Max Kovner's taking possession of the Linden Boulevard house upon Glaubmann's agreement to make necessary plumbing repairs and to paint and repaper the living rooms; and Glaubmann's complete breach of this agreement was reflected in the truculency of Max Kovner's manner as he entered the Ortelsburg library.

"Maybe Glaubmann don't want to speak to me," he cried, "but I want to speak to him, and in the presence of you gentlemen here also."

He banged Ortelsburg's library table with his clenched fist.

"Once and for all, Mr. Glaubmann," he said, "either you would fix that plumbing and do that painting, understand me, or I would move out of your Linden Boulevard house the first of next month sure!"

Glaubmann received this ultimatum with a defiant grin.

"*Schmooes*, Kovner," he said, "you wouldn't do nothing of the kind! You got *mit* me a verbal lease for one year in the presence of my wife, your wife and a couple of other people which the names I forget."

"And how about the repairs?" Kovner demanded.

"If you seen the house needs repairs and you go into possession anyhow," Glaubmann retorted, "you waive the repairs, because the agreement to repair merges in the lease. That's what Kent J. Goldstein, my lawyer, says, Kovner; and ask any other lawyer, Kovner, and he could tell you the same."

"So," Kovner exclaimed, "I am stuck with that rotten house for a year! Is that the idee?"

Glaubmann nodded.

"All right, Mr. Glaubmann," Kovner concluded. "You are here in a strange house to me and I couldn't do nothing; but I am coming over to your office tomorrow, and if I got to sit there all day, understand me, we would settle this thing up."

"That's all right," Ortelsburg interrupted. "When you got real-estate business with Glaubmann, Mr. Kovner, his office is the right place to see him. *Aber* here is a private house and Sunday, Mr. Kovner, and we ain't doing no real-estate business here. So, if you got a pressing engagement somewheres else, Mr. Kovner, don't let me hurry you."

He opened the library door, and with a final glare at his landlord Max passed slowly out.

"That's a dangerous feller," Glaubmann said as his tenant banged the street door behind him. "He goes into possession for one year without a written lease containing a covenant for repairs by the landlord, y'understand, and now he wants to blame me for it! Honestly, the way some people acts so unreasonable, Kamin, it's enough to sicken me with the real-estate business!"

Kamin nodded sympathetically, but Louis Stout made an impatient gesture by way of bringing the conversation back to its original theme.

"That ain't here or there," he declared. "The point is I am fetching you a customer for your Linden Boulevard house, Glaubmann, and I want this here matter of the commisaion settled right away."

Ortelsburg rose to his feet as a shuffling on the stairs announced the descent of his guests.

"Commissions we would talk about afterward," he said. "First let us sell the house."

III

IN BENNO ORTELSBURG'S ripe experience there were as many methods of selling suburban residences as there were residences for sale; and, like the born salesman he was, he realized that each transaction possessed its individual obstacles, to be overcome by no hard-and-fast rules of salesmanship. Thus he quickly divined that whoever sought to sell Elkan a residence in Burgess Park must first convince Yetta, and he proceeded immediately to apportion the chips for a five-handed game of auction pinocle, leaving Yetta to be entertained by his wife. Mrs. Ortelsburg's powers of persuasion in the matter of suburban property were second only to her husband's, and the game had not proceeded very far when Benno looked into the adjoining room and observed with satisfaction that Yetta was listening open-mouthed to Mrs. Ortelsburg's fascinating narrative of life in Burgess Park.

"Forty hens we got it," she declared; "and this month alone they are laying on us every day a dozen eggs—some days ten, or nine at the least. Then, of course, if we want a little fricassee once in a while we could do that also."

"How do you do when you are getting all of a sudden company?" Yetta asked. "I didn't see no delicatessen store round here."

"You didn't!" Mrs. Ortelsburg exclaimed. "Why, right behind the depot is Mrs. J. Kaplan's a delicatessen store, which I am only saying to her yesterday, 'Mrs. Kaplan,' I says, 'how do you got all the time such fresh, nice smoke-tongue here?' And she says, 'It's the country air,' she says, 'which any one could see; not alone smoke-tongue keeps fresh, *aber* my daughter also, when she comes down here,' she says, 'she is pale like anything—and look at her now!' And it's a fact, Mrs. Lubliner, the daughter did look sick, and today yet she's got a complexion fresh like a tomato already. That's what Burgess Park done for her!"

"Say, Lookyhere, Who is Going to Live in This House—You Oder Me?"

"But don't you got difficulty keeping a girl, Mrs. Ortelsburg?" Yetta inquired.

"Difficulty!" Mrs. Ortelsburg cried. "Why, just let me show you my kitchen. The girls love it here. In the first place, we are only twenty minutes from Coney Island; and, in the second place, with all the eggs which we got it, they could always entertain their fellers here in such a fine, big kitchen, which I am telling my girl, Lena: 'So long as you give 'em omelets or fried eggs *mit* fat, Lena, I don't care how many eggs you use—*aber* butter is butter in Burgess Park *oder* Harlem.'"

In this vein Mrs. Ortelsburg continued for more than an hour, while she conducted Yetta to the kitchen and cellar and back again to the bedrooms abovestairs, until she decided that sufficient interest had been aroused to justify the more robust method of her husband. She therefore returned to the library, and therewith began for Benno Ortelsburg the real business of the afternoon.

"Well, boys," he said, "I guess we would quit pinocle for a while and join the ladies."

He chose for this announcement a moment when Elkan's chips showed a profit of five dollars; and as, in his capacity of banker, he adjusted the losses of the other players, he kept up a merry conversation directed at Mrs. Lubliner.

"Here in Burgess Park," he said, "we play pinocle and we leave it alone; while in the city when a couple business men play pinocle they spend a day at it—and why? Because they only get a chance to play pinocle once in a while occasionally. Every night they are going on theayter *oder* a lodge affair, understand me; whereas here, the train service at night not being so extra elegant, y'understand, we got good houses and we stay in 'em; which in Burgess Park after half past seven in the evening any one could find a dozen pinocle games to play in—and all of 'em breaks up by half past ten already."

With this tribute to the transit facilities and domesticity of Burgess Park, he concluded stacking up the chips and turned to Mrs. Lubliner.

"Yes, Mrs. Lubliner," he continued with an amiable smile, "if you wouldn't persuade your husband to move out to Burgess Park, understand me, I shall consider it you don't like our house here at all."

"But I do like your house!" Yetta protested.

"I should hope so," Benno continued, "on account it would be a poor compliment to a lot of people which could easy be good customers of your husband. For instance, this house was decorated by Robitscher, Smith & Company, which Robitscher lives across the street already; and his wife is Joel Ribnik's—the McKinnon-Weldon Drygoods Company's—a sister already."

"You don't tell me!" Yetta murmured.

"And Joel is staying with 'em right now," Benno went on. "Furthermore, we got our furniture and carpets by Sig Tarnowitz, which he lives a couple of doors down from here—also got relatives in the retail drygoods business by the name Tarnowitz-Wixman Drygoods Company. The brother, Julius Tarnowitz, is eating dinner with 'em today."

"It's a regular buyers' colony here, so to speak," Louis Stout said, and Joseph Kamin nodded.

"Tell you what you do, Benno," Joseph suggested. "Get Tarnowitz and Ribnik to come over here. I think Elkan would like to meet them."

Benno slapped his thigh with a resounding blow.

"That's a great idee!" he cried; and half an hour later the Ortelsburg library was thronged with visitors, for not only Joel Ribnik and Julius Tarnowitz had joined Benno's party, but seated in easy chairs were Robitscher, the decorator, and Tarnowitz, the furniture dealer.

"Yes, siree, sir!" Robitscher cried. "Given the same decorative treatment to that Linden Boulevard house, Mr. Lubliner, and it would got Ortelsburg's house here skinned to pieces, on account over there it is more open and catches the sun afternoon and morning both."

During this pronouncement Elkan's face bore a ghastly smile and he underwent the sensations of the man in the tonneau of a touring car which is beginning to skid toward a telegraph pole.

"In that case I should recommend you don't buy a Kermanshah rug for the front room," Sigmund Tarnowitz interrupted. "I got in my place right now an antique Beloochistan, which I would let go at only four hundred dollars."

"*Aber* four hundred dollars is an awful lot of money to pay for a rug," Elkan protested. He had avoided looking at Yetta for the past half-hour; but now he glanced fearfully at her, and in doing so received a distinct shock, for Yetta sat with shining eyes and flushed cheeks, inoculated beyond remedy with the virus of the artistic-home fever.

"Four hundred ain't so much for a rug," she declared.

"Not for an antique Beloochistan," Sig Tarnowitz said, "because every year it would increase in value on you."

"Just the same like that Linden Boulevard house," Ortelsburg added, "which you could take it from me, Mrs. Lubliner, if you don't get right away an offer of five hundred dollars' advance on your purchase price I would ent the house, plumbing and all."

At the word "plumbing" Glaubmann started visibly.

"The plumbing would be fixed so good as new," he said; "and I tell you what I would do also, Mr. Lubliner—I would pay fifty per cent of the decorations if Mr. Ortelsburg would make me an allowance of a hundred dollars on the commission!"

"Could anything be fairer than this?" Ortelsburg exclaimed; and he grinned maliciously as Louis Stout succumbed to a fit of coughing.

"But we ain't even seen the house!" Elkan cried.

"Never mind we ain't seen it," Yetta said; "if the house is the same like this that's all I care about."

"Sure, I know," Elkan replied; "but I want to see the house first before I would even commence to think of buying it."

"*Schon gut!*" Glaubmann said. "I ain't got no objection to show you the house from the outside; *aber* there is at present people living in the house, understand me, which for the present we couldn't go inside."

"Mr. Lubliner don't want to see the inside, Glaubmann!" Ortelsburg cried, in tones implying that he deprecated Glaubmann's suggestion as impugning Elkan's good faith in the matter. "The inside would be repaired and decorated to suit, Mr. Glaubmann, but the outside he's got a right to see; so we would all go round there and give a look."

"Goldstein, Is It Assault That Some One Paints You From Head to Foot With Calcimine?"

Ten minutes afterward a procession of nine persons passed through the streets of Burgess Park and lingered on the sidewalk opposite Glaubmann's house. There Ortelsburg descanted on the comparatively high elevation of Linden Boulevard and Mrs. Ortelsburg pointed out the chicken-raising possibilities of the back lot; and, after gazing at the shrubbery and incipient shade trees that were planted in the front yard, the line of march was resumed in the direction of Burgess Park's business neighborhood. Another pause was made at Mrs. J. Kaplan's delicatessen store; and, laden with packages of smoked tongue, Swiss cheese and dill pickles, the procession returned to the Ortelsburg residence marshaled by Benno Ortelsburg, who wielded as a baton a ten-cent loaf of rye bread.

Thus the remainder of the evening was spent in feasting and more pinocle until nearly midnight, when Elkan and Yetta returned to town on the last train. Hence, with his late homecoming and the Ortelsburgs' delicatessen supper, Elkan slept ill that night, so that it was past nine o'clock before he arrived at his office the following morning. Instead of the satirical greeting which he anticipated from his senior partner, however, he was received with unusual cordiality by Polatkin, whose face was spread in a grin.

"Well, Elkan," he said, "you done a good job when you decided to buy that house."

"When I decided to buy the house? Who says I decided to buy the house?" Elkan cried.

"J. Kamin did," Polatkin explained. "He was here by a quarter to eight already; and not alone J. Kamin was here, but Joel Ribnik and Julius Tarnowitz comes in also. Scheikowitz and me has been on the jump, I bet yer; in fact, Scheikowitz is in there now with J. Kamin and Tarnowitz. Between 'em, those fellers has picked out four thousand dollars' goods."

Elkan looked at his partner in unfeigned astonishment.

"So soon!" he said.

"Ribnik too," Polatkin continued. "He makes a selection of nine hundred dollars' goods—among 'em a couple stickers like them styles 2040 and 2041. He says he is coming back in half an hour, on account he's got an appointment with a brother-in-law of his."

"By the name Robitscher?" Elkan asked.

"That's the feller," Polatkin answered. "Ribnik says you promised Robitscher the decorations from the house you are buying."

"What d'ye mean I promised him the decorations from the house I am buying?" Elkan exclaimed in anguished tones. "In the first place, I ain't promised him nothing of the kind; and, in the second place, I ain't even bought the house yet!"

"That part will be fixed up all right," Polatkin replied, "because Mr. Glaubmann rings up half an hour ago, and he says that so soon as we need him and the lawyer we should telephone for 'em."

For a brief interval Elkan choked with rage.

"Say, lookyhere, Mr. Polatkin," he sputtered at last, "who is going to live in this house—you *oder* me?"

"You are going to live in the house, Elkan," Polatkin declared, "because me I don't need a house. I already got one house, Elkan, and I ain't twins exactly; and also them fellers is very plain about it, Elkan, which they told me and Scheikowitz up and down, that if you wouldn't buy the house they wouldn't confirm us the orders."

At this juncture Schiekowitz entered the office. From the doorway of the showroom he had observed the discussion between Elkan and his partner; and he had entirely deserted his prospective customers to aid in Elkan's coercion.

"Polatkin is right, Elkan!" he cried. "You got to consider Louis Stout also. Kamin said he would never forgive us if the deal didn't go through."

Elkan bit his lips irresolutely.

"I don't see what you are hesitating about," Polatkin went on. "Yetta likes the house—ain't it?"

"She's crazy about it," Elkan admitted.

"Then what's the use talking?" Scheikowitz declared; and he glanced anxiously toward Tarnowitz and Kamin, who were holding a whispered conference in the showroom. "Let's make an end and get the thing over. Telephone this here Glaubmann he should come right over with Ortelsburg and the lawyer."

"But ain't I going to have no lawyer neither?" Elkan demanded.

"Sure you are," Scheikowitz replied. "I took a chance, Elkan, and I telephoned Henry D. Feldman half an hour since already. He says he would send up one of his assistants, Mr. Harvey J. Sugarberg, right away."

IV

WHEN it came to drawing a real-estate contract there existed for Kent J. Goldstein no incongruities of time and place. Kent was the veteran of a dozen real-estate booms, during which he had drafted agreements at all hours of the day and night, improvising as his office the back room of a liquor saloon or the cigar counter of a barber shop; and, in default of any other writing material, he was quite prepared to tattoo a brief though binding agreement with gunpowder on the skin of the vendor's back.

Thus the transaction between Glaubmann and Elkan Lubliner presented no difficulties to Kent J. Goldstein; and he handled the details with such care and dispatch that the contract was nearly finished before Harvey J. Sugarberg remembered the instructions of his principal. As attorney for the buyer, it was Henry D. Feldman's practice to see that the contract of sale provided every opportunity for his client lawfully to avoid taking title, should he desire for any reason, lawful or unlawful, to back out; and this rule of his principal occurred to Harvey just as he and Goldstein were writing the clause relating to incumbrances.

"The premises are to be conveyed free and clear of all incumbrances," Kent read aloud, "except the mortgage and covenant against nuisances above described and the present tenancies of said premises."

He had brought with him two blank forms of agreement; and as he filled in the blanks on one of them he read aloud what he was writing and Harvey Sugarberg inserted the same clause in the other. Up to this juncture Harvey had taken Kent's dictation with such remarkable docility that Elkan and his partners had frequently exchanged disquieting glances, and they were correspondingly elated when Harvey at length balked.

"One moment, Mr. Goldstein," he said—and, but for a slight nervousness, he reproduced with histrionic accuracy the tone and gesture of his employer—"as *locum tenens* for my principal I must decline to insert the phrase, 'and the present tenancies of said premises.'"

Kent wasted no time in forensic dispute when engaged in a real-estate transaction, though, if necessary, he could make kindling of the strongest rail that ever graced the front of a jury-box.

"How 'bout it, Glaubmann?" he said. "The premises is occupied—ain't they?"

Glaubmann flapped his right hand in a gesture of *laissez-faire*.

"The feller moves out by the first of next month," he said; and Kent turned to Elkan.

"Are you satisfied that the tenant stays in the house until the first?" he asked. "That will be three days after the contract is closed."

Elkan shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not?" he said.

"All right, Mr. —— Forget your name!" Kent cried. "Cut out 'and the present tenancies of said premises.'"

At this easy victory a shade of disappointment passed over the faces of Harvey Sugarberg and his clients, and the contract proceeded without further objection to its rapid conclusion.

"Now then, my friends," Kent announced briskly, "we're ready for the signatures."

At this, the crucial point of all real-estate transactions, a brief silence fell upon the assembled company, which included not only the attorneys and the clients, but Ortelsburg, Kamin, Tarnowitz and Ribnik as well. Finally Glaubmann seized a pen, and, jabbing it viciously in an inkpot, he made a John Hancock signature at the foot of the agreement's last page.

"Now, Mr. Lubliner," Kent said—and Elkan hesitated.

"Ain't we going to wait for Louis Stout?" he asked; and immediately there was a roar of protest that sounded like a mob scene in a Drury Lane melodrama.

"If Louis Stout ain't here it's his own fault," Ortelsburg declared; and Ribnik, Tarnowitz and Kamin glowered in unison.

"I guess he's right, Elkan," Polatkin murmured.

"It is his own fault if he ain't here," Scheikowitz agreed feebly; and, thus persuaded, Elkan appended a small and, by contrast with Glaubmann's, a wholly unimpressive signature to the agreement. Immediately thereafter Elkan passed over a certified check for eight hundred dollars, according to the terms of the contract, which provided that the title be closed in twenty days at the office of Henry D. Feldman.

"Well, Mr. Lubliner," Glaubmann said, employing the formula hallowed by long usage in all real-estate transactions involving improved property, "I wish you luck in your new house."

"Much obliged," Elkan said; and after a general handshaking the entire assemblage crowded into one elevator, so that finally Elkan was left alone with his partners.

Polatkin was the first to break a silence of over five minutes' duration.

"Ain't it funny," he said, "that we ain't heard from Louis?"

Scheikowitz nodded; and as he did so the elevator door creaked noisily and there alighted a short, stout person, who, having once been described in the I. O. M. A. Monthly as Benjamin J. Flugel, the Merchant Prince, had never since walked abroad save in a freshly ironed silk hat and a Prince Albert coat.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Flugel?" Polatkin and Scheikowitz cried with one voice, and Mr. Flugel bowed. Albeit a tumult raged within his breast, he remained outwardly the dignified man of business; and, as Elkan viewed for the first time Louis Stout's impressive partner, he could not help congratulating himself on the mercantile sagacity that had made him buy Glaubmann's house.

"And this is Mr. Lubliner?" Flugel said in even tones.

"Pleased to meet you," Elkan said. "I had dinner with your partner only yesterday."

Flugel gulped convulsively in an effort to remain calm.

"I know it," he said; "and honestly the longer I am in business with that feller the more I got to wonder what a *Schlemiel* he is. Actually he goes to work and tries to do his own partner without knowing it at all. Mind you, if he would be doing it from spite I could understand it; but when one partner don't know that the other partner practically closes a deal for a tract of a hundred lots and six houses in Johnsonhurst, and then persuades a prospective purchaser that, instead of buying in Johnsonhurst, he should buy in Burgess Park, understand me, all I got to say is that if Louis Stout ain't crazy the least he deserves is that the feller really and truly should buy in Burgess Park."

(Continued on Page 80)

"Forty Hens We Got It, and This Month Alone They are Laying on Us Every Day a Dozen Eggs"

HAIR

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

AS I REMARKED in a previous article of this series, one of the pleasantest features about being born is that we are born without teeth and other responsibilities. Teeth, like debts and installment payments, come along later on. It is the same way with hair.

Born, we are hairless or comparatively so. We are in a highly incomplete state at that period of our lives. It takes a fond and doting parent to detect evidences of an actual human aspect in us. Only the ears and the mouth appear to be up to the plans and specifications. There is a mouth which when opened, as it generally is, makes the rest of the face look like a tire, and there is a pair of ears of such generous size that only a third one is needed, round at the back somewhere, to give us the appearance of a loving cup. And we are smocked and hemstitched with a million wrinkles apiece, more or less, which partly accounts for the fact that every newborn infant looks to be about two hundred years old. And uniformly we have the nice red complexion of a restaurant lobster. You know that live-broiled look?

As for our other features, they are more or less rudimentary. Of a nose there is only what a chemist would call a trace. It seems hard to imagine that a dinky little nubbin like that, a dimple turned inside out, as it were, will ever develop into a regular nose, with a capacity for freckling in the summer and catching cold in the winter—a nose that you can sneeze through and blow with. There are no eyebrows to speak of either, and the skull runs up to a sharp point like a pineapple cheese. Just back of the peak is a kind of soft, dented-in place like a Parker House roll, and if you touch it we die. In some cases this spot remains soft throughout life, and these persons grow up and go through railroad trains in presidential years taking straw votes.

And, as I said before, there isn't any hair; only on the slopes of the cheese are some very pale, faint, downy lines, which look as though they had been sketched on lightly with a very soft drawing pencil and would wipe off readily. That, however, is the inception and beginning of what afterward becomes, among our race, hair. To look at it you could hardly believe it, but it is. Barring accidents or backwardness, it continues to grow from that time on through our childhood, but its behavior is always a profound disappointment. If the child is a girl and, therefore, entitled to curly hair, her hair is sure to come in stiff and straight. If it's a boy, to whom curls will be a curse and a cross of affliction, he is morally certain to be as curly as a frizzly chicken, and until he gets old enough to rebel he will wear long ringlets and boys of his acquaintance will insert cockle-burs and chewing gum into his tresses, and he will be known popularly as Sissie and otherwise his life will be made joyous and carefree for him. If a reddish tone of hair is desired it is certain to grow out yellow or brown or black; and if brown is your favorite shade you are morally sure to be nice and red-headed, with eyebrows and lashes to match, and so many cowlicks that when you remove your hat people will think you're wearing two or three halos at once. Hair rarely or never acts up to its advance notices.

The Evil Consequences of Unselfishness

ONE of the earliest and most painful recollections of my youth is associated with hair. I still tingle warmly when I think of it. I should say I was about eight years old at the time. My mother sent me down the street to the barber's to have my hair trimmed—shingled was the term then used. Some of my private collection of cowlicks had begun to stand up in a way that invited adverse criticism and reminded people of sunbursts. They made me look as though my hair were trying to pull itself out by the roots and escape. So I was sent to the barber's. My little cousin, two years younger, went along in my charge. It was thought that the performance might entertain her. I was mounted in a chair and had a cloth tucked in round my neck, like a selfmade millionaire about to eat consommé. The officiating barber got out a shiny steel instrument with jaws—the first pair of clippers I had ever seen—and he ran this up the back of my neck, producing a most agreeable feeling. He reached the top of my head and would have paused, but I told him to go right ahead and clip me close all over, which he did. When he had finished the job I was so delighted with the sensation and with the attendant result as viewed in a mirror that I suggested he might give my little cousin a similar treat. From a mere child I was ever so—willing always to share my simple pleasures with those about me, especially where it entailed no inconvenience on my part. I told him my father would pay the bill for both of us when he came by that night.

The barber fell in with the suggestion. It has ever been my experience that a barber will fall in readily with any suggestion whereby the barber is going to get something out of it for himself. In this instance he was going to get another quarter, and a quarter went farther in those days than it does now. I dismounted from the chair and my

While I Stood Admiringly by and Watched the Long Yellow Curls Fall Writhing Upon the Floor

innocent little cousin was installed in my place. As I now recall she made no protest. The barber ran his clippers conscientiously and painstakingly over her tender young scalp, while I stood admiringly by and watched the long yellow curls fall writhing upon the floor at my feet. It seemed to me that a great and manifest improvement was produced in her general appearance. Instead of being hampered by those silly curls dangling down all round her face, she now had a round, slick, smooth dome decorated with a stiff yellowish stubble, and the skin showed through nice and pink and the ears were well displayed, whereas before they had been practically hidden. She was also relieved of those foolish bangs hanging down in her eyes. This, I should have stated, occurred in the period when womankind of whatsoever age and also some men wore bangs, a disease from which all have since recovered with the exception of racehorses and princesses of the various reigning houses of Europe. And now my little cousin was shut of those annoying bangs, and her forehead ran up so high that you had to go round behind her to see where it left off.

Filled with a joyous sense of achievement and conscious of a kindly deed worthily performed, I took my little cousin by her hand and led her home.

My mother was waiting for us at the front door. She seemed surprised when I took off my hat and gave her a look, but that wasn't a circumstance to her surprise when I proudly took off my little cousin's cap. She uttered a kind of strangled cry and my cousin's mother came running, and the way she carried on was scandalous and ill-timed. I will draw a veil over the proceedings of the next few minutes. At the time it would have been a source of great personal gratification and comfort to me if I could have drawn a number of veils, good, thick, woolen ones, over the proceedings. My mother wept, my aunt wept, my little cousin wept, and I am not ashamed to state that I wept quite copiously myself. But I had more provocation than any of them.

Every Face Fell Into One of Three Classes, it Being Either a Square, a Round or a Squirrel

When this part of the affair was over my mother sent me back to the barber with a message. I was to say that a heart-broken woman demanded to have the curls of which her darling child had been denuded. I believe that there was some idea entertained of sewing them into a cap and requiring my cousin to wear the cap until new ones had sprouted. Even to me, a mere child of eight, this seemed a foolish and totally unnecessary proceeding, but the situation had already become so strained that I thought it the part of prudence to go at once without offering any arguments of my own.

I felt, anyhow, that I would rather be away from the house for a while, until calmer second judgment had succeeded excitement and tumult.

The man who owned the barber shop seemed surprised when I delivered the message, but he told me to come back in a few minutes and he'd do what he could. I drifted on down to the confectionery store at the corner to forget my sorrows for the moment in a worshipful admiration of a display of prize boxes and cracknels in glass-front cases—you should be able to fix the period by the fact that cracknels and prize boxes were still in vogue among the young. When I returned the head barber handed me quite a large box—a shoebox—with a string tied round it. It did not seem possible to me that my cousin could have had a whole shoebox full of curls, but things had been going pretty badly that afternoon and my motives had been misjudged and everything, so without any talk I took the box and hurried home with it. My mother cut the string and my aunt lifted the lid.

A Sad Souvenir From the Barber

I SHOULD prefer again to draw a veil over the scenes that now ensued, but the necessity of finishing this narrative requires me to state that it being a Saturday and the head barber being a busy man, he had not taken time to sort out my cousin's curls from among the flotsam and jetsam of his establishment, but had just swept up enough off the floor to make a good assorted boxful. I think the oldest inhabitant had probably dropped in that day to have himself trimmed up a little round the edges. I seem to remember a quantity of sandy whiskers shot with gray. There was enough hair in that box and enough different kinds and colors of hair and stuff to satisfy almost any taste, you would have thought, but my mother and aunt were anything but satisfied. On the contrary, far from it. And yet my cousin's hair was all there, if they had only been willing to spend a few days sorting it out and separating it from the other contents.

In this particular instance I was the exception to the rule, that hair generally gives a boy no great trouble from the time he merges out of babyhood until he puts on long pants and begins to discern something strangely and subtly attractive about the sex described by Mr. Kipling as being the more deadly of the species. During this interim it is a matter of no moment to a boy whether he goes shaggy or cropped, shorn or unshorn. At intervals a frugal parent trims him to see if both his ears are still there, or else a barber does it with more thoroughness, often recovering small articles of household use that have been mysteriously missing for months; but in the main he goes along carefree and unbarbered, not greatly concerned with putting anything in his head or taking anything off of it.

In due season, though, he reaches the age where adolescent whiskers and young romance begin to sprout out on him simultaneously—and from that moment on for the rest of his life his hair is giving him bother, and plenty of it.

Your hair gives you bother as long as you have it and more bother when it starts to go. You are always doing something for it and it is always showing deep-dyed ingratitude in return; or else the dye isn't deep enough, which is even worse. Hair is responsible for such byproducts as dandruff, barbers, wigs, several comic weeklies, mental anguish, added expense, Chinese revolutions, and the standard joke about your wife's using your best razor to open a can of tomatoes with. Hair has been of aid to Buffalo Bill, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Samson,

It Takes a Fond and Doting Parent to Detect Evidences of an Actual Human Aspect in Us

Adolescent Whiskers and Young Romance Begin to Sprout Out on Him Simultaneously

The Lady Godiva, Jo-Jo, the Dog-Faced Boy, poets, pianists, some artists and most mattress makers, but a drawback and a sorrow to Absalom, polar bears in captivity and the male sex in general.

This assertion goes not only for hair on the head but for hair on the face. Let us consider for a moment the matter of shaving. If you shave yourself you excite a barber's contempt, and there is nobody whose contempt the average man dreads more than a barber's, unless it is a waiter's. And on the other hand, if you let a barber shave you he excites not your contempt particularly, but your rage and frequently your undying hatred. Once in a burst of confidence a barber told me one of the trade secrets of his profession—he said that among barbers every face fell into one of three classes, it being either a square, a round or a squirrel. I know not, reader, whether yours be a square or a round or a squirrel, but this much I will chance on a venture, sight unseen—that you have your periods of intense unhappiness when you are being shaved.

I do not refer so much to the actual process of being shaved. Indeed there is something restful and soothing to the average male adult in the feel of a sharp razor being guided over a bristly jowl by a deft and skillful hand, to the accompaniment of a gentle grating sound and followed by a sensation of transient silken smoothness. Nor do I refer to the barber's habit of conversation. After all, a barber is human—he has to talk to somebody, and it might as well be you. If he didn't have you to talk to he'd have to talk to another barber, and that would be no treat to him.

What I do refer to is that which precedes a shave and more especially that which follows after it. You rush in for a shave. In ten minutes you have an engagement to be married or something else important, and you want a shave and you want it quick. Does the barber take cognizance of the emergency? He does not. Such would be contrary to the ethics of his calling. Knowing from your own lips that you want a shave and that's positively all, he nevertheless is instantly filled with a burning desire to equip you with a large number of other things. In this regard the barbering profession has much in common with the haberdashering or gents'-furnishing profession as practiced in our larger cities. You invade a haberdashering establishment for the purpose, let us say, of investing in a plain and simple pair of half hose, price twenty-five cents. That emphatically is all that you do desire. You so state in plain and simple language, using the shorter and uglier word socks.

How Frisbee Foiled the Barber

DOES the youth in the pale mauve shirt with the marquise ring on the little finger of the left hand rest content with this? Need I answer this question? In succession he tries to sell you a fancy waistcoat with large pearl buttons, a broken lot of silk pajamas, a bath-robe, some shrimp-pink underwear—he wears this kind himself he tells you in strict confidence—a pair of plush suspenders and a knitted necktie that you wouldn't be caught wearing at twelve o'clock at night at the bottom of a coal mine during a total eclipse of the moon. If you resist his blandishments and so far forget that you are a gentleman as to use harsh language, and if you insist on a pair of socks and nothing else, he'll let you have them, but he will never feel the same toward you as he did.

'Tis much the same with a barber. You need a shave in a hurry and he is willing that you should have a shave, he being there for that purpose, but first and last he can think of upward of thirty or forty other things that you ought to have, including a shampoo, a hair cut, a hair singe, a hair tonic, a hair oil, a manicure, a facial massage, a scalp massage, a Turkish bath, his opinion on the merits of the newest White Hope, a shoeshine, some kind of a skin food, and a series of comparisons of the weather we are having this time this month with the weather we were having this time last month. Not all of us are gifted with the power of repartee by which my friend Frisbee turned the edge of the barber's desires.

"Your hair is long," said the barber, fondling a truant lock.

"I know it is," said Frisbee. "I like it long. It's so Roycrofty."

"It is very long," said the barber with a wistful expression.

"I like it very long," said Frisbee. "I like to have people come up to me on the street and call me Mr. Sutherland and ask me how I left my sisters? I like to be mistaken for a Russian pianist. I like strangers to stop me and ask me how's everything up at East Aurora. In short, I like it long."

"Yes, sir," said the barber, "quite so, sir; but it's very long, particularly here in the back—it covers your coat collar."

"Indeed?" said Frisbee. "You say it covers my coat collar?"

"Yes, sir," said the barber. "You can't see the coat collar at all."

"Have you got a good sharp pair of shears there?" said Frisbee.

"Oh, yes, sir," said the barber.

"All right then," said Frisbee; "cut the collar off."

But not all of us, as I said before, have this ready gift of parry and thrust that distinguishes my friend Frisbee. Mostly we weakly surrender. Or if we refuse to surrender, demanding just a shave by itself and nothing else, what then follows? In my own case, speaking personally, I know exactly what follows. I do not like to have any

The Way She Carried on Was Scandalous and Ill-Timed

powder dabbed on my face when I am through shaving. I believe in letting the bloom of youth show through your skin, providing you have any bloom of youth to do so. I always take pains to state my views in this regard at least twice during the operation of being shaved—once at the start when the barber has me all lathered up, with soapsuds dripping from the flanges of my shell-like ears and running down my neck, and once again toward the close of the operation, when he has laid aside his razor and is sousing my defenseless features in a liquid that smells and tastes a good deal like those scented pink blotters they used to give away at drug-stores to advertise somebody's cologne.

Does the barber respect my wishes in this regard? Certainly not. He insists on powdering me, either before my eyes or surreptitiously and in a clandestine manner. If he didn't powder me up he would lose his sense of self-respect, and probably the union would take his card away from him. I think there is something in the constitution and by-laws requiring that I be powdered up. I have fought the good fight for years, but I'm always powdered. Sometimes the crafty foe dissembles. He pretends that he is not going to powder me up. But all of a sudden when my back is turned, as it were, he grabs up his powder swab and makes a quick swoop upon me and the hellish deed is done. I should be pleased to hear from other victims of this practice suggesting any practical relief short of homicide. I do not wish to kill a barber—there are several other orders in ahead, referring to the persons I intend to kill off first—but I may be driven to it.

After he has gashed me casually hither and yon, and sluiced down my helpless countenance with the carefree abandon of a livery-stable hand washing off a buggy, and after, as above stated, he has covered up the traces of his crime with powder, the barber next takes a towel and folds it over his right hand, as prescribed in the rules and regulations, and then he dabs me with that towel on various parts of my face nine hundred and seventy-four—974—separate and distinct times. I know the exact number of dabs because I have taken the trouble to keep count. I may be in as great a hurry as you can imagine; I may be but a poor nervous wreck already, as I am; I may be quivering to be up and away from there, but he dabs me with his towel—he dabs me until reason totters on her throne—sometimes just a tiny tot, as the saying goes, or it may be that the whole cerebral structure is involved—and then when he is apparently all through the Demoniac Dabber comes back and dabs me one more fiendish, deliberate and premeditated dab, making nine hundred and seventy-five dabs in all. He has to do it; it's in the ritual that I and you and everybody must have that last dab. I wonder how many gibbering idiots there are in the asylum today whose reason was overthrown by being dabbed that last farewell dab. I know from my own experience that I can feel the little dark-green gibbers sloshing round inside of me every time it happens, and some day my mind will give away altogether and there'll be a hurry call sent in for the wagon with the lock on the back door. Yet it is of no avail to cavil or protest; we cannot hope to escape; we can only sit there in mute and helpless misery and be filled with a great envy for Mexican hairless dogs.

A Flank Movement Up the Slope

FOR quite a spell now we have been speaking of hair on the face; at this point we revert to hair in its relation to the head. There are some few among us, mainly professional Southerners and leading men, who retain the bulk of the hair on their heads through life; but with most of us the circumstances are different. Your hair goes from you. You don't seem to notice it at first; then all of a sudden you wake up to the realization that your head is working its way up through the hair. You start in then desperately doing things for your hair in the hope of inducing it to stick round the old place a while longer, but it has heard the call of the wild and it is on its way. There's no detaining it. You soak your skull in lotions until your brain softens and your hatband gets moldy from the prevalent damp, but your hair keeps right on going.

After a while it is practically gone. If only about two-thirds of it is gone your head looks like a great auk's egg in a snug nest; but if most of it goes there is something about you that suggests the Glacial Period, with an icy barren peak rising high above the vegetation line, where a thin line of heroic strands still cling to the slopes. You are bald then, a subject fit for the japes of the wicked and universally coupled in the betting with onions, with hard-boiled eggs and with the front row of the orchestra circle at a musical show.

At this time of writing baldness is creeping insidiously up each side of my head. It is executing flank movements from the temples northward, and some day the two columns will meet and after that I'll be considerably more of a highbrow than I am now. At present I am craftily combing the remaining thatch in the middle and smoothing it out nice and flat, so as to keep those bare spots covered—thinly perhaps, but nevertheless covered. It is my earnest desire to continue to keep them covered. I am not a professional beauty; I am not even what you would call a good amateur beauty; and I want to make what little hair I have go as far as it conveniently can. But does the barber to whom I repair at frequent intervals coincide with my desires in this respect? Again I reply he does not. Every time I go in I speak to him about it. I say to him: "Woodman, spare that hair, touch not a single strand; in youth it sheltered me and I'll protect it now." Or in substance that.

(Concluded on Page 44)

When My Back Is Turned He Grabs Up His Powder Swab and Makes a Quick Swoop Upon Me

The Discovery of the Schoolhouse

By FREDERIC C. HOWE

EDWARD J. WARD discovered the schoolhouse. He discovered it up in Rochester four years ago. He invited some of his neighbors into the school one evening to talk things over. So much interest was aroused that they came again. At the first meeting there were three hundred and fourteen people present. They had music, recitations, dances. They found their neighbors were very pleasant people. Soon the building would not hold all who came. It was amazing how hungrily the people took to the idea. They had not thought of the schoolhouse as their property. They thought it belonged to the Board of Education. Soon other buildings were opened. Finally the schools were federated into a city-wide organization representing more than fifty thousand citizens.

As soon as the people came together they saw the waste in the use of schools. They induced the Board of Education to appropriate five thousand dollars to keep them open fourteen hours a day instead of seven. They converted the kindergarten into a library and club-room. They opened the gymnasium five nights a week for athletic sports and one night a week for entertainments. Fathers and sons began to spend their evenings together on the rings, bars and tumbling mats. They had boxing and wrestling matches and basket-ball games. The women formed a gymnasium class.

Others borrowed a traveling library from the capital at Albany, subscribed for periodicals and bought a stereopticon and dining-room appointments, so that they might give lectures and dinners.

PHOTO BY EDWARD J. WARD, MADISON, WISCONSIN

The First Public School Building in America to Have a Stadium for a Playground. This Stadium is Capable of Accommodating 50,000 People

The Neighborhood "Gang" Disappears

A SHORT time after the school opened a merchant stopped the director on the street and said:

"The school center has done what I thought was impossible. I have been here nine years and during that time there has always been a gang of toughs round this corner. This winter the gang has disappeared."

"They aren't a gang any more," the director replied; "they are a debating club."

The women organized clubs. They became interested in child labor, in city problems. The young people had debates, a banquet and a minstrel show. The schoolhouse became a family club.

The men began to talk about Rochester. That was the clubs' undoing; but they could not avoid it. They called in the mayor, their aldermen, the health and school officials. They even had Governor Hughes down from Albany. They kicked about the gas company and the street-railroad service. They wanted transfers. Some one took a fall out of the local boss. Up to that time the boss had held Rochester in the hollow of his hand. He decided to run for Congress, always a dangerous thing for a boss to do.

But Rochester now had a forum for discussion. The people picked out a candidate of their own for Congress, a man who would represent Rochester, and to the surprise of everybody they elected him.

Professor George M. Forbes, president of the Board of Education, was telling a group of people out at Madison, Wisconsin, about the school center and what it had done for Rochester. Governor Woodrow Wilson, who was there, interrupted to ask whether he might put a question to the speaker.

Receiving assent he said:

"Is it not true, Professor Forbes, that because of your part in this work you were, after twelve years' service on the Rochester school board, refused a renomination by the boss-controlled convention?"

"I think that had something to do with it."

"Is it not also true that this constrictive boss system of Rochester is bipartisan?"

"It is."

"That is what I wished to bring out. The same condition obtains almost everywhere. It is what the people have got to break up."

The Idea in Wisconsin

IT WAS the discovery of the schoolhouse to be used by the people to free politics from the boss and machine rule that brought a distinguished group of men and women together at Madison. They came from the East, the South—even from the far-away West. The idea of the school as a permanent town meeting brought out Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey; Governor W. R. Stubbs, of Kansas; and Governor Francis C. McGovern, of Wisconsin, as well as United States Senators Clapp and Pomerene. There were several university presidents, a score of editors, and two hundred reformers, educators, architects and soldiers of the common good, who had made a trip halfway across the continent to give testimony to the value of the discovery. They thought the Rochester idea ought to be known all over the country, and they had come to Madison because the State University had called Edward J. Ward to Wisconsin to promote the Rochester school-center idea in that state. For democratic Wisconsin, unlike boss-ridden Rochester, had passed a law inviting the people of the state into the government.

In Wisconsin, the people of any community can use the schoolhouse in that state by merely demanding it from the school authorities.

The conference discovered that other people had stumbled on the idea that the schoolhouse ought to be used more widely. Over one hundred communities have opened wide the schools for some purpose or other. The city of New York spends two hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars a year for school lectures and neighborhood gatherings. Forty-eight schools are open every night in the week and one hundred and sixty-nine are open one night in the week. A school official visited one of these schools last fall and found three hundred young people dancing under wholesome surroundings. Across the street a dance-hall that had previously done a flourishing business was

A Young Women's Civic Club Meeting Held on Sunday Afternoon in One of the Social Centers. The Young People's Civic Clubs are Exceedingly Similar to Those of the Adults and They Furnish a Splendid Training in Citizenship

PHOTO BY EDWARD J. WARD, MADISON, WISCONSIN

A Schoolhouse as Branch Public Library and Reading Room. Sunday Afternoon in Schoolhouse Social Center Reading Room, Rochester, N. Y. In Brooklyn and Rochester the Public School Buildings are the Public Library Buildings

nearly empty. Mr. Clarence A. Perry, engaged by the Russell Sage Foundation of New York to make a study of school centers, says, after an investigation of conditions in large cities: "The girl without a social center is the mother of the woman on the street." He goes farther and says: "If a city has to choose between the schools and the play centers it could, I believe, give up the schools more safely than it could go without the play centers."

Chicago leads the world in this democratic idea. Over eleven million dollars has been spent on recreation centers, on playgrounds and people's clubhouses, open all the year round. There are twenty-eight of them in the crowded parts of the city. They contain gymnasiums, baths, libraries and assembly rooms. About the clubs are parks of from two to sixty acres. There are wading pools and sandpits for the children, as well as shady places for the mothers to sit and watch the children at play. There is a restaurant operated at cost. The exhibition of what Chicago has done at the Town-Planning Exposition, in Berlin, a few years ago astonished all Europe. The playground is one of the things we do better than any cities in the world.

The arrests for juvenile offenses fell off seventeen per cent about the neighborhood centers in Chicago during the years 1904 to 1906, while they increased twelve per cent for the city as a whole. About the stockyards district they increased forty-four per cent. The play center is the best sort of a policeman. It is also a good investment, for it costs one hundred and thirty-five dollars a year to care for a boy in the reform schools.

Milwaukee is not likely to adopt prohibition; but if you visit what was formerly an old beer garden and go up to the bar and put your foot on the rail and call for something, you will now receive a volume from the public library instead of a glass of beer. Milwaukee used to be filled with beer gardens. Now the people go to their own parks, listen to their own music from their own bands. The schoolhouse has undeveloped possibilities as a substitute for the saloon.

In Texas, where solitude is very solitary, the raising of corn, cotton and hogs has been relieved of some of its dreariness by Colonel Frank P. Holland. He got to thinking about the cowpunchers and ranchers much as Jane Addams thought of the children of the tenements of Chicago. He employed a drummer to wake up the state of Texas to the schoolhouse idea. He also founded libraries—not like those of the Laird of Skibo, but little bunches of fifty books that are sent by express to the farmhouses and villages. After Holland's schoolhouse drummer had awakened the curiosity of Texas he called a convention of farmers, with their wives, to take possession of the schoolhouse. Delegates came from all over the state. They launched the school center as a farmers' club, and now scores of country schools are being used in this way in the Southwest.

Out in Wisconsin I met a man who had been up in the town of Prescott. One evening he had followed a crowd into the schoolhouse. He found the whole village having the best kind of a time. There were basket-ball games between the high-school boys and also between the men of the town. There were Russian folk-dances and other stunts children delight in, that the playground instructor had taught the girls. The young children went home at nine o'clock and the old folks remained for an evening of speaking, music and recitations. The old red schoolhouse was brought back to life.

The mayor of the town said to him: "We have finally found a way to keep the boys off the streets at night and the girls from hanging round the post-office and the railroad station. This has been a serious problem with the parents of Prescott. The social center settled that."

At Madison all sorts of visions of uses for the schoolhouse were revealed. Everybody admitted the waste of having the schools open only seven hours a day and nine months of the year. The total school investment is said to be about a thousand million dollars; and one of the mathematicians figured out the annual waste at something like thirty million dollars. And these statesmen, educators and reformers

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Gymnasium Scene in Rochester School Social Center. This Room is Used as an Assembly Hall for the School, as a Motion Picture Theater, and General Community Hall for Lectures, Entertainments and Concerts

MAKING A BUSINESS WOMAN

III

By Anne Shannon Monroe

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I RAN up the steps, fitted my key into the lock, and in a fine mood went on to my room. I thrust open the door, struck a light, gazed happily about my kingdom, then suddenly collapsed into the nearest chair in a crumpled heap. There in the exact center of the red cover that made my trunk into a divan, with all its lumpy undeceptive outlines, perched my small sack of potatoes. It was a twenty-five-cent sack and I had used one potato out of it. Here was evidence unanswerable, damning! It had been cleaning day—I saw it all in a flash—and the landlady had placed the sack there. Evidently, in a fit of absent-mindedness, I had left it out of my trunk the night before. I knew that the landlady had been suspicious of me for some time; I had caught her snooping near the door. Unfortunately she knew what I earned. She hadn't kept lodgers in Chicago for ten years without learning a thing or two; and she had said to me warningly, threateningly, that there was just one thing she wouldn't stand for, "not from nobody," and that was "cooking all over her good parlor furniture." I had her best room—her back parlor—and her best furniture; and I had heartily agreed that she was perfectly right. Now I looked at that sack of potatoes and could have murdered it.

My month would be up in a day or so. It would cost me fifty cents to move—all of my precious raise; and I had no time to look for another place. Besides, I was comfortable there; and I had a sentiment for my own hearth.

I looked again at the potatoes and could have cried; and the next moment, had I been a man, I am sure I should have sworn. To be betrayed by a measly little sack of potatoes! And they had seemed such a bargain too—a whole quarter's worth! They had given me such a well-supplied, full-larder feeling—and then they had given me away!

I might have sat there all night apostrophizing Ireland's most noted gift to man, had I not heard footsteps on the stairs—the steady, flat-footed, tired but doggedly determined tramp of the landlady coming up from the basement. I knew she was coming to give me notice. I sprang wildly to my feet, snatched the sack of potatoes to my arms, and as she rapped answered, "Come in!" She opened the door, smudgy of face but militant, and opened her mouth to speak.

"Mrs. Benton," I said in great wrath, "why didn't you throw out these potatoes instead of perching them like an ornament on my trunk? What if I'd brought one of the girls home with me, how do you suppose I'd have felt? I got them to make a poultice for my lungs—they've been bothering me—but it's too mussy. Please don't ever leave things round that I set out to be thrown away!"

I thrust the sack into her hands. Her mouth closed, then opened, then closed and opened wider again. She started to speak, and again I interrupted with a newborn vehemence:

"Let me pay you next month's rent while you are here. I was raised today—aren't you glad? No more noonday rest lunches for me; I'm sick and tired of seeing all those women every day. Here's the rent."

I had gone to the closet, and taking down my Bible added the necessary amount to my week's pay. She accepted the money, still in a sort of daze, and I closed the door on her. Then I sank in triumphant, but hungry, comfort into my big chair. I couldn't spare the potatoes or the quarter they represented, but I was saved from moving—and grateful.

It's perfectly wonderful how one's stomach learns to subsist on whatever is given it. I had always been accustomed to the very best of Southern cookery, and in my way was something of an epicure. But it is a fact that I felt no discomfort now from the slim fare on which I lived. Usually I ate with my eyes on a printed page or a sheet of hieroglyphics from Bittner's hand, hardly conscious of the process of food-taking; and I remained perfectly healthy through it all.

That evening a few crackers from a cracker factory where they could be purchased in broken lots at a ridiculously low price sufficed, and I was soon hard at work on the book. By ten o'clock I felt so well pleased with the hundred neatly arranged and copied pages that I wrapped them up to take to the office the next day to show to Bittner. I felt that I was fairly secure in my position now, the raise indicated that much; and I was proud of my work and eager to show it off.

The following morning I unwrapped the parcel and laid the manuscript beside my typewriter awaiting Bittner's arrival; meanwhile I inserted sheets and filled in lines with a rapidity that must have held Binks' good will. He had been opening letters for an hour and was now waiting for the next delivery. I noticed, in the pause between tasks, that his eyes roved rather pleasurably over the office with a look that was almost affection. It was as if he said to himself: "This is mine; I spun it spiderlike from myself." He seemed to have a paternal aspect toward the machinery of his enterprise. Presently he got up and came over to my desk; his ferret eyes had lighted on the stack of yellow paper by my typewriter—he was suspicious.

He picked up the work.

"It's Mr. Bittner's book that I've done evenings," I explained. "I brought it down to show him."

"Bittner's away," he said.

He began reading, then turned the pages slowly, then started back to his desk carrying the whole thing with him. As he read, his face grew more and more serious and a peculiar look came into it, a look such as one sometimes sees on the face of a jealous woman. Could it be jealousy?

I wondered. Heretofore he had been the undisputed purveyor of thoughts via language of the firm. Could his pet vanity carry him so far?

Later he brought the manuscript back to me. "You know all this is a waste of your time," he said. "We ain't ever going into book publishing. We are a book-selling firm, pure and simple; it's in the charter. You oughtn't to waste your time."

Still he stood looking down at me, a half-puzzled, undecided expression on his face.

"You seem to be an ambitious, hard-working girl," he said at last in a patronizing sort of a tone; "I always like to help girls that try hard. How'd you like to change your work—be the secretary's assistant?"

He smiled down on me quite benevolently now. I almost jumped out of my chair, I was so surprised. Also I saw that the idea was coming to a head as he talked. The plan wasn't quite thoroughly formulated, but in a dim way he was feeling for a better use of my services than filling in lines. I was being wasted, and waste was his abhorrence.

"I've got to have assistance personally," he went on. "I'm going all to pieces doing two men's work. I think I might break you in."

"I should like anything that would be an advance in work," I said.

"Then put away all that book nonsense." He came back so quickly that I wondered again if it was the personal quarrel between the two men that I was doomed to figure in, and hesitated.

He stood thinking a moment, then looked about us. Nearer his desk, but still situated in the large operating room, was a good-sized kitchen table used by Miss Krog for sorting form letters. It was now empty.

"I'll make you my assistant," he said at last. "You can move over to this larger desk. If you are quick to learn and apply yourself closely you'll find it to your advantage."

A Correspondence Campaign

HE MANAGED to invest the ordinary words with a suggestion of semi-mystery. I didn't like the knowing half-wink of his eyes. I should far more have appreciated a mention of the definite salary I would receive in the new position, and I objected to that almost threatening suggestion that I let Bittner's book alone. I felt that what I did out of office hours was none of Binks' business. Also in entering the new position I seemed to become the private property of Binks alone; and I wasn't at all sure that this was the best policy. In some way Bittner seemed to hold the final whip-hand when he chose to show his authority, and I really wanted to work on his book. I realized that I could not do this and be Binks' assistant. It put me in the position of taking sides in the personal quarrel with Binks; and my instinct made me prefer to be on Bittner's side if I must be in it at all. So it was with very mixed sentiments that I moved from my place over to the larger desk nearer the desk of the partners.

The first task Mr. Binks brought me was a great stack of letters to be signed with his personal signature. He wrote his name several times for me to copy; he wanted to give the impression that he personally signed every letter, so there was to be no "per" or "by" under his name. I practiced his great sweeping flourishes for a while, then began signing the letters. There were hundreds of them, and the work was quite as mechanical as typing.

Later he brought me a handful of letters to answer and carefully explained the method; this was more interesting. Each of these letters, it seemed, asked some question that could be answered by a stereotyped letter already composed and listed in the "ready-made letter book," thus saving the delay and vexation of dictating a fresh reply. These were not printed forms, as in the case of the circular letters on which I had been at work, but were ready-written letters answering the question in point. My task was to read each letter, then write on a slip of paper the name of the ready-made letter that would answer it, pin the two together and, when I had a dozen ready, hand them over to a typist. She also had a copy of the ready-made letters and had only to hunt up the one indicated by title and copy it, inserting the correspondent's name now and then to impress him with its personal nature. A large book filled with ready-made letters was supplied me, so I could become familiar with them and their titles.

A man wrote that he had been sick for a week, but would soon place his order for the set of books about which he had written earlier. Examining the ready-made letter book index, I found a title: Sick Man Postpones Ordering. The letter, I discovered on turning to the page indicated, regretted, in terms very solicitous for the man's health, the postponement caused by his recent indisposition and wished him speedy recovery. It then went on to state that the books would be wrapped and placed in readiness so that there need be no delay when his order should reach the house. Though there was an absurd pomposity and flourish to the letter, still it rang with a certain sincerity.

In another letter a correspondent said he was to be married the following week, and couldn't afford the books just then, but hoped to be in a position to buy them the next month. A letter entitled Man to be Married—Postponement exactly met this situation, congratulating him, wishing him well, and suggesting that as his responsibilities were to be increased, more than ever did he need the practical business suggestions to be found only in our set of books for business men. It was written in such cordial spirit that the recipient could not fail to be favorably impressed with a firm's secretary who would take the time in the midst of a busy day to write so personally. Other letters were entitled Financial Loss, Out of Town, Hope of Promotion, Paying on Insurance, Change of Location, Change of Business, Hasn't the Money, Discouraged, Lack of Faith in the Future, Why These Special Books? Who are Bittner & Binks?

I Heard Mr. Bittner's Queer Sideways Step and Looked Up

The answer to the last was very amusing and very clever. Binks, who purported to be the writer, opened the letter by saying that modesty made this a difficult question to answer, but strict business honesty required that he should answer it truthfully without attempting to hide the firm's light under a bushel. Bittner & Binks, then, were two plain business men who had made their way up in business circles—pretty close to the top—from small beginnings as office boys, and had studied, in their progress, the methods by which leading business men had risen. They had examined these methods with microscopic minuteness, a minuteness afforded by their separate positions in close, confidential relationships, and they could now say with all modesty and all truthfulness that they knew the game down to its "underground foundations." They weren't advising the methods that made Rockefellers and Morgans, but rather methods by which, in every city, a few solid, substantial men could lead all the rest. It was not high finance they were spreading through these books, but plain, straightforward, everyday, modern American enterprise, definitely laid out in clear-cut trans. It was the salesman, the bookkeeper, the cashier, the small merchant that they wanted to help and did help. It was the honest, ambitious man who had a right to all that his brains could secure for him, but who hadn't quite had his chance in the world.

The letter appealed in a sort of big-brother spirit to the man of the leaning type, the man who is not altogether self-reliant. It suggested that he had not had "a fair deal" in life—I found that a large number of men rated themselves under this heading. It also suggested that they, Bittner & Binks, had had it pretty hard, too, but in consequence of this had learned a lot which they were delighted to pass on. They had found the methods, the ways, the "desk books" of the really successful; and their judgment and knowledge, based on life "from the cradle" in the "greatest mart of trade in the world" was now at the disposal of those living "more remote from the teeming activity of the busy hive."

I was quite excited by the time I finished the letter, and experienced a sense of sudden depression on glancing across the room at a small bookcase on which was a single row of books—the thing the letter was all about.

I wondered what was to prevent a correspondent from getting the same letter twice, should he a second time send in the same excuse; but I found that this possibility was cleverly guarded against. Each person with whom we had correspondence was given a card in the filing department. At the top of the card was written the man's name and address, and below this the date and title of each letter sent to him. When we received a letter from a man who had written in before, his card was called for, and if it was found that he had already received the ready-made letter that his letter naturally called for, a personal note was dictated to him and a notation to this effect made on his card. Also a carbon copy of the letter was attached to his correspondence and filed. By carefully adhering to this system we made sure that no man received duplicate letters, and all went merrily.

I was amazed at the size of the correspondence; letters came in at a rate of a thousand a day. About half of these were fresh inquiries, which were sorted and handed over to Miss Krog to be given out among the girls for the number one letter. Nearly a quarter of the day's mail consisted of direct orders, each order amounting to twenty-five dollars or an installment on that amount. The rest were from people who wanted to know something more about the books, or who said flatly they didn't want them—which statement was never accepted as final, as there was a letter also to meet this exigency—or who told of their personal situation as already mentioned. Most of the letters requiring dictation Mr. Binks withheld at first for his own attention; the others he turned over to me.

The Inside of Things

THEIR wide range made them extremely interesting and educational. I found that my firm advertised in every English-speaking country, and that, therefore, inquiries came not only from all kinds and conditions of men but from people all over the world. There were letters from soldiers in the Philippines, from convicts in penitentiaries, from high-school boys who fretted under the impracticability of the public-school course, from old men fearful of losing their jobs and nervously eager to brush up and make themselves more valuable to their employers, from soldiers in soldiers' homes who hoped to get back again into the world of action, from small city salesmen in cramped positions with no chance of advance, from men in the wrong niche looking for a way into some other line, from sons of wealthy parents, from dabblers in business, from professional men who said they had not made a go of it and wanted to try business, from younger sons of noble English families who half hoped to come to America and make a fortune for themselves, and from the great mass of middle-class young business men all over the country who are eagerly looking for better ways and better methods.

The whole world, when one read this correspondence day by day, became a world of hands reaching out, fingers straining after something better. It was pathetic and it was splendid; it gave me a new, intimate feeling of acquaintance with all kinds of people. I saw beneath the masks of faces in the cars, at restaurants, on the streets; and I read there pent-up desire, long unfulfilled dreams, pursued hopes, thoughts unguessed at. I would contemplate a tired, stolid-appearing man and I would say to myself: "Under that exterior of gray commonplace there is a wonderful thing, a mind struggling to the utmost to lift that man out of his present environment." "That man," I would tell myself, watching a dull face nodding, mouth agape, "is carrying on a busy life inside in his brain—a life that few of us realize. He's thinking, and it all resolves itself into the one question, 'How can I better myself?'"

"What in the World Brings You Back? Want to Work Overtime, Too, as I Do?"

This was the thing the letters taught me—the value of the individual to himself; the terrible necessity that he, individually, should do better, get more, arrive higher up. It was self-evolution, conscious and active, demonstrated under my very eyes. Many of the letters we received were naïvely self-revealing; they breathed the utter frankness of one alone with himself. The firm was a long way off in a big city; it seemed impossible that Bittner & Binks could really know anything about the writer, or use to his disadvantage such information as he might give concerning himself. Therefore he told his personal story with a simple faith in the interest of this story to others. He named his salary, said he was engaged or that a "bouncing boy" had put in his appearance; frankly went into details in a way that I had supposed only women would do. The human need in a human world to "pour it all out" to some one was met in part by this book concern; and men, I found, were just the most human things in the world, and to be taken as simply as little children.

My firm had been wise enough—one or both of its members—to read human nature and to meet men with understanding. There was never a "Yours received, your order will be promptly attended to" coldness in their letters; never a stereotyped phrase; never a "Thanking you in advance" type of closing. An acknowledgment of the smallest order, though brief, was personal, natural and friendly. Every letter that went out bore the close, personal, hearty grip of a fellow human being, living in this same world, enjoying the same beef and cabbage, but living off in another place, that was all, and "glad to serve you." It was the humanity of the letters that was making the firm rich.

Binks and the Cross-Eyed Bride

OFTEN I had occasion to laugh at the wording of our letters, for many errors of construction and absurdities of usage had entered into their composition; and now that I was working with Mr. Binks as his assistant he welcomed any suggestions I cared to make. He soon got the habit of bringing to me for criticism each letter that he intended incorporating in the ready-made letter book. As I would point out an error and explain it, he would smile like a boy under punishment trying to show his nerve.

"I never went to school much, you see," he would say, "and school helps."

Yes, school helped; but I began to have a different attitude toward my employers. School helped a lot, but life made the man; and daily I grew in respect for the brains that had hammered out life-truths in the "busy marts," as Mr. Binks loved to call them. They were still young, neither one having yet entered his thirtieth year, and they had read life's book to good account. They were influencing the lives of men double their years—men who had had all the schooling there was—and they were influencing them to advantage on both sides of the game. I no longer smiled with a sense of secret superiority when Mr. Binks stood scratching by my desk, his face screwed into a knot; it made me deeply humiliated to think that I had been on earth within a few years of the term of these men and had so little to stack up beside their achievements. Even when I had the most aggravated faults to find with Mr. Binks' rhetoric I respected and looked up to him; and he must have felt this new attitude, for he suffered less mortification over his blunders.

I remember one day a letter came from a young woman who had considered buying one of our sets of books, but had suddenly decided to get married and put the money into her trousseau instead. She told us she was marrying a popular salesman in one of the stores of her native town.

For a full hour Mr. Binks sat squinted up over his task of answering that letter; and when he brought it to me he was puffed up with pride over his product. He wanted me to "fix it up" for the ready-made letter book, to appear under the title, "Young Woman Marries Instead of Buying Books."

I read it and I smiled. I couldn't help it.

"What is it this time?" he asked, grinning a little sheepishly. He did love his own rhetoric and it hurt him to have it laughed at.

"It might not apply to all brides."

"Why not?" he asked, beginning to scratch.

"They might not all be cross-eyed."

"How's that? How's that?" he asked, scratching hard.

"You say to this young woman," I answered: "'I can see you at the gates of rosy future, one eye turned toward the upward path to Paradise, which you will soon be treading with the knight of your dreams; the other eye turned back to the green swards of childhood ——'"

I got no further. He turned very red, snatched up the paper, knotted up his face as though he had suddenly bit into a sour pickle, and returned to his desk. He hadn't been able to get his bride's two eyes focused right; but, what was more vital, he had seen the advantage of keeping a friendly hold on a young woman who was marrying a popular salesman. While he fixed up the letter I fell to wondering where he had got his "green swards of childhood," for childhood in a city street knows no "green swards."

Bittner Comes Back to His Desk

TWO weeks had passed and Mr. Bittner had not returned. I understood that he was in New York on business connected with opening there a branch office—much against Mr. Binks' judgment, I imagined. I began to hope he would remain in New York in charge of the new office, as things in our office were going so smoothly and pleasantly. It was not that I had been won over to Mr. Binks, but I could see nothing but friction ahead with the two men in the office. At the end of the third week of Mr. Bittner's absence I observed an unusual nervousness on the part of Mr. Binks, and consequently I was not surprised when I heard him remark to Miss Krog: "Bittner'll be back today." I noticed that she, too, grew restive under the oncoming shadow of friction.

It happened that when Mr. Bittner entered Mr. Binks was bending over my desk with a letter and we were laughing together in a friendly spirit. I heard Mr. Bittner's queer sideways step and looked up. He had pushed back the outside door of the alcove and with his suitcase in his hand stood gazing at us, an expression of mixed amusement and scorn on his face. I felt his attitude and dropped my eyes at once to my work. Mr. Binks went over and shook hands with him. I was not on terms that called for handshaking—I was merely a cog—but he came directly to me, after a perfunctory handshake with Miss Krog.

"How's the book?" he asked.

"Where it was when you left," I answered. "I'm sorry, but I haven't had time to touch it, with all the letters to revise and ——"

"Miss G——'s been promoted since you left, Bittner. Behold the secretary's assistant!" Binks said with a flourish. "I had to have help," he added in a conciliatory tone, "and Miss G—— is doing fairly well for a beginner."

A slow, peculiar smile spread over Bittner's face. He looked at me very intently out of his narrowed eyes, then gave vent to a snort that might be called a laugh.

"And so she's the secretary's assistant, is she? Well, well! The secretary's assistant!" Then he laughed outright. I felt myself turning cold from head to foot—what did his laugh mean? When he again looked searchingly into my face, as always, something hidden back of the man's exterior spoke in his behalf. I said nothing. Binks frowned and began to scratch, and his neck began to swell.

"That's all right," Bittner said lightly, turning back to his own desk. "Don't bother with the book," he flung over his shoulder to me. "Just help Binks all you can. He's got too much to do, and that's a fact."

Then he sauntered on toward his desk, dropped into his chair, and said to Binks: "Well, what's new?"

. . . . . .

At the end of the third month as the secretary's assistant my pay envelope contained six dollars; and though I had to admit that, technically speaking, I had been raised, I began to wonder whether I was not after all a fool to remain any longer with Bittner & Binks. Not a soul, excepting the heads, was now in the office who was there when I entered. Day after day at luncheon I continued to meet ex-Bittner-Binks girls, and they all reported better jobs, better pay, more pleasant surroundings. I had learned to dictate letters, I knew how to handle a large correspondence, and surely I would be able to find another position. Correspondents, I was told, were paid twenty-five dollars a week; I was working like a galley slave day and night for six dollars. The history of the concern recorded no one of the rank and file having been raised above that amount, though Miss Krog and the bookkeeper must have had fair salaries; in fact, the latter seemed to work so all-seeingly for the company's interests that I wondered whether she didn't own stock in the enterprise. She seemed as much a fixture as the two men themselves. I noticed also that though she was exceedingly polite to Mr. Bittner, her loyalty was all for Mr. Binks. This, however, was not strange, as she seldom had dealings with Bittner—no one did.

A Long Procession of Green Girls

SEVERAL girls who were well educated, but no better prepared for business than I was, had come in during the past months, remained a few weeks, and left. I had become acquainted with each of these girls and found that they were far quicker and more acute than I; they had always lived in Chicago. I noticed that Bittner kept a close eye on the girls, making himself acquainted with each of the new ones, especially those of better education. Several times he gave them some of his private work to do, and my heart sank. I wanted to finish his book; but he had told me not to bother—to go on helping Binks. He seldom spoke to me at all, and I felt that I had lost out by becoming the secretary's assistant. I had appreciated and enjoyed Bittner's work; why hadn't I shown a little more spunk and stood by him? Instinctively I still wanted to be on Bittner's side of the game, and here I was clear out of it, doomed to routine.

One of the girls who seemed to interest Bittner and who took one of his chapters home to try to put it in shape, had luncheon with me regularly for a week. She was a nice-looking girl and well educated—far better educated than I; but she was impressionable. She talked of Bittner constantly. His try-out in giving her the bookwork elated her tremendously; she felt that she had made a hit—but not the kind I had in mind. She stayed after office-hours twice

(Continued on Page 46)

"Please Don't Ever Leave Things Round That I Set Out To Be Thrown Away!"

EXTRAORDINARY CASES

The Red Peril—By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATION BY H. T. DUNN

They [the scientists] perceive endless minute differences where untrained eyes discern nothing.—HUXLEY

IT WAS only when man began to understand that the universe is a great complex machine moving according to certain fixed laws, and that the human family dwell within it at their peril, that science was born.

Men were accustomed to obtain their knowledge by inspiration, by the juggling of syllogisms, and by the mouths of oracles who were supposed to transmit all that a cosmic ruler wished to communicate to his subjects. But the advices of the cosmic ruler were usually so difficult to interpret that the ones who received them were often in a worse position than they were before they applied for these divine directions. When Crœsus contemplated the conquest of Persia he sent to the oracle at Delphi to inquire what the result would be. The oracle replied that "if Crœsus should make war on the Persians he would destroy a mighty empire." Crœsus took this to mean that he would destroy the empire of Cyrus and he went forward with his war. But Crœsus was himself defeated and ruined, and when he sent to ask why the oracle had misled him, this authority pointed out that he had in fact destroyed a mighty empire, that was to say, his own.

It was then, as Huxley has said, when men began to understand that Nature is the expression of a definite order with which nothing interferes and that the chief business of mankind is to learn that order and govern themselves accordingly, that they set about undertaking to find out something definite and accurate about the physical forces among which they were endeavoring to exist. It was then that, for the purpose of discovering the will of the authority dominating the universe, the microscope took the place of the tripod. Men realized that only through the eye, the ear, the sense of touch, and so forth, could they determine any fact, and their first labor was by mechanical devices to assist these senses—to see with lenses what the eye could not and to measure with chemicals what the fingers could not. It is the intention here to indicate how tremendously the advance in science has increased the jeopardy to the criminal agent.

Studies in Scarlet

IT USED to be a common defense with persons charged with homicide to explain that the stains found upon them were other than blood stains. It was practically impossible for the ordinary person to determine whether or not a stain found upon the person accused was dye, paint or rust, and for years the criminal escaped upon this doubt.

Also in many cases where the stain could be shown to be a blood stain the accused explained that he had bled a horse, or that he had carried fresh meat, or that he had clipped the dog's ears, or had killed a chicken, or the like; and as no one could be certain that this was not true he escaped upon that doubt.

But these cases belong to the dark ages of criminal procedure. Today the modern biological chemist not only can say whether these stains are blood stains, but he can determine exactly the origin of them; and tomorrow, as Biffi has suggested, he will likely be able to identify the stain with the very individual from whom it was obtained.

As late as 1834 the textbooks contain no special mention of blood stains, although Orfila and Jacopi had studied the subject earlier in that century. But Raspail denied that anybody could tell the difference between blood stains and many other substances, since with the white of an egg and madder dye he could produce a stain that nobody could detect; and it was perhaps not until fifty years later that the science of chemistry had advanced to the point where the courts could rely upon tests for blood stains.

Then it was that science removed from the criminal agent the possibility of escaping punishment upon the explanation that the stains found upon him were not in fact some sort of blood stains. This much chemistry had accomplished; then came the spectroscope and confirmed and made certain what the chemist had already discovered. In a great number of cases where the stain on account of being mixed with some other substance was difficult chemically to ascertain, the spectroscope made it certain.

A case cited by Ferrand illustrates how the chemist has been able to clear up certain mysteries of the law. The body of a man was found lying in a courtyard; his skull was fractured and he was dead. The inmates of the house testified that he had fallen from the second story window. But on the landing of the second story the man's cap was picked up, and on the inner side of this cap there was a small stain. Here was the mystery: If this were a blood stain then the man had been killed and thrown out of the window; if it were not then the inmates of the house were telling the truth. Before the chemist came into court nobody could have cleared up that enigma. The stain was examined, shown chemically to be a blood stain, and the conclusion was arrived at that the man had been struck on the head and afterward thrown out of the window.

How the spectroscope has assisted the chemical tests is pointed out in the cases assembled by Ipsen. In a homicide case a bundle of clothes was fished out of the River Inn. There were some stains found upon them, but owing to the presence of molds it was impossible to dry the stains so as to get a proper chemical test. By means of the spectroscope, Ipsen showed that these were blood stains.

Convicted by the Spectroscope

IN ANOTHER case, where a workman had been killed and the chemical tests were not conclusive, Ipsen by the spectroscope was able to determine that the stains in question were blood stains, and the guilty man afterward confessed to the crime. And in the case of Reg. vs. Coe the spectroscope was able to determine the presence of blood, although the expert had less than one one-thousandth of a grain to examine.

There yet remained all those cases in which the accused accounted for the stains by the story that, although they were of blood origin, nevertheless they were not of human origin.

The mass of criminal cases in which this defense was interposed is almost incredible. Although science had been able to determine that a certain stain was or was not a blood stain, until the microscopic tests were made it had not been able to say what the origin of the stain was. It was compelled to content itself with the mere determination of the fact of its being a blood stain.

It was therefore easy for the criminal in his defense to admit what could be determined, and yet to escape by some explanation accounting for those stains.

Soon scientific men began to study the structure of the blood under the microscope. They discovered that with the exception of the camel and the llama all mammals have circular and usually non-nucleated red cells, while on the other hand birds, reptiles and fishes have elliptical nucleated red cells, and they set about to measure the size and structure of these cells in order to determine their origin. This investigation went forward and it was presently certain that one could tell whether the blood was that of a mammal or that of a bird, reptile or fish. This fact led to the ruin of innumerable criminals who made the mistake of explaining that the stains found upon them were bird or fish stains.

Draper cites a case that occurred at Goron. The prisoner explained that the stains on his clothing were due to fowls' blood,

On it Were Found Stains

but when they were examined they were found to contain no elliptical nucleated red cells, showing conclusively that his story was false.

The difficulty of the criminal to explain these stains was now greatly increased. He must say that they were from the blood of some mammal in order to create any doubt.

Richardson privately said that it was impossible to distinguish the blood of a man from that of a monkey or dog. Virchow was doubtful. Masson said, in 1886:

"Our experience has shown that in the case of human blood its differentiation from the blood of a pig, ox or cat is easy, from the blood of a dog difficult, from the blood of a rabbit uncertain and from the blood of a guinea pig impossible." And Ewell said, in 1893: "It is impossible in the present state of science to say of a given specimen of blood, fresh or dry, more than that it is the blood of a mammal."

Thus then it was possible for the criminal, by saying that it was the blood of a dog or of some other mammal, to create a doubt under which he might escape.

It was true that in 1875 Malinin went farther than any one else went too far, the scientists say.

Two nobles were charged with homicide. The point in question was whether a board found in a stable belonging to one of them bore blood stains of human origin. The nobles said it was sheep and goat's blood. Malinin after an examination declared that it not only was not human blood, but that it was in fact sheep and goat's blood, and he stated that if he had not definitely thus identified it the nobles would have been hanged.

Though it was true that as scientific knowledge stood no man could say definitely that a blood stain was not that of a certain class of mammals, nevertheless the investigators were able to indicate with a certain degree of confidence the sort of mammal. Where soap had been used to wash out stains they could find traces of the soap, and where criminals had contended that the blood stains were from certain insects, as bugs, mosquitoes, and the like, as where only a few droplets of blood were found on the accused person's clothing, the scientists were usually able to find bug bristles if the accused were speaking the truth.

Science had thus forced the criminal agent back step by step to this last fastness. There remained now only one position in which he could make a stand against the truth, and from this position Uhlenhuth, Wassermann and Schütze have finally driven him out into the open. By treating a blood stain with what is called an antiserum the modern biological chemist is now able to say exactly the origin of it. So definite, so accurate, so certain are these tests that the truth or falsity of a prisoner's story can now be at once settled. There remains no longer the benefit of any doubt. If he asserts that a stain is of a certain origin his story can now be tested and it will at once appear whether or not he is telling the truth.

The accuracy of these tests is incredible to the lay mind. Age seems not to affect the stains. Stains thirty years old have been determined; blood that had lain in garden mold for years has been determined; stains on linen exposed to the weather seven months have been determined; stains on paper ten years old and stains that had been partly washed out have been accurately determined. Mummy material has been tested. Hansemann obtained a reaction with mummy material four thousand years old, Meyer with mummy material five thousand years old; and it is said that Friedenthal by this method has shown that the mammoth and the Indian elephant are of the same family.

The cases in which this test has been brought to the aid of the courts in the administration of justice are strikingly clear and decisive. Those reported by Uhlenhuth are sufficient to appall the criminal agent.

(Continued on Page 57)

THE JINGO

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

XXI

THERE probably were never two more popular men in the world than the king and Jimmy, immediately following the war. The common people made it a special point to go far out of their road merely to salute the royal carriage; and as for the nobles, they fairly became a nuisance with assurances of their distinguished esteem and affection. Those who had espoused the cause of Onalyon took especial pains to make it plain that they had seen the error of their ways; and the king, though trying hard to be haughty, according to the instructions of Jimmy, ended by forgiving them all.

"Confound it, Old Scout, if you don't make a few enemies you won't have any friends!" complained Jimmy. "If you'll only do some tearing act of injustice you'll see how much more the rest of them think of you."

"I know it," sighed the king, passing his hand over his brow in perplexity. "The fundamental principle is all right, that every puppy needs one whipping, and I've scraped my brain for hours trying to think of some striking and neat piece of tyranny and injustice. I recognize that it's a serious need; but I can't seem to think of one that will do. What do you advise? I'll just put it up to you, and whatever you say I'll do."

"By George, that's a bully proof of your confidence and esteem—and I appreciate it!" returned Jimmy. "It ought to be an easy thing for a man whose power is now so firmly established, and whose authority is so thoroughly unquestioned, to pick out a nifty little piece of spectacular tyranny; and I'll get busy with the problem. I'll hand you the answer in a day or two, all finished off with frosting and little pink candles."

"Thanks," replied the king gratefully; and they shook hands on it, the king walking away quite relieved.

Jimmy was never so aggravated with anything in his life. Try as he would, he simply could not think of some act of conspicuously rank injustice which he would care to have put into execution; and finally he had to give it up.

"I'm as chicken-hearted as you are," he acknowledged. "You see, I wasn't born right. If I had been a noble, I might have gotten away with it, because they're used to it. They've developed cruelty to a fine point; and many an American girl marries a foreign nobleman so she can be beat up by a perfect gentleman. It's a sensation she couldn't enjoy at home—because, in America, gentlemen don't beat women."

"They don't in Isola, either, any more," responded the king. "If I could find a wifebeater or so, we'd solve your problem of an act of high-handed tyranny; but I had a couple of them pushed off the cliff when I was young, and just beginning to reign, and the amusement has rather gone out of fashion since."

"It made you strong from the jump," approved Jimmy. "It ought to be repeated. All we need to do is to push one man off a cliff to restore the blind love and devotion of your people. If you could only fasten something on one of Onalyon's nobles, and make him the goat. You can always spare a noble. Any country can."

"If I Ever Got Back to Manhatten That Lord Jimmy Thing Would Queer Me With the Boys Forever"

"The institution needs to be braced up by the infusion of new blood—once in a while at least," smiled the king. "By-the-way, that reminds me of something." And walking into his library he brought out a neat little inlaid case, containing a roll of parchment, with gold knobs at each end, tied with a tasseled red cord. "I know you don't care much for such things," he observed as he handed it carelessly to Jimmy; "but it's the usual reward of distinguished services, and I don't see very well how you can avoid accepting it."

Jimmy, with a well-founded suspicion of what was coming, for he had evaded the thing for months, opened the document and found it to be a patent of nobility engrossed in three colors and embellished in gold. It created him Lord Westmountain, with a large section of land, sloping from rich mineral deposits to fertile tillage soil, and it entailed these estates to him and his heirs forever, with the right, in every generation, of personal companionship with the king.

"It's the best in my power to give you, Lord Jimmy," stated the king.

Jimmy held it as if it were hot.

"That's awfully nice of you, Old Scout," he observed, "and I thank you from the bottom of my heart; but I don't see how an American—and a jingo—a representative of a nation which has hammered the very idea of nobility ever since seventeen-seventy-six, could possibly lug round a handle to his name! Why, if I ever got back to Manhattan that Lord Jimmy thing would queer me with the boys forever."

"It's the only way I can give you those estates," urged the king; "and I want to hand you something solid and substantial."

"An entailed estate is too solid and substantial," objected Jimmy. "I don't believe you could make an American see the value of land that he can't sell or borrow money on. It isn't classed as an available asset; and besides, I'm against entailed estates anyhow. I'm against anything that has a tendency to tie up wealth indefinitely. All property should be subject to being turned into cash, and spent, and put back into circulation. The salvation of America is the fool sons of rich parents."

"I should think they would particularly need protection," laughed the king. "If you'll notice, Lord Jimmy, that grant, which I had to strain a point to get for you, is one particularly designed to protect your posterity. It increases in rank with each generation and you could even marry into the royal family in the sixth generation."

Jimmy passed it over.

"If you could date this back six generations, I might accept it," he observed. "Honestly, Old Scout, I don't want to seem ungrateful; but I couldn't look the Star-Spangled Banner in the face if I accepted a title—and you don't know how much I think of the old Red, White and Blue! It kind o' gives me a lift-up feeling right in here every time I see it."

"All right, Jimmy," laughed the king, tossing the gaudy license to one side. "I knew you'd take it just about this way; and, to tell you the truth, I'm rather glad you did. If you're not worried about your posterity, I'm not."

"If I have any posterity it can take care of itself," returned Jimmy. "If it can't—after I've given it a good start—it ought to go under."

He had carefully concealed it from the king, but the whole thing rather nettled him. He felt sure that he was a clean man, with good blood in his veins—virile, progressive, energetic—and knew how to treat a woman. He came from a country where that is lesson number one in class A. His posterity in the sixth generation might consist, through some unfortunate taint of intermarriage or just through natural cussedness, of rank degenerates—but they would be qualified, nevertheless, to marry the Princess Bezzanna of that time; whereas he, Jimmy, who had been a man of strength enough to earn such a gift for his posterity, was barred. If he married the Princess Bezzanna she had to die; and he couldn't for the life of him see what for. It was a fool business any way you looked at it, and it made him angry—the more so because everybody was so helpless in the matter.

He was not at all positive that he could induce the Princess Bezzanna to marry him, even if all the obstacles were removed. She was a bewitching and a bewildering object, who teased him unmercifully, as she did her brothers, and had a thousand whims and fancies—so that he never could tell in what mood he would find her next; but she liked him tremendously and steadfastly. She had never given the slightest hint, however, that she loved him. That was an entirely different matter. The worst of it was that he had no right to find out. He was not at all conceited, and he was not sure that he could win her; but there was one thing he could swear to: if his hands were not so infernally tied, she'd know she was being courted—so help him Tommy Rodgers!

Needing tremendously a little of the comfort and sympathy she was always so sweetly ready to give him—if

she felt in the mood for it—he hunted her up: and the first word she said, when he walked in at the already open door of her sitting room, was:

"Damn!"

"Why, Bezzanna!" Jimmy protested, shocked into numbness.

She was in the midst of tumbled and tangled heaps of pretty finery, and she held up one beautifully modeled arm, upon which was an elbow-length pink kid glove.

"That's the second pair I've ripped," she told him, half sick with aggravation. Her cheeks were flushed with exertion and annoyance; her waving brown hair was charmingly disheveled—and altogether she was a picture of feminine vexation pretty enough to frame. "I've only one more pair like these and I'm afraid to try them on—and afraid not to. I had them made to go with my new pink evening gown, for the opening night of the Princess Theater—and now I'm so mad I can't see!"

"It's enough to infuriate an oyster," consoled Jimmy; "but, Betsy, I heard you using a shocking word as I came in."

"Damn?" she inquired, looking at him in questioning wonder.

"That's the one," he assured her, admiring the pretty way she had of saying it—but being stern, nevertheless. "It's not considered good form in respectable circles this season."

"Why, I perfectly love it! It's such a nice word—and it relieves one's feelings so. What's the matter with it? Why, Jimmy, truly I don't see how just a word like that can be bad. It's a mere sound—and I don't see why it should be any worse than ham or lamb or slam. Now just see if it is, when you come to think of it that way. Da——"

"Stop it!" commanded Jimmy. "Where did you get it anyhow?"

"I heard you say it," she charged. "Where else would I get an American word?"

"I didn't know I had brought that one along with me," regretted Jimmy. "I guess—I suppose it must have just sprung up here like a weed—it's so common. I'm sorry if it slipped out of me, Betsy, and I'll try never to let you hear me say it again; but, whether I do or not, I don't like to hear it from you."

"Why not—if you do?"

"Well, ladies aren't supposed to use such language."

"Why?"

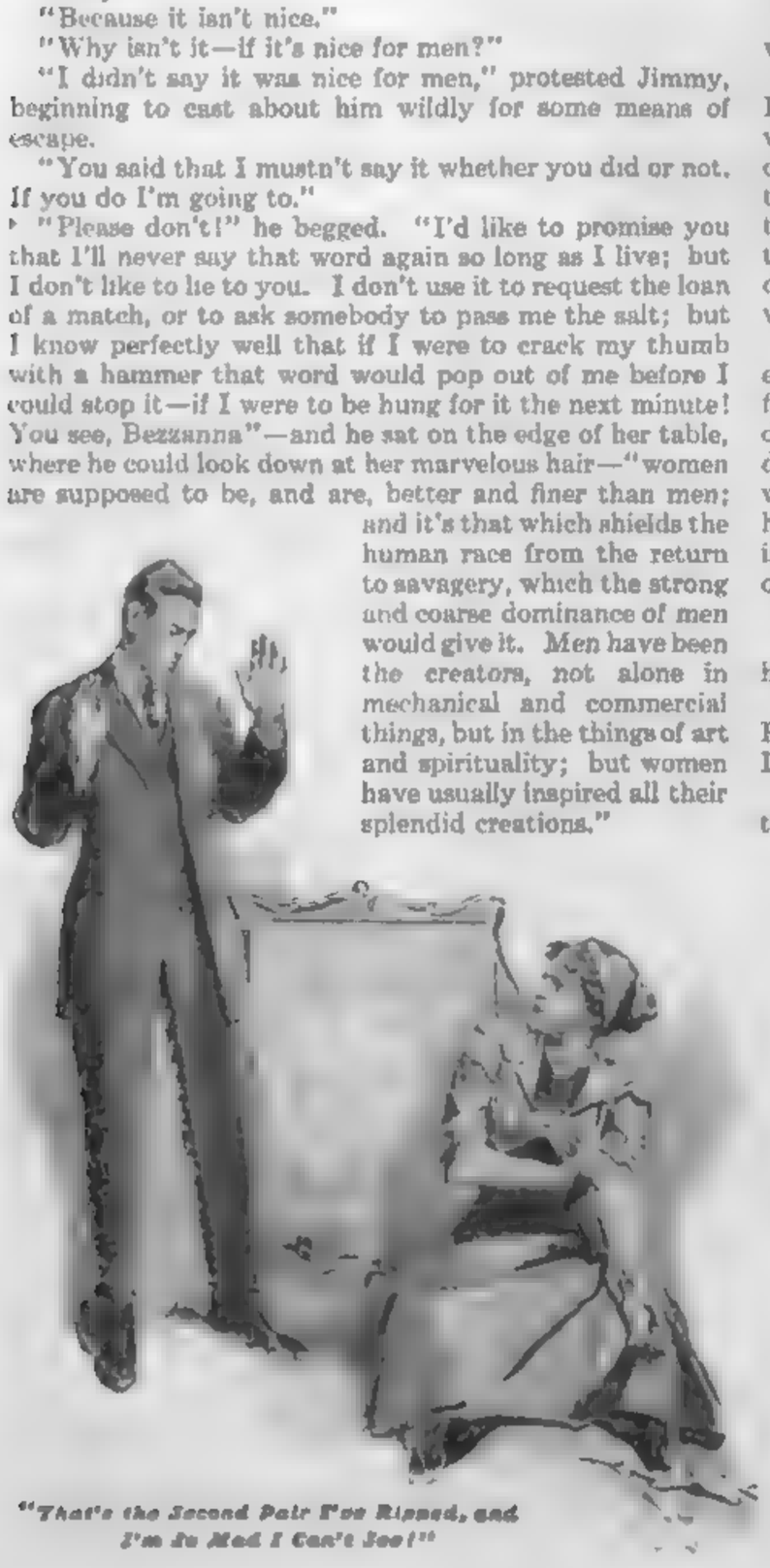
"Because it isn't nice."

"Why isn't it—if it's nice for men?"

"I didn't say it was nice for men," protested Jimmy, beginning to cast about him wildly for some means of escape.

"You said that I mustn't say it whether you did or not. If you do I'm going to."

"Please don't!" he begged. "I'd like to promise you that I'll never say that word again so long as I live; but I don't like to lie to you. I don't use it to request the loan of a match, or to ask somebody to pass me the salt; but I know perfectly well that if I were to crack my thumb with a hammer that word would pop out of me before I could stop it—if I were to be hung for it the next minute! You see, Bezzanna"—and he sat on the edge of her table, where he could look down at her marvelous hair—"women are supposed to be, and are, better and finer than men; and it's that which shields the human race from the return to savagery, which the strong and coarse dominance of men would give it. *Men* have been the creators, not alone in mechanical and commercial things, but in the things of art and spirituality; but women have usually inspired all their splendid creations."



"That's the Second Pair I've Ripped, and I'm So Mad I Can't See!"

"I like the word anyhow," mused Bezzanna. "I don't see where it's bad."

"Women, too," went on Jimmy, "have been the supporters of all the finer things. Why, if it were not for them we would not even—in these modern days of unfaith—have religion."

"What's religion?" instantly demanded Bezzanna. "You've spoken of that a lot of times, but every time anybody has asked you about it you've changed the subject. Is it bad too?"

"It depends on how it's used," returned Jimmy, considering the matter very carefully. "To tell you the truth, Betsy, I've missed it dreadfully here. I didn't know I had it so thoroughly ground into me; but, whenever Sunday comes, I want to put on a silk hat and a long-tailed coat and stroll down the Avenue and hear the church bells ring. Most of the time I've been too lazy actually to attend services, but my conscience never used quite to stop nagging me about that neglect. And when I did slip inside a great, dim church, with the mellow light streaming in through stained-glass windows; and drank in the flood of soft, sweet music from a solemn old pipe organ; and heard a rattling good sermon which made me feel what a miserable sinner I was; and was game enough to slip at least the price of a good theater seat into the collection plate—I felt not less than seventy-five to a hundred per cent better, and walked back up the Avenue looking with scorn on men who had not been to church."

"It sounds awfully nice," said Bezzanna wistfully. "I wish I could go to church."

"You shall before you're many months older," Jimmy fervently promised her. "I'm sorry I built the theater first. It's like getting the trimmings before you buy the material—but I was afraid of theology, Bezzanna. That's why I hesitated to introduce religion; and besides, I feel squeamish about it. I'm not a competent person. I'm not good enough."

"That's not true!" she indignantly asserted. "I don't understand yet what you mean by it though."

He gave her the idea as briefly as possible, because he was very diffident about it.

"Oh, yes," she said. "We had something like that in Isola a long time ago. Our ancestors believed that there were hidden creatures in the woods and in the trees that could help or hurt them; but those on the south side of the river, who were always quarreling with the people on this side, did not believe very much in those things. In the great famine of Xantobah's time, just as many people died on one side of the river as on the other; so after that we had no more religion—if that was it."

"That's the trouble," responded Jimmy. "People expect their religion to cure warts or to influence the fluctuations of stock in their favor; but, after all, the drawbacks don't begin to outweigh the benefits, and I don't believe I can do without religion any longer. I don't want so much of it myself, but I like to have it lying round handy if I should happen to need it. Take marriage, for instance. I don't see how anybody can be married outside of a church."

"I like church," mused Bezzanna.

"I wonder if that is the answer!" Jimmy soberly asked himself.

"What has the church to do with marriage?" asked Bezzanna. "From what you said about the church, I should think it must be very beautiful."

"Well," floundered Jimmy, picking his way clumsily through this tangle, "it puts the sanction of the best there is in the human mind on the best there is in human life."

"I want to be married in a church," declared Bezzanna.

"I'll try to have one ready for you in time," he laughed.

He had taken her ungloved hand in his earnestness, and now he patted it gently and affectionately.

"You'll have plenty of time," she smilingly assured him.

The fool rode on to his fate.

"Apparently you haven't set the date," he suggested, knowing that he was fluttering his wings round the flame of a dangerous topic—but fanning the blaze nevertheless. He was looking down jealously, enviously, on her shining brown hair and her deep brown eyes and her still slightly flushed cheeks and the delicious curve of her half-parted lips, and there welled up in him a hunger which nearly drove him mad.

"Not yet," she returned lightly; then, more seriously: "I don't think I ever shall!" Then, miserably: "I don't want to be married at all! Do I, Jimmy?" And, sobbing out of the acute distress which this whole tangle of marriage had brought upon her, she leaned impulsively forward and bent her head upon the strong, warm hand which held her own on Jimmy's knee.

"I am an Isolian. You Don't See Me Falling Behind Any, Do You?"

He found himself bending over her with his arm about her shoulders, half sobbing with her, begging her almost incoherently not to torture him so; but, even through it all, he remembered that he must not—dare not—take her in his arms and hold her head upon his shoulder, and tell her a thousand times—yes, a thousand thousand, and in every tone from tenderness to savage fierceness—that he loved her, that he loved her, that he loved her!

He beat back that desire with all the strength that was in him, struggling against it as a drowning man struggles against the water which clogs his breath; and in the midst of that struggle something of its tenseness came to Bezzanna through her own emotion, and she became aware of it so keenly that she raised up to look at him, reading in his burning eyes a something tremendous, overwhelming—a something so fraught with frightening possibility that she did not dare to fathom it. She did not understand it, but she trembled lest she might do so—and she gently withdrew her hand.

XXII

PRINCE ONALYON bustled into the crowded assembly room of the Chamber of Commerce, which had been assigned for the afternoon to the meetings of the three electric companies, and began shaking hands gleefully right and left.

"Wasn't that a warm session?" he exulted to the gentlemen who had preceded him. "I never knew such a busy day on the Stock Exchange."

"It's probably a record-breaker in the number of shares which changed hands," agreed Birrquay. "Prince, it's a wonder you wouldn't get rid of that antiquated costume! It's all right for old Huppylac and some of the other ancients, but a young chap should keep up with the procession."

"I am an Isolian," declared the prince. "You don't see me falling behind any, do you?"

"No," admitted Birrquay; "but there are fifteen pockets in an American business suit."

"Most of us can carry our money in one," laughed the prince.

Calamaz joined them, in a rather foppish green pinstripe suit and a Fedora hat. He still wore his beard, but he had it trimmed to a close Vandyke.

"Here you are again, in spite of the waterworks graft exposures," he hailed the prince. "I saw you everywhere on the floor of the Stock Exchange; and they tell me that you are responsible for the day's volume of business."

"Not quite," chuckled the prince, who was in high good humor. "I put one over on your old friend Jimmy though. I caught him short on soap and soaked him the limit; and after that I unloaded the most of my Electric Operating on him."

"That was a crime," laughed fat young Polecon. "It's the Operating Company which has lost all the money, in spite of its atrocious overcrowding of the street cars and its rotten arc-light service." And he glanced at heavy Grisophal who, with his hands in his trousers pockets, was regarding the prince with surly dislike.

It was common report that undercapitalization had been the handicap of the electric companies, but Grisophal was earnestly propounding the theory of bad management.

"You don't hear of my turning loose any of my Electric Power stock, do you?" gleefully returned the prince. "I still have my fifty-one per cent in that company, as well as in the new Holding Company."

"The prince has an earnest regard for number one," commented Dymp Haplee, joining the group which had now moved toward the head of the long board table where the prince sat comfortably in the big padded chair of the president.

"It's business," explained the prince briskly, secure in the righteousness of that attitude. "The Power Company has—and the Holding Company will have—practically fixed earning capacity; and I very naturally have retained my majority of stock, my control and the presidency in both. The Operating Company has lost money from the first, and it was its inability to pay its debts to the Power Company which made a Holding Company necessary. I relinquished all but a hundred shares of my

Operating stock, and I shall lose my office in that concern with pleasure at the regular stockholders' meeting next month."

"Clever work," applauded young Huppylac, who had not only clung to the Isolian costume but to the old-time brilliant colorings as well.

"I understand the king and Jimmy secured eighty per cent of the Operating stock," remarked Haplee with a wink at Polecon. "Is that right?"

"They got all I could hand them and all that I could induce my friends to relinquish," boasted the prince, looking at his watch.

"They got it cheap enough," growled Grisophal. "Fifty-four is a bad price for stock that was originally sold at par."

"I've learned to pocket a loss in a hurry," explained the prince loftily. "So long as I had to make a sacrifice to capture fifty-one per cent of the Holding stock, I am convinced that I cut off the right leg."

Dymp Haplee turned to Grisophal with a laugh.

"I look for some improvements in the Electric Operating Company," he softly observed.

"I'd get out of bed to trade anything I have for stock in any company of which the king and Jimmy own eighty per cent," returned Grisophal, who was on the floor of the Stock Exchange every day, made few trades and no plunges, and was reputed to have the grandest little collection of extra-safe, A-1, dividend-producing stocks ever imprisoned in a safe-deposit vault.

The prince looked at his watch again and reached for his gavel. Dymp Haplee looked hastily about the big room, from group to group of the animated gathering. Men everywhere in the hall—mostly clad in spring business suits of the newest cut and after the fashions affected by Tedoyah, who had grown to be of overwhelming social importance during the past year—were discussing the exciting events of the day in a babble of voices punctuated with cheerful laughs; but in no quarter of the hall could Dymp discover his friends.

"The king has not arrived," he reminded Onalyon.

"We have the special stockholders' meetings of the three electric companies scheduled for this afternoon, and the opening hour of the first one is set for three o'clock," the prince informed him icily, for the Daily Isolian was a rabid royalist organ; and he pounded his gavel.

The babble of voices died down almost immediately as the stockholders made a concerted onslaught upon their chairs. Time was money in Isola! Two or three of the more intensely interested groups were a trifle slow in relinquishing their respective bones of contention, and their voices were still heard after the scraping of chairs had stopped.

The prince tapped his gavel impatiently.

"We have three meetings today, and I must ask for strict order and crisp procedure," he sternly chided the loiterers. "The special stockholders' meeting of the Isola Electric Power Company is now in session. The secretary will please call the roll," he rattled, with scarcely a pause for breath, and sat down.

Young Huppylac began calling the roll, but President Onalyon stopped him in order to let an impressive silence rebuke the king and Jimmy and Teddy and two other belated stockholders. They filed meekly into their seats; and the president, nodding to them courteously, coldly instructed the secretary to proceed.

"The secretary will now read the proposed contract," he ordered—and listened to it in pleased complacency, for he had devised it himself.

It placed the distribution of the hundred thousand dollars capital, with which the Holding Company proposed to relieve the debts, reëstablish the credit and reorganize the finances of the other two companies, entirely at the disposal of the Holding Company—which was just and right, since to the victors belong the spoils, and the man with the largest investment should have the most say. Inasmuch as the prince held fifty-one per cent of the Holding Company's stock, he anticipated no interference in the handling of the funds to the legitimate advantage of the heaviest investor.

A good, handy, right-hand man of Onalyon's, an investor who owned five shares, jumped to his feet and secured the recognition of the president in the flash of an eye.

"Move adoption contract as it stands," he blurted, and sat down.

"Secon' the motion," the man across from him shot out of himself.

"You've all heard the motion," offered the prince in a singsong rush. "Are there any remarks? If not the secretary will proceed "

"Mr. President!"

The prince had been expecting that interruption from the king, even though he had tried to railroad the motion through. He granted him recognition with a nod, but remained standing.

"As the members of the Operating Company are to vote on the same important questions which are to come up here, I think it is only right that they should know in advance the new devices which will be offered to its board of directors at their next regular meeting," the king observed; "and for that purpose I ask the permission of the chair to occupy time not to exceed ten minutes in exhibiting these devices."

"I am sorry to say the gentleman is out of order," announced the president courteously but firmly. "There is a motion before the house."

"This proposed exhibit is a portion of my remarks on the motion," explained the king.

"I beg to remind the gentleman," persisted the prince, "that this is a special meeting, and that it is not within the power of the chair to open for consideration any other subject than that of the contract with the Isola Electric Holding Company."

The prince prided himself on the adroitness of his mental resources as well as the adroitness of his speech. The king and himself were always punctiliously polite to each other.

"This proposed exhibit has an intimate bearing on the proposed contract," declared the king with equal firmness. "It is of the gravest importance to every stockholder here, and I insist on my right to illustrate my discussion on the motion before the house with this ten-minute display. I demand a vote on whether I shall be allowed to do so."

A strange light glowed at the lower end of the table. Teddy, sitting between Jimmy and the king, was toying with a small glass bulb which alternately glowed with a

Through It All, He Remembered That He Must Not—Dare Not—Take Her in His Arms

vivid radiance and lapsed into darkness, apparently at his will. Every human intelligence at that table craned the neck which supported it in that direction, and acutely painful curiosity sat on every countenance. The prince read the handwriting. After all, it was a small matter. Also, he was curious himself.

"A vote will not be necessary since the gentleman has explained himself so fully," he graciously granted. "The exhibit may proceed," and he laid his watch on the table.

Jimmy and Teddy moved with the swiftness and precision of prize-drill stagehands. In the corner of the hall was a big padlocked box to which no one had paid particular attention; and by it stood a huge electric transformer connected with the cable which supplied the two big arc lights. Out of this box Teddy and Jimmy now produced two long strings of glass bulbs, such as the one which Teddy had secretly attached to a plug in the big box while the roll-call was being finished. These strings of bulbs were laid on the two edges of the table; and there was a bulb for each man, including a red one for the prince.

They regarded these objects with interest, though no man touched them. Electricity was no longer a novelty.

Working swiftly, the king's two expert assistants placed also down the center of the table a queer-looking metal box ornamented with silver and tinted glass, a queerly shaped silver basin, a pyramidal wire rack on which reposed some slices of bread, a nickel-plated laundry iron, and a big silver lizard with a golden tongue—all these articles connected by insulated wires with the big box in the corner.

The stockholders shrank suddenly back! Teddy had switched the current on all of the bulbs at once.

"These are incandescent lamps," explained the king suavely. "They have just been perfected, after months of experiment. The gentlemen will find little turn-screws at the base of each lamp, by which they can be switched on and off. I guarantee that there can be no harm from the current." And, to prove it, he successfully manipulated his own light.

The bulbs went winking and blinking all up and down the table. Those men were as tickled as a baby with a shiny new razor.

"They are the product of the Electric Manufacturing Company," went on the king—"an organization, I may add, in which there is no stock for sale. The Electric Manufacturing Company is prepared to offer a monopoly of these bulbs to the Electric Operating Company at its next regular meeting; and, as I dictate eighty per cent of the latter concern, I can assure the gentlemen present that a contract will be entered into at once which will render the Electric Operating Company the best-paying investment in Isola. We're prepared to place ten thousand of these bulbs in the homes of Isola at once. They can be offered to consumers, at a handsome profit, for two cents an hour a bulb, with a certainty of an early reduction in consumers' cost."

The prince was aware of a faint feeling in the region of the diaphragm. He had let go of the wrong company again. Why, this would revolutionize the entire lighting industry! The clumsy old arc lamps, which were all that Isola had so far seen, would disappear entirely for indoor use, and these handy little incandescents would be scattered everywhere. He would be using them himself! He was artistic, too, and he could see their decorative use before it was pointed out to him!

"The gentlemen will please place their hands upon the utensils in the center of the table," the king requested. "You will observe that they are perfectly cold. All right, Teddy."

There was a snap of a switch. The lights in the little silver-mounted box began to glow; the wire rack supporting the bread turned red-hot, and the bread began to toast.

"This is an electric stove," the king explained. "It is already throwing out heat. This is an electric chafing-dish. The water in it will be boiling in three minutes. The electric toaster needs no explanation, nor does the laundry iron. It will be too hot to touch in a short time. The lizard there is a boudoir device, for which we expect a fancy sale. Pull out its tongue and you will discover it to be a curling iron, already hot enough for use. These, gentlemen, are a few of the many devices which will be contracted next week to the Electric Operating Company by the Electric Manufacturing Company; and they are exhibited here for the purpose of urging the claims of the Operating Company for a voice in the distribution and use of the funds which the Holding Company is to provide. I wish to offer an amendment to that contract. Gentlemen, I move to amend"—the prince listened with all his ears; he intended to fight that amendment to the last ditch—"I move to amend that the funds provided by the Holding Company shall be disbursed by a finance committee of nine, composed of three members each from the directorates of the Holding Company, the Power Company, and the Operating Company."

The prince smiled in relief. Why, that was a cinch! He held fifty-one per cent of the stock of both the Holding and the Power Companies, and he picked his own directors. That would give him six out of the nine on the finance committee!

"I see no objection to that amendment," he most unethically announced. "Are we ready for a vote?"

A score of voices yelled:

"Question!"

Discussion was silly on a fair and square proposition like that.

The secretary, under instructions, proceeded with the roll-call vote on the amendment. Dymp Haplee, sitting up at the end of the table next to the president—a seat he had scrambled to secure—turned to young Polecon.

"Slipped one over on us again!" he observed, looking up from the furious writing in which he had indulged since the opening of the meeting.

"Looks like it," chuckled Polecon with a glance at the prince. He was not listening. "Have you much Operating Company stock?" Polecon inquired in a slightly louder tone.

(Continued on Page 42)

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INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Political Opinion

MR. CROLY'S Life of Mark Hanna quotes the following letter from an intelligent Republican: "I was astonished to see in the Union League Club of New York—presumably as representative a body of Republicans as there is in the country, conservative, thoughtful men—that there was not one out of that whole membership whom I met—not one—who believed that Theodore Roosevelt should be nominated; or, if he were nominated, that he could be elected." This letter was written not long before Roosevelt was nominated by acclamation and elected by the highest proportion of the total popular vote that any president has ever received. Any one whose recollection runs back to 1904 and who enjoyed acquaintance with "conservative, thoughtful" Republicans—belonging to nice clubs—will remember that they were quite generally of opinion that Roosevelt could not possibly be elected.

This is Big Business' fatal difficulty in relation to politics. It circulates through the best clubs, talking with "conservative, thoughtful" members—who themselves are either in or under Big Business—and it discovers an overwhelming public sentiment against whatever candidate or policy it does not like. It would literally be worth millions to Big Business if, instead of circulating in clubs, it would go out in the freight yards and get the opinions of the persons who are going to do the voting.

The World's Trade

AT THE beginning of the nineteenth century England boasted exports to the amount of twenty-nine million pounds, woolen and cotton goods comprising nearly half of the total. The same year France imported from Asia, Africa and America less than three hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods, and exported to those continents less than a hundred thousand dollars' worth. Germany's trade was hardly more important than that of France.

Thirty-five followed by nine ciphers, with a dollar mark prefixed, represents the value of the world's foreign trade in 1911—that is, the total of imports and exports of the different nations. Ten years ago twenty with nine ciphers represented the value of the world's foreign trade.

Meanwhile every country except England is taxing this thirty-five and nine ciphers of foreign trade in the same protective spirit which universally prevailed in 1800. Each country, it seems—Great Britain excepted—is the industrial garden spot of the world, and must jealously prevent every other country from breaking in.

The Twelve-Hour Day

IN THE continuous processes of steelmaking the only alternative to a twelve-hour day is an eight-hour day. There must be two shifts in the twenty-four hours or three. Employers have insisted they could not take so long a step. Nevertheless, a committee of stockholders of the Steel Corporation, appointed at the annual meeting of 1911, has recently reported that "a twelve-hour day of labor, followed continuously by any group of men for any considerable number of years, means decreasing the efficiency and lessening the vigor of such men." It believes there will come "a shortening of the hours of labor and eventual abolishment of the twelve-hour day, which will tend toward increasing the efficiency and resourcefulness of the working population, and for that reason will bring benefit both to employer and employed." About the same time the Cambria Steel Company actually announced an eight-hour schedule for its blast furnaces; and a Senate committee indorsed a House bill providing that an eight-hour day be stipulated in all Government contracts.

The proposition is simple and entirely businesslike: Does it pay to use up the industrial population at the rate which a twelve-hour day involves? Everybody has known for a long time that it does not pay society. Enlightened capitalistic opinion is now showing that it does not pay employers even. Once the break with usage has been made, the mills will probably be as profitable with an eight-hour schedule as with a twelve; while, for all purposes of real profit and enjoyment in life, many thousands of men will have a hundred per cent added to their lives.

Literature in Cold Storage

PUBLISHERS complain that people do not buy serious books. An experienced scholar retorts that publishers will not let them. Here is a new and rather important historical work of six hundred pages. It is printed in large type on heavy paper, with wide margins, to make it as bulky as possible. The price is five dollars, "postage extra." That is considerable money; but there are some eight hundred public and collegiate libraries that feel bound to buy any new historical work which can claim importance, no matter what the price. The publisher would rather have the sure thing of eight hundred copies at five dollars than take the chance of selling several thousand copies at two dollars. Theoretically, books in the library circulate; but it is notorious that people seldom go to a library for a new serious book. A reader whose habits or tastes would attract him to a new biography, say, wants the volume on his shelves. If it is really worth the trouble of reading he will almost certainly wish to refer to it again. He cannot trot down to the library for every reference. A reader of such habits or tastes wishes to possess the books in which he is really interested. If he cannot afford to own the book he will probably not read it at all. What circulates from the library, besides fiction, is Taine's English Literature, Macaulay's England, Gibbon's Decline and Fall, Boswell's Johnson.

It is clear consequently that a large part of our new serious literature is automatically canned and moved into cold storage, and so there is a world of pains and expense for nothing!

Shady Ways

WE HAVE spoken often for good public roads as the best investment, everything considered, that the country can make; but we are indebted to the Maryland state grange for the sound suggestion that there are no really good country roads without shade trees along them. The practical, economic value of trees along the roadside is beyond dispute. They actually protect the road and lessen the cost of upkeep. How much they add to the money value of abutting farms it would be difficult to estimate; but if, of two farms otherwise exactly equal in value and offered at the same price, one is fringed by shade trees and the other is bare, there is little doubt which nine buyers out of ten would prefer. In no other way can the attractions of a bit of country road be so much enhanced. Who that drives in the country doesn't feel grateful to the farmer whose trees beautify the scene?

Planting shade trees where none exist is not really expensive, and in the long run it pays quite as well, at least, as planting wheat. There are of course certain practical problems, such as avoiding too dense a shade upon grain land and selecting the right stock; but a treeless road anywhere outside the desert is a reproach to those who live upon it.

Senatorial Courtesy

IN PARLIAMENT the other day Premier Asquith demanded to know—referring to something the leader of the opposition had said—whether Mr. Law really thought the premier was selling his convictions. "No," Mr. Law retorted, "you have not any to sell."

We deplore the rudeness; but try to image such a retort in the Senate of the United States! Every member present would faint dead away—falling down in neat windrows like ripe grain before the scythe. For example, the second Lorimer committee began investigating in June, 1911. Hearings closed in February, 1912. Briefs were filed in March. In May Senator Bristow suggested that really it was quite time the committee made a report. The chairman of the committee replied with some emotion. Evidently his feelings were deeply hurt by even the faintest and softest suggestion that the committee had been dilatory. Other senators who desired a report apologized. They would be glad to see the matter disposed of sometime this year; but certainly they did not wish to criticise any honorable member or members personally, or to cause any honorable member the slightest annoyance.

We deplore rudeness; but the Senate has carried "courtesy" to such lengths that for days on end it resembles a nice old ladies' sewing circle—where every inch of stitching is accompanied by nine yards of gabble.

Holidays Made to Order

THE underlying principle of the movement to rearrange our holiday calendar appeals to us strongly. The idea is one of the best that has been put forward since the almost successful British movement a few years ago to make seven o'clock come at half past five in summer by act of Parliament. Our holidays are not conveniently arranged. They are liable to fall on Saturday, thereby robbing many city workers of a half day, because they get the half day off every Saturday anyway. Lincoln's Birthday and Washington's Birthday are close together, while from Labor Day to Thanksgiving is a long stretch.

The plan is to make the holidays fall at regular intervals and always on Monday, so a man can arrange a two-day outing. In detail this plan is objectionable. Also it is well known that different people have different ideas of how and when to take a holiday. The proper plan is, at the beginning of the year, to give every one coupons for all the holidays that are coming to him and let him celebrate them whenever he chooses. This plan would have the further merit of obviating the street parades and orations that now blight so many of our holidays. As for the sentiments traditionally attached to holidays, how many people really experience them?

A Grocery Trust

SOME enterprising New Yorkers, it is said, have arranged to purchase three thousand retail groceries, located at various points between the Atlantic Coast and the Missouri River. By uniting the buying power of all these establishments they expect to secure many edibles cheaper than the independent retailer can; and certainly several thousand groceries, acting together, should be able to buy cheaper than any one of the thousand could, acting alone. Other advantages may reasonably be expected from a centralized management. Besides, the promoters propose to sell strictly for cash; and that a retailer who takes nothing but cash can undersell one who gives credit is as plain as two times two. Suppose, for the sake of argument, our promoters do a business of fifty million dollars a year and find they can, with a fair profit to themselves, undersell independent retailers by ten per cent. In that case, no doubt, following the well-established New York precedent, they could issue to themselves fifty million dollars of watery common stock, upon which they could pay dividends of six or seven per cent that would send the stock to par. In order to pay the dividends, however, they would have to raise their selling price until it was just a shade under the independent retailer. Hence the principal benefit which the public derived from the enterprise would consist in the creation of a new batch of multimillionaire philanthropists—the holders of the common stock.

We have no doubt whatever that unified buying power and selling for cash would give us cheaper groceries; but we should rather see it done by coöperation than by a trust.

Our Poor-Rich Country

COMPARING expenditures for instruction in private and public schools—the former with ten or twelve pupils to a teacher, the latter with forty or fifty pupils to a teacher, while the private-school teacher is better paid—the former president of Harvard asks: "Is it not plain that if the American people were all well-to-do they would multiply by four or five times the present average school expenditure per child per year?"

In the elementary grades of the public schools there has been decided progress during the last generation, says Doctor Eliot; but it comes very slowly, and only about one out of nineteen public-school pupils goes beyond the elementary grades. "Is that the fit educational outcome of a century of democracy in an undeveloped country of immense natural resources?" Doctor Eliot inquires. To bring the public schools up to the standard he suggests would require a yearly expenditure of two billion dollars. Everybody knows that is quite impossible. The country cannot afford to spend any such sum upon its most important enterprise—the education of its children.

Notwithstanding the colossal wealth of this country you can readily account for individual poverty. You can say the man must be lazy or tipsy or stupid; but how can you account for the poverty of the nation itself and of every public subdivision of it—the state, the county, the city, the rural school district? Nation, state, county and city can barely make both ends meet. They cannot possibly afford good schools or good roads, or enough policemen or hospitals. We have sixteen billion dollars cash in bank; but we could not hire another fifty-dollar-a-month school-teacher, to save us! How do you account for that?

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Fashion Big Bill Set

THE words would freeze in your face if you attempted to call Henry Cabot Lodge "Hank" or "Heinie"; and if they didn't Henry Cabot would freeze you after you had spoken thus. And suppose you clapped Elihu Root on the back and shouted: "Howdy, Ellie, old top!" Suppose you did! There would be no further need for refrigeration on your part for years to come.

When you come to think of Borah, however, you stutter and stammer over the William Edgar part of it and refer to him as Bill Bill Borah—not disrespectfully or lightly, but because he is Bill Borah; albeit he is also one of the most able senators of these United States and one of the most useful. You can't get away from Bill, and you do not want to. Neither does Borah want you to. Thus the ayes have it, and he is Bill Borah for the purposes of this story.

Now it would never be suspected of Bill that he would set a fashion in anything unless in illumination of some of the dark corners of the Senate—but he did. He established one mode. To be sure, not many have followed it yet; but that does not detract from its great value. This was it: He proved it is far better for a man to be tried on criminal charges at the beginning of his senatorial term than at the end or in the middle. If you will think that over you will see the great advantages of the procedure

To explain: Bill Borah was a lawyer in Idaho—and a good one. He had large retainers and he was an able counselor, learned in the law and experienced in its practice. Naturally some of his retainers were from corporations, including lumber corporations that operate extensively in his state and in adjoining states. He was practicing law when he became a candidate for the Senate.

Politics in Idaho is as various as elsewhere—also, as precarious. In Idaho politics is involuted, convoluted, anfractuous and imperscrutable—also, elsewhere. Bill Borah found this out. He was a candidate for the Senate. It seemed to him and to his friends, on a certain afternoon at two of the clock, that he had the votes in the legislature to elect him. It seemed so! In reality it was not so; for, at eight of the clock on that same day, some six hours after all had seemed seemly to Bill and his friends, the legislature elected another to the place Bill had deemed his.

They called in the other, he being Senator Heyburn, and the Senator made the legislature an orotund speech of thanks for the great honor conferred on him. Then, as all was merry and each man was each other man's brother, they sent for Bill Borah and told him to pipe a few merry harmony lays. Bill came. He addressed the legislature, but never a merry lay piped he. Instead, he told the legislature that at two of the clock that afternoon the job, so neatly conferred on another, had been his; but he had been separated therefrom in the interim—the interim of the Idaho statehouse being commodious and sufficient for separating purposes. Further, he told the legislature he didn't intend to quit being a candidate for senator—and next time he came before that body said body would not shift on him, for he would see to it that the people had placed instructions concerning Bill Borah on it they would not dare to ignore.

In other words, Bill Borah tore into the legislature and told it its real name. Then he went out into Idaho and worked and traveled; and next time he came before the legislature he had proved himself a pretty fair predictor. The legislature had heard from the people and it didn't dare refuse him an election—nor did it. Bill had attended to the people's end of it and had compelled the legislature to do the hurried rest.

How He Put a Flea in Bailey's Ear

HE SENT back retainer checks that had been sent to him from various corporations for which he had done legal work and prepared to come to Washington. And right there is where he set the fashion. Various criminal charges, pertaining in some regard to lumber and other corporation illegalities for which he was said to be responsible, were laid at his door. Bill picked them up and set his teeth. His attorneys wanted to delay.

"Not on your life!" said Borah. "We'll clean this up right here and now!"

So they went to trial and Borah was cleared of every charge and sent to Washington with an absolutely stainless record—thus, as I have remarked, setting a fine new fashion of being tried on charges at the beginning of a senatorial term instead of in the middle or at the close of one.

It may be gathered from all this that Bill Borah has some fighting blood in him. That is the fact. He has a lot of courage and that courage is backed by a lot of ability. He went out to Idaho as counsel for the prosecution in the Haywood trials, when there was much sentiment against him, and fought those notable cases to the finish. As a politician he didn't have to do this and might have sidestepped—but he didn't.

Good-Natured, But Aggressive When Necessary

Borah is one of the sanest of the Republican Progressives in the Senate. He is a man of great legal ability and loves a legal argument. Also, he is one of the great debaters in the Senate and one of the few members of that body who have not been bluffed out by the brawny Bailey. He takes particular delight in clambering aboard that Constitutional expert, heedless of his patronizing, his bullying or his sneers.

One of Borah's measures is a law providing for a Bureau for Children.

"I assume," said the supercilious Bailey, "that this bill of the Senator from Idaho is somewhat similar to that provision in the agricultural appropriation bill which makes some sort of a similar arrangement for calves and pigs."

"Exactly," smiled Borah at the Texan. "My bill seeks to have the Government do for the children what it has already done for the calves and pigs!"

Whereupon Mr. Bailey sat down heavily and became lost in Jeffersonian thought.

Borah is one of the big orators of the Senate. He has made some notable addresses—one on the Lorimer case and another on his measure for the direct election of senators by the people. He has been in charge of this measure and has steadily fought it past many obstructions. He has a legal mind and delights in analyzing evidence and stating his conclusions thereon. He is a graceful speaker and magnetic. A big man, with a round, boyish face, a musical voice and an intense earnestness, he is always heard by a full Senate and usually by crowded galleries.

He has done a great deal of work that has not shown on the surface, mainly in connection with the Committee on Judiciary and along the line of investigation of the fitness of judicial nominations. From a Progressive viewpoint his chief weakness has been the tariff. The tariff has embarrassed Borah. There are several highly protected industries in his state and he is not without a natural ambition to hold his seat in the Senate. Some of his votes are criticised as votes with the reactionaries; but Borah's friends contend he voted in each instance with the interests of his state in view—coincidentally, of course, with the more or less personal interest he has in his own future.

Borah is a Westerner. That is why Bill fits him so well. He is vital and vigorous. He is good-natured, but aggressive when necessary. He has admirable control of his temper and retains his equanimity in debate. He was born in Wayne County, Illinois, in 1865, and was educated in the Wayne County schools and in the Kansas State University at Lawrence. He began to practice in 1890, in Lyons, Kansas; moved to Boise, Idaho, a year later, and was not a candidate for office until he first ran for the Senate at the time when those votes slipped away from him between two o'clock in the afternoon and eight o'clock at night. He was elected to the Senate in 1907 and comes up again next year.

Borah and his colleague, Heyburn, are extremes. Heyburn is one of the most conservative of the conservative Republican senators, and Borah is identified with the Progressive wing of the party. I violate no confidence when I say these two statesmen have arrived at a point where they are at unanimous disagreement on all subjects before the Senate, that ever have been before the Senate, or ever will come before the Senate. Thus they dwell together in sweet and serene hatred.

The Lengthy Lentz

JOHN J. LENTZ, of Ohio, is celebrated as a long-distance orator; but, for all that, they thought out in Columbus that the editor of a morning paper there rather rubbed it in in a short account of a political meeting at which John was the speaker.

This was the paragraph:

"John J. Lentz addressed a meeting of the Democratic voters of the Ninth Ward last night and this morning!"

Links With Good Acoustics

FOUR men were playing golf on a course where the hazard on the ninth hole was a deep ravine.

They drove off. Three went into the ravine and one managed to get his ball over. The three who had dropped into the ravine walked up to have a look. Two of them decided not to try to play their balls out and gave up the hole. The third said he would go down and play out his ball. He disappeared into the deep crevasse. Presently his ball came bobbing out and after a time he climbed up.

"How many strokes?" asked one of his opponents.

"Three."

"But I heard six."

"Three of them were echoes!"

The Bore's Comeback

JAMES KEELEY, editorial manager of the Chicago Tribune, and with that paper for twenty years or more, tells his secretary to say to bothersome callers that he is in the pressroom and cannot come up for an hour or two.

The secretary told a particular bore one day that Mr. Keeley was in the Tribune pressroom conferring with the pressmen and could not be disturbed.

Twenty minutes later the bore came back.

"I want to see Mr. Keeley," he announced.

"But Mr. Keeley is in the pressroom and cannot come up," insisted the secretary.

"No, he isn't," said the bore. "I went down to the pressroom and nobody there ever heard of him!"

Almost as Good

AN OHIO visitor to Washington went into Senator Burton's room to call on the Senator. He was out, but his secretary, H. B. Fuller, was present.

"Seem's like I've seen you before," said the visitor.

"Might be," replied Fuller.

"Didn't you go to the Nonesuch Business College, out in Ohio?"

"No, I did not."

"What school did you attend?"

"Yale mostly," replied Fuller.

"Well," commented the visitor genially, "that's a good school too!"

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Joseph L. Bristow, of Kansas, has learned to play golf. He is so tall that his clubs are a foot longer than those ordinarily used. When he hits the ball it goes a mile—when he hits it.

¶ George Thompson, publisher of the St. Paul Dispatch and of the Pioneer Press, has on his automobile everything, from an electric cigar lighter to a cellar, except a wireless telegraph station. He intends to put on a wireless this fall.

The Doodlebug's Racing Career

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WIDNEY

THERE are few motor boatists who have not cherished at some time or other a desire to own a reverberating racing craft and to drive it hither and yon at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, leaving a long wake of rumpled and indignant water behind it. There is no sport more nervously exciting. Adventurers who have tired of shinning up mountain-peaks, looping the loop in barrels and things, or manufacturing spirals with an old and rickety aeroplane, will find something to interest them in motor-boat racing. There is positively nothing commonplace in it. It is less monotonous than any sport except perhaps the unsanctioned pastime of going over Niagara Falls in a barrel. No matter how many times a man may drive his volcanic cockleshell over the finish, he never fails to do so in a state of pleased and delighted surprise because there is enough of his boat left under him to sit in. Motor-boat racing is a cross between daring and insanity, and nothing illustrates more vividly the accomplishments of science than the amount of power boat-builders are now able to stuff into a tiny craft not much bigger than a Saratoga trunk. A packing house can take a huge, burly steer and condense him into half a dozen small cans of beef extract; but that is no trick at all beside the modern gasoline-engine maker who can pack the strength of six hundred horses into a pair of motors not half so large or so heavy as an ordinary fuzzy-faced donkey.

I have never owned a racing boat myself; but I have participated in one, which is just as satisfactory and exciting and not nearly so costly; in fact, one of the beauties of motor-boat racing is that a whole town can remain breathless and excited for a year or more over one racing boat. Of course, one or two or three men have to own it and work with it, and put their lives in the care of an overworked and not always accommodating Providence long enough to race it; but the rest of the citizens can look on and give suggestions and bet on the boat, and talk about its awful speed in a superior manner with the inhabitants of a rival town—and help fish the crew out of the river whenever the logical result happens. It was as one of the loyal citizens of my town that I participated for four years in a racing motor boat which I am still convinced was or is or will be one of the fastest boats in the entire world.

The name of the boat was Doodlebug I, II, III and IV. I may as well explain that it had only one of these names at a time; but in the motor-boat world a man does not skip blithely from name to name like a careless actress. He picks out a name on which he can hang his affections and then clings to it like grim death. When he wears out his boat he builds a better one; but instead of choosing a new name he retains the old one—Miranda, for example—and calls it Miranda II. If he is a man who is hard on boats he will eventually get up as high as Miranda XVI. However, the famous Louis XVI, of which or whom we have all heard, was not a motor boat—he was a king; but he might as well have been a racing boat, considering all the things that happened to him.

The owner of the Doodlebug dynasty was Sam McNutt. He was the most intrepid and incurable motor boatist in our town, and he was a born racer. Merely to get anywhere on the river was no joy for him. If he couldn't get there ahead of some one else the trip was a failure. Back in the nineties he had a boat with a naphtha engine in it; and the whole town went down to the river's edge to watch a race between his fearful craft and the Waterwitch, a steam launch which was then sinking into its dotage. The two craft raced steadily for an entire day; and the yells of the rival captains as they toiled with the reluctant machinery were audible even on shore. In the end the Waterwitch won, having covered twenty miles in eight hours' elapsed time, developing a speed of over five miles an hour between breakdowns. She came in with her skipper's pants strapped tightly round a leaky steampipe; and Sam, who had bet furiously on his launch, was so financially depressed that he was unable to make any more racing investments for several years.

He persevered and saved his money, however, and in 1904 he bought the Bessie B. She was a long, slender, willowy thing, with two cylinders as big as nailkegs; and when she came up alongside the afternoon packet, at twelve miles an hour, and passed her handily, the whole town bulged with pride. Sam was the hero of the summer and he didn't turn his hand over on the engine for weeks at a time. It was an honor to do his work for him and we fought to crank his engine, lug gasoline, pump out the boat, and do the other little odd jobs which fail to awaken any enthusiasm as a rule.

Sam was so proud of his boat that he took her up the river the next summer to abash the rival town of Chillicothe. We all went with him, but we didn't do any abashing. A Chillicothe man had bought a dress pattern from a famous boat-builder and had built a boat from it. She had a four-cylinder engine, without any muffler on it; and when she started off with a menacing roar and tore down the river, pushing it impatiently aside in two great sheets of foam, Sam withdrew his boat and tried to sell it for a dock. Chillicothe had caught us napping! And right there we learned something: There are two entirely useless things on this earth—a last year's calendar and a last year's racing boat.

Sam was not downcast in the least however. On the contrary, he was immensely pleased. He had looked all over the Chillicothe racer and had figured out a boat that could go five miles an hour better. He went home in a fine frenzy of enthusiasm and the next week he laid the keel of a real, sure-enough, million-snortpower racing boat which was to throw water on the prow of everything in the Mississippi Valley.

We motor boatists were as tickled over Sam's enterprise as if it had been our boat, and we gave him every possible coöperation. There wasn't an afternoon all that winter when there were less than half a dozen of us looking on in Sam's barn, where he was building the monster. It was such a puny, undersized, innocent-looking little monster that no one but an expert would have been impressed by it. It wasn't more than twenty feet long and it was all skin and bones, so to speak. It had ribs about as thick as leadpencils and sides that would make a cigar box look substantial. Two of us could lift it and toss it all about. Sam had ordered an engine twice as big as the Chillicothe man's; and he told us that when he got that engine squeezed into the boat, with the aid of a shoehorn, and had connected it with a three-foot propeller and had touched the whole thing off, the Doodlebug would sound like a volcano having a quarrel with Saint Peter. We believed him after having heard that portable riot at Chillicothe. There is nothing quite so vociferous as an unmuzzled racing boat. It sounds as if some one had loaded three sawmills and a boiler shop on a gravel train and was chasing a comet with it. Listening to a little racing boat with your eyes shut, as it howls and roars, filling the valley with concentrated clamor and making conversation on adjacent planets difficult, it is impossible to believe that all this tumult can come from a red sliver in the water. It is ridiculous—as ridiculous as if a baby should suddenly sit up and begin quarreling with a prizefighter two miles away.

It filled us with pride to think that our town was to have even a louder boat than the Chillicothe disturbance, and we assisted Sam with all our might in the tedious job of waiting for the engine. He finished the boat itself early in April, but the factory hadn't finished the engine yet. It was to be an especially outrageous engine, they wrote, capable of anything from arson to revolution; and they were putting a great deal of thought and care into it. They continued to pour thought and care into it during the months of May and June. I never heard of an engine which required so much thought and care. Sam wrote them once a week and even made a trip to the factory, where he saw his darling. She looked so vicious that he wept with joy; but the builders wouldn't let him have her. She wasn't quite finished yet, they said; but they would work all the next week on her and ship her in ample time for the regatta, which was to be the middle of July. They were typical of a certain kind of inventor, and never thought of doing anything today that could be done better and with more trouble tomorrow.

Sam came home and we spent the first week of July haunting the railroad freight depots. The Chillicothe man had built a new boat, and experts who had listened to it on the river claimed that she did forty miles an hour regularly when in good voice; but we didn't worry about that—any racing boat sounds like forty miles an hour or better, and looks like it too. The world is full of forty-miles-an-hour boats all spring; but there is nothing that will take the speed out of a full-organ racer so thoroughly as a regularly surveyed course and a stop watch. All we wanted was a chance to let our own engine sing a selection. Bursting with this vast want, we perspired and telegraphed and cussed and moaned until the great day came, along with the Chillicothe boat and a host of other racing craft. It was a very successful regatta—for them. We sat on the bank and watched the Chillicothe wonder beaten half a mile in a five-mile race by a tiny black whirlwind from down the river, which spread a pair of white waterwings, for all the world like a giant albatross, and skimmed over the water at twenty-eight miles an hour. Her name was the Squab. She was nineteen feet six inches long and had a beautiful brass-jacketed, six-cylinder engine, which ran all the time and with the greatest cheerfulness—though it could only be started by taking out a sparkplug to relieve the compression and then screwing it back after the engine had started.

"And Let Me Tell You This Old Town Will Be On the Map in Red Ink Next Year!"

We entertained the visiting boatmen all that week and lived on gall and wormwood ourselves. A committee was ready to go East and lynch the thoughtful mechanics who were still congesting Sam's engine with thought and care; but Sam himself was perfectly cheerful. He was even happy. "I'm glad it didn't come," he explained after the regatta; "for we would have been beaten sure! We've all been wrong. Round-bottom boats are no good any more. I've examined that Squab boat, and she's built just like a coffin-box—square on the bottom. She doesn't go through the water—she climbs over it. We wouldn't have been anywhere with our boat—but you just wait till next year. I'm going to build a new hull for that engine and when the Squab comes round next year they're going to get the finest view of my rudder-gear any boat ever had. I've ordered the lumber already."

As the summer months went by, Sam put his old engine in the discarded hull and we had a fine time running up and down the lake. She was so slender and sat so low that the waves wandered over and across her without the slightest hesitancy; and it took three men to run her—one to bail, one to keep the sparkplugs dry, and one to steer and nurse the engine and enjoy the scenery. However, it was good training; and by the time Sam had laid the keel of Doodlebug II that fall he had a score of the craziest racing fans you ever saw sitting round his shop all day long.

Late in October the careful and thoughtful mechanics shipped Sam his engine. It was an imposing piece of work, with every part carefully draw-filed and polished, and it set Sam back exactly one year's savings; but he didn't mind that, for another year was coming in which to save in—and, besides, he had sold the old hull and engine for one hundred and fifty dollars, which was almost as much

Her Crew Went On Eastward Unwillingly

as the engine had cost. He let us all work a little on Doodlebug II; and when we slipped her into the water on a bright May morning, all trig and true, and graphited to enable her to elude the grasping moisture in the river as much as possible, there wasn't a prouder band of men in all this great collection of states.

The next day six of us lugged the engine down and set it in the boat. It seemed like a crime to saddle that vast behemoth in that tiny hull. And it seemed like a first-rate exhibition of insanity to crowd into the hull with the engine and then provoke it into violence. There was barely room for two thin men and a paddle, but there was no lack of volunteers. Len Worley pretty nearly cried because he was too wide to fit in the boat. Sam finally selected Martin Franks and Pete Smith, because they were fluent swimmers. When the engine had been completely connected up Martin got in the stern and grabbed the tiller lever, while Pete crawled over into the two-foot space in front of the engine and began to irritate it.

Len Worley Pretty Nearly Cried Because He Was Too Wide to Fit in the Boat

We stood on the dock and held our breath as Pete primed one cylinder after another and cautiously hauled the flywheel over with a lever which fitted into the notched edge of the wheel. He looked uncommonly like a man who was trying to make an elephant kick by tickling his heel, and we almost hoped the villainous looking thing wouldn't go off; but presently it leaped into explosive fury with paralyzing abruptness, and Doodlebug II, which, of course, had no clutch, became instantly afflicted with a one-hundred-horsepower desire to go elsewhere. She turned over on her side until her bottom showed as the big wheel caught the water, and then started for a piling at terrific speed. Martin wrenched wildly at the wheel. Doodlebug II responded whole-heartedly and bore down on a houseboat, while Martin yanked at the wheel and yelled "Look out!" frantically to the houseboat. Doodlebug II missed the houseboat by an eyelash, swerved, almost capsized, and then started up the lake with a whirlwind of water on each side and the engine spitting and banging like a canister conference. It was terrific. We yelled with pride. Then we yelled with alarm and rushed for the nearest boats. Doodlebug II was nowhere to be seen, but a few hundred yards out we could discover Pete and Martin painfully making their way home frog-fashion.

We fished them out and sat round them in a circle while they burbled. They were wild with enthusiasm.

"She's a wonder!" Pete declared. "She's faster than anything on this planet that runs in the water, and that engine is big enough to drive an icehouse. All we need to do is to build her up a little forward, put an extra plank round her gun'le and set the engine back about six inches. Then she won't dive. I never saw a boat dive prettier though! She took us down twenty feet before we knew what was happening. I hope she stopped when she hit the bottom."

We dried Martin and Pete off and then went out with a barge and resuscitated Doodlebug II. We baked her vital parts, such as coils and wires, to get the moisture out of them, and began the job of converting the boat from a diver into a skimmer.

That was the first of June. During that month at least a dozen of us had the proud privilege of taking the boat out, with vast and echoing éclat, coming home later, slowly but surely, behind a skiff. Doodlebug II never dived again. Sam set the engine back and built up the bows and stopped that; but she took in water like a large and ambitious corporation. On the calmest day she would soak herself from end to end in spray, and the puniest and most insignificant wave could board her as easily as a bearded pirate would board a canal boat, while in rough water she was a reception committee for all the dampness in her vicinity. In a sea she lasted from two to five minutes. At the end of that time her wires and coils would be soaked, her electricity would be wandering anywhere but into the cylinders and she would be wallowing in the trough of the waves, with her pensive crew bailing water and waiting for a tow.

The big regatta took place on the Fourth of July. On July third Sam began to rebuild Doodlebug II for the fifteenth time. With Pete Smith and Martin Franks he worked all night. He built up the boat's cockpit until it looked like a wagonbox and put a canvas cover over the entire forepart of the boat. This compelled him to do a phenomenal feat of contortion in order to wriggle past the engine and get at the flywheel, which he had to turn over while balancing himself precariously on one toe and one elbow, with his head between his knees. When he had started the engine he had to crawl back in order to allow the boat to get its nose out of the water; and, for my part, I would have preferred crawling past a panther and a jaguar in personal conflict in a hogshead to the job of writhing past that furious mechanism. Sam didn't care though. He was a born racer; and if only he could get Doodlebug II to stay on top of the water long enough to win the race he didn't care what happened to him.

The trials that morning were not encouraging. I never saw such prying and inquisitive water. It leaked in through the canvas and crept in through the cracks. It rose up in great sheets, ran joyfully over the hood, and leaped into the laps of the crew. Twice that morning the boat had to be bailed out; but at noon she was still above the water, while her engine was in phenomenally good humor. So most of us went down to the starting line and stood on tiptoe, hoping for the best.

The Chillicothe man was there again with a new boat, and so was the owner of the Squab, with Squab II. She was a fat, squat little boat; and when her engine was started she rose out of the water until she sat on the lake on her extreme stern and went down the course like a mud-hen getting up speed for a flight. She was a great sight to watch; but we knew perfectly well that if Sam's peerless water collector could just stop embracing the lake for a few short minutes and glide over it instead, we would bag that mud-hen. We strained our eyes toward the upriver dock until the preliminary gun went off; and when we saw a large white geyser flash out from behind the icehouse we gave a hoarse cheer. Sam was on his way!

The geyser grew to mammoth proportions, and from the middle of it came that divine melody made by a one-hundred-horsepower gasoline engine in perfect tune. We threw our hats in the water and cheered gustily. Then the geyser began to hesitate. It wasn't spouting so high by half. The white wings on each side of Doodlebug's black nose fell down limply. There was no more music, only a spitting and sputtering like a thousand tomcats in a political convention. We could see Pete Smith pumping a thin stream of water out of the boat with despairing energy, while Sam sat like a stone statue and received the waves on his neck or in his chest as they ran along the boat cover with mournful unconcern.

A dozen boats were running round in circles behind the starting line, each maneuvering to cross the line just as the gun was fired. Sam, with Doodlebug II, was still a hundred yards above the line when the race began. A dozen boats swept past him in a shrieking gale of noise and water; and as the last wash climbed cheerfully aboard, Doodlebug II, now low in the water, rolled over and went to the bottom with a homesick gurgle.

When we fished Sam out he was radiant with joy! "I've got it at last!" he cried, emptying gallons of river out of his shoes. "We've been barking up the wrong tree all the time. Why didn't we think of a hydroplane in the first place and save all this bother? That's what that Squab boat is—she's a sure-enough hydro. I'm glad I didn't race her. I'm a year behind the times; but as soon as I get that engine fished out I'll begin work again. And let me tell you, this old town will be on the map in red ink next year!"

For the next six months Sam drew boat plans until his parlor at home became perpetually swamped in billows of paper, and his frantic wife had to receive callers all winter in the dining room. The result was that in early June of the next year we effervesced with hope again. For Sam's hydroplane was ready. She was a twenty-footer, broad and flat, and as plain as a barndoor, with a series of steps on her bottom, in the locating of which Sam had expended something over seven million figures on brown paper. She was not quite so handsome as a hotbed; but, with her engine in, she rode high and true, and it was with supreme confidence that Pete and Martin got into her one rough Sunday morning early in June and turned on the thunder.

Doodlebug III left the dock with the nervous haste of a meteor two years overdue, and we yelled with delight when she stood up on her tail just as the Squab had done and raised her wings. For two hundred yards she skimmed the water at terrific speed. Then she gave a wild lurch to the left and started across the lake. Presently she turned sharply and dashed madly up the lake at right angles to her former course. Then she did a pretty little Russian dance, after which she turned round with awful suddenness and shot toward New Orleans, while her crew went on eastward unwillingly, waving their arms and legs as they settled down into the bosom of a big wave. Then we sighed and organized the life-saving crew for the summer's work.

It was no easy job this time. Doodlebug III had been a long way out and by the time we reached the crew they were gasping hard and tolerably full of water. Sam was completely disgusted.

"Here I let those two chumps take that boat out and she throws them—and what do I know about what caused it?" he snorted as he helped tilt the water out of Pete. "I'll tell you one thing," said he, laying his right forefinger impressively on the palm of his left hand: "After this when that boat goes wrong I'm going to be in her."

We pried Doodlebug III out of the willows, where she landed after throwing out her crew, and began another month's hard work. She was a splendid boat, but she was as hard to reason with and coax along in a given direction for half a minute at a time as one of those tall, gothic Arkansas red pigs. We ballasted her forward; we ballasted her aft. We put on a keel, and then took it off and put a furrow in its place. I say "we," because I was a member of an advisory committee which sat on the case daily in the afternoon from four o'clock until suppertime. We worked faithfully and turned out advice in such tremendous quantities that it is a pity there weren't more boat-racers there to consume some of the surplus.

Sam finally discovered that by loading in enough ballast to keep the boat from poking more than eight feet of her bow out of the water she would steer true; but when we did this she wouldn't race. She would throw water to the right and left like a fireboat, but she loitered on her way maddeningly. Twenty-five miles an hour, conversational speed, was all she would do—and when it came to actual, cold-blooded, stop-watch speed we didn't have the heart to investigate. So Sam took the ballast out, shifted the planes once more, put on an extra rudder and invented a new system of control. He hung a fifty-pound bag of sand over the stern. This caused Doodlebug III to raise her nose higher in the air than ever, and to growl and shiver and complain in every joint; but she held a tolerably true course and got up a certain amount of speed very rapidly. Sam reasoned that if she could get up twenty-five miles an hour she would steer easily, and he planned to cut away the sandbag after getting under way and take his chances. And so the third regatta arrived and we sat on the bank once more.

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Squab III was on hand. She was smaller than Squab II and had two engines—each as big as the old Squab's power plant. Her owner drove her in a bathing suit, with his feet in inverted stirrups nailed to the floor of the boat; and he looked like a man who has imprisoned a tornado in a cracker box and was trying to tame it. Then there was Hezekiah IV, from Chillicothe, a barytone boat with one hundred horse-power, and Stradella VII, from over on the Mississippi, with two hundred horse-power and a huge canvas overskirt to keep the water off her sparkplugs. The first six Stradellas had never raced, not having been completed in time; but the owner had loaded the new boat on a flatboat and had finished her on the way to the regatta. And there were Skeezix IX, with two old engines coupled together and eight stovepipe funnels in a row; and Belladonna V, a freak with six slantwise funnels and the shape of a duck, her owner being under the impression that the duck was the speediest of all river craft; and Bearcat II, a quaint little boat with two automobile steam engines in her thorax which caused her to sing through her generators in a weird, mournful soprano that could be heard three miles away by even an inexperienced listener. It was a magnificent field; and when they all got to running circles back of the starting line, each singing its own particular interpretation of a Gatling symphony, they looked and sounded like a colony of mastodonic wasps who had been stirred up with a telegraph pole in the hands of a giant and were hunting for the offender.

It was a lovely sight to us, for Sam and Pete were right in the thick of it—Sam guiding Doodlebug III round and round over the rumpled and indignant water; and Pete waiting, knife in hand, to cut the sandbag adrift so soon as she had crossed the starting line and had gotten up speed. She was a little behind when the starting gun was fired; but when Sam opened her up she came down behind the others, leaping from wave to wave, with every one of her six funnels shooting out two hundred remarks a minute at the distant planets, and we shrieked with joy for two seconds. Then, as Pete cut the rope, a huge wash from a near-by racer hit Doodlebug III, and she turned tail like a frightened yellow dog and headed directly down the river, away from the starting line. To help out the illusion, Sam cut down the throttle and her roar was broken into a series of agonized yelps as she fled.

Sam fought with the wheel; but Doodlebug III hadn't been brought up to obey her rudder and she didn't stop to learn how then. She missed two boats by the width of a piece of shaving paper, caromed off a piling, shot under a bridge, turned abruptly, ran up over the deck of a houseboat and poked seven feet of her black nose into the apartments of an ancient river-faring party who was repairing a fishnet. He yelled: "Say! Get out of here!" Doodlebug III had no shame however. Having invaded the boudoir of a perfect stranger, she stayed there until we chopped her out late that evening and gave what was left of her hull to the owner of the cabin by way of damages.

At this point several of the advisory board resigned and went to raising chickens for excitement, but the rest of us scored them for quitters; and that night, down at Sam's dock, he explained just how fortunate it was that Doodlebug III had avoided the race.

"Doggone it all!" said he. "We're always a year behind. This game doesn't stand still long enough. We're just like society in some provincial town—always coming out with a loud yell of satisfaction in last year's New York styles! Now I'm a-going to build a boat next winter that won't follow nothin'. She'll set the styles, and the owner of the dumbinged Squab can follow 'em for a change; but I've got to have help this time. I'm at the end of my pile. You fellows will have to form a syndicate. Each one can put in a couple of hundred and that'll pay for all the advice I've stood for these past three years."

That was putting it in a heartless fashion; nevertheless we put up the money and that winter Doodlebug IV was evolved from a French power-boat fashion magazine, several acres of brown paper and a few dollars' worth of lumber. She was a "single-step" hydroplane. Doc Wright, who is always sarcastic, explained that in the single-step hydroplane you are just one step from Hades when it is going right, which isn't a whole lot away from the truth. Doodlebug IV was built on perfectly scientific lines, and when we put the old engine in her in May and tried her out she did almost thirty-three actual full-length miles an hour for over two minutes—a trifle better than any boat had ever done on the course, not excepting Squab III, with her twelve exhaust funnels. We all took a ride in her; and if you want to get some faint idea of what speed is sit down in a ten-gallon boat about two feet above the river and watch the water hiss and sizzle and boil and shriek past you—a billion gallons a minute, with one or two in your eye for variety.

Sam wasn't by any means satisfied with Doodlebug IV however.

"She's only as good as the best last year," said he, "and those yaps will come to town with a lot of boats that will make her look like a buoy. She's got to have a real engine—no three-year-old relic for her! I know where we can get two one-hundred-fifty horse-power shriekers that are on the block this minute. They were built for an Eastern boat, but her owner won't use them, having fallen off his last year's boat too far from shore. We'll trade in the old engine, get these two, stick 'em in this hull, and when they're tuned up we'll do forty-six miles an hour, clean up every meet in the West, and then go East and race for the Gordon Bennett Cup."

Did that suit us? Well, rather! We couldn't make up the pot fast enough. Sam took the money and went East, and two weeks afterward we helped unload those two shriekers with our own hands. They were magnificent engines and so light that both of them together didn't weigh much more than the old one. We lowered them lovingly on to the blocks; and when Doodlebug IV lay there with her twelve bright nickel funnels and those two engines coupled up and ready to insurge on the slightest provocation, we wouldn't have traded our chances for the world's championship for an annual pass apiece on an ocean greyhound.

Those were happy days. They were worth four years of toil and disappointment. We gave up all thought of work or other trivialities and met every afternoon on the river bank at two o'clock to watch Sam and Pete and Martin tune up Doodlebug IV and get her to running sweetly. We had plenty of time—two full weeks—until the regatta, and the only thing that marred our joy was the French carbureter which came with the engine.

Most of you know what a carbureter is by this time. It is a sort of buzzard in the ointment, so to speak—a speck about as big as a barn on the pleasure of motor boating. Domestic carbureters are hard enough to understand and reason with, but this French crime was harder to understand than French poetry. It was built backward, upside down and inside out. You adjusted it by trigonometry and higher algebra. It was made for Mediterranean weather and refused to become acclimated. Sam fussed and figured and beat his brains against the fool thing; but if he got a majority of the cylinders to respond to any rollcall he was doing well. So he took the parley-voo mechanism off and hitched on four good old American carbureters.

The result was discouraging. Those highstrung and sensitive engines struck. They had been built to understand a French carbureter and they declined to become Americanized. So Sam took off the American carbureters and put back the French one; but Pete had been dissecting it and had lost a small brass spring. And the scorn and indignation with which that carbureter rejected all substitutes was horrifying.

Presently we woke up to the fact that we had one more day in which to tame those engines. Sam took off the French carbureter again; and, in order that he might not be tempted to trifle with it any more, he threw it carefully into a deep part of the lake, about fifty feet out from the dock. Then he borrowed all the carbureters he could find, rolled up his sleeves, sent word home that he would be detained all night on important business, and he and Pete went to work.

We left them at nine o'clock that night working in the boat with a lantern between them. Pete was turning the forward engine over while Sam was trying apparently to crawl into the base of the thing and diagnose it from within. Down the river the racers had gathered; and as we went home a black object, leaping like a porpoise, went by in the river with a swish,

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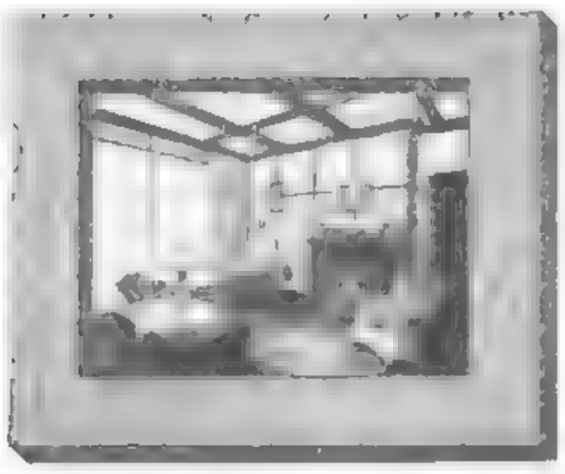

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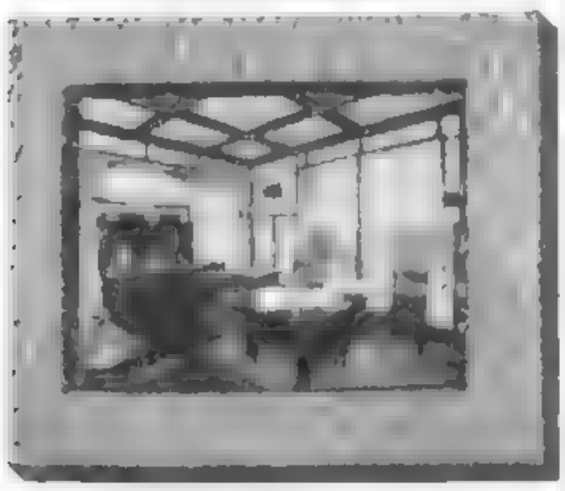


Beaver Board walls and ceilings saved Mr Sloan, Wilmington, N. C., from the cracking of plaster and the need of re-papering. They also made his home more attractive

a roar and two wings of water thirty feet from tip to tip. It was Squab IV, with a new engine and hull, but otherwise the same old boat—only faster.

We slept troublously, most of us, and were down at the dock by six o'clock. As we neared it, we could see Sam turning the flywheel over with his notched crank and Pete wearily looking into the maw of the after engine, his face and hands three times as black as those of any burnt-cork minstrel. They had gotten a shot at three o'clock and another at five, they said, and were encouraged. They had located the difficulty, they thought. If they could reduce the compression a trifle, get rich mixtures into the forward three cylinders, a slightly thinner one into the next two and an impoverished mixture in the after cylinder—and could get the two after carbureters to deliver a cross between thin and rich gas—they thought she would start. We tried to spell them for a while, but it didn't work. There is a peculiar art in cranking a peculiar engine, and the two heroes had to work on alone, too busy to swear and too tired to take an ax and reason with the boat in a forceful, logical manner.

At ten o'clock we decided that if the engines should start by any chance they were to be kept running until the time set for the race. At noon we towed Doodlebug IV down to the regatta dock, Sam working on the carbureters and Peter cranking. At two o'clock the officials came over and asked if we were going in, as they couldn't hold the race any longer.

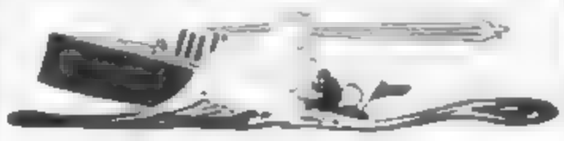
Now I should like to turn in right here and tell how the forward engine caught with a roar just in time, dragged the after engine into action and drove Doodlebug IV to a long-delayed victory; but there is one peculiar thing about this story—I am adhering strictly to the truth and am not embellishing it in important details. While the race was on, Pete and Sam stopped cranking and viewed it with dejected interest. Reliable XX, a new boat from the East, with only two funnels, but with sixteen carbureters, carried away the cup; and after it was all over, while Sam and Pete were still working, because they had forgotten how to stop, Doodlebug IV suddenly woke into life and shot out, with a frightful roar and a burst of spray, only to subside in midstream. We towed her home and she never spoke again.

However, Sam is greatly encouraged and so are we. The builder of the engines has promised to come out next summer and tune them up for us. And Sam has conceived an improvement which makes it necessary to throw away the old hull which was weak, anyway, and wabbled a good deal in the stern. He is going to build a stepless hydroplane for next summer; and, as he speaks the carbureter language pretty well now, he is going to get four of a new kind and hitch them up to the engines. We laid the keel of Doodlebug V last week, and beyond all question she is going to be the fastest boat in this country or any other. It makes us dizzy to figure out how fast she is going to be; but Sam has found out one thing—by figuring the maximum speed of the propeller and subtracting the maximum slippage, he has found that we can't possibly do over fifty-seven and two-tenths miles an hour. This is a bit disappointing, as we had hoped to reach a mile a minute; but it will have to do and it will be a great plenty.

It makes us writhe sometimes to think that Reliable XX won the cup with a speed half a mile an hour less than Doodlebug IV showed with the old engine. Sometimes we think we are too ambitious; but, after all, that is the only real way to progress.

Cleaning the Dog

IF YOU have a dog, and if your dog has fleas beyond a reasonable amount, do not muss yourself and the dog all up with flea powders or other dope. Take your vacuum carpet cleaner, if you have one, to your dog—otherwise take the dog to the cleaner and go over him well with the suction end of the cleaner. If his hair is not too long and curly the fleas will be removed to the bag of the vacuum cleaner, much to their surprise and much to the dog's relief. Civilization certainly is a great thing!



"Ah, Hot Consommé!"

"WHAT a fine change from the regulation program."
"Better than tea or coffee, I say."
"Yes. The best kind of a pick-me-up. And it goes just as good with a motoring-coat as it does with a dinner-coat. Give *me*

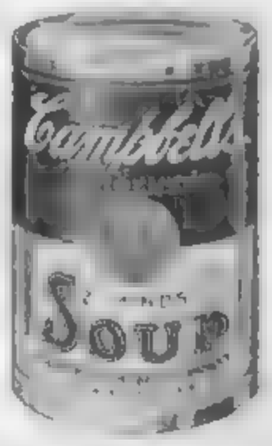
Campbells'
CONSOMMÉ

Truly there's no finer appetizer for any occasion.
Clear, delicate, tempting in flavor and appearance, this perfect Consommé is not only suitable for the most formal dinner or luncheon; but it makes a delightful variation in the ordinary "outing" menu. There are a dozen ways to enjoy it. And we make 20 other kinds of soup equally good. Order them by the dozen. And enjoy them *all*.

"Whoever struck
Such wondrous luck
Or treasure quite so fine!

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
	Tomato Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label

SIX PIANOS WHERE FIVE GREW BEFORE

True Stories of "Efficiency Engineering" With the Westinghouse Electric Motor

A PIANO factory in Illinois making high-grade instruments had driven all their machines for years with their own steam plant.

In proposing to better their manufacturing conditions our engineers recommended that individual electric motor drive be used, that the power be purchased from the Central Station, and that the steam engine and boiler be scrapped altogether.

We found that because of the cumbersome mechanical system of drive from the steam engine, the product was working through the plant in a very inefficient way. Therefore we recommended that all the machinery be relocated in accordance with a plan submitted by our engineer.

Since adopting our plan in its entirety and making a full installation of Westinghouse Motors, this company has increased its production a full twenty per cent. **without the addition of equipment** other than the Westinghouse Motors to drive the machines **and without the employment of a single extra man.**

No matter what we might say regarding the design and construction of the Westinghouse Motor for industrial purposes, the strongest advertisement of the motor and its superiority comes from the plant that uses it. The highest praise we have for the Westinghouse Motor is in our files, in the letters from our customers.

The Westinghouse Motor is a means, not an end. And the end is, more efficient production for the user of the Westinghouse Motor. That is why the engineering service that goes with the Westinghouse Motor is the biggest thing about it. It begins with the designing of the motor for the particular work for which it is required, and *continues* with fitting it in pat with the customer's manufacturing needs.

You are interested in the Westinghouse Motor if you are interested in any of the great industries in this country. The Westinghouse Motor has bettered some operation in every one of them.

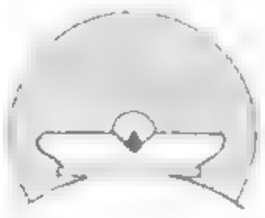
Bring yourself right up to date on this matter of efficiency work in the manufacturing end of your business by getting in touch with us. Our power application experience is perhaps the widest in the country. A personal letter asking for "cases" in your own business will be of course treated as confidential and will not commit you any further than you wish to be committed. On this subject, write Efficiency Engineering Division, Industrial Dept. P, East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company
Pittsburgh

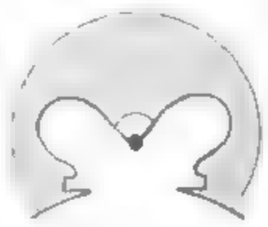
Sales Offices in Forty-five American Cities — Representatives all over the World

Out-of-Doors

Your Rifle—How and Why it is Sighted



Grandpap's V Sights



Buckhorn Sight

THE human mind is monstrous ignorant and inaccurate, and monstrous stubborn as well. Really it is the superstitions of the world that run the world, in business, sport, religion, almost everything else.

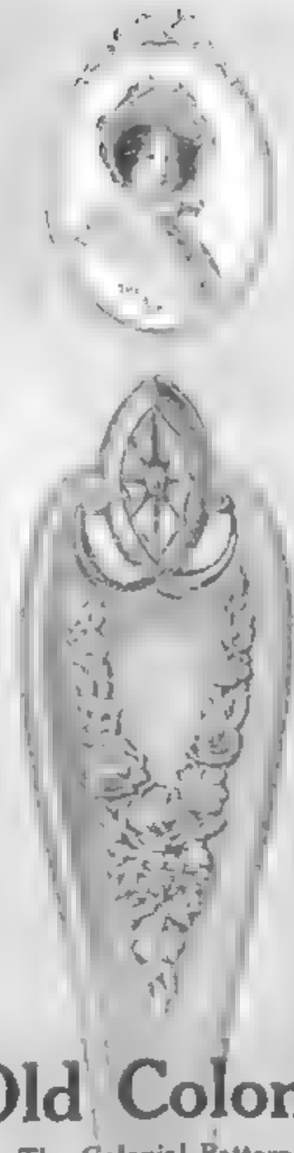
For instance, every one knows of grandpap's rifle, which "shot flat up to eighty rod" and was barred out of all the turkey shoots. Of course, as a matter of fact, no rifle ever shot flat for eighty feet, let alone eighty rods, for the force of gravity is the one thing steadier and surer than rent and taxes. There is nothing but velocity to protect the bullet against the law of gravitation after it leaves the muzzle of the rifle. In rifles of great velocity the drop of the bullet is not so noticeable at sporting ranges of one or two hundred yards, and beyond these distances the average rifle shoots better than the average rifleman can see. Nonetheless, the course of the rifle ball in the air is that of a flattened curve, and any system of sighting a rifle must be based on that fundamental fact.

If we could picture to ourselves the flight of the bullet in the air we should know more about shooting than we do. A man may be a good rifle shot and yet know little of trajectories and rifle sights. Indeed, *per contra*, a man may carry scientific investigation too far, and come to rely on it too much for actual success in the field. The successful big-game hunter does not trust the table of velocities, but tests out his own rifle empirically for accuracy and stopping quality. He knows, for instance, that muzzle velocity is a deceptive term. The modern high-power bullet, slim and long, starts out with enormous velocity, but does not carry that velocity pro rata through the longer ranges so well as the heavier and slower bullet. Rifle-shooting, therefore, as practiced in the field, is and should be a mixture of science and experience.

Grandpap's Weighty Weapon

No rifle can perform well unless both well sighted and well held. One of the old superstitions was that the muzzle loader shot surer than the breech loader, and indeed men on the rifle range once used to seat their bullets from the muzzle of breech loaders. Yet today there are many men who can do things with a breech-loading rifle which grandpap or Natty Bumppo or anybody else would not have attempted in the old days. The old squirrel rifle was a very comfortable arm to shoot, long and heavy, and free from all flip and buckle. It did not trouble itself about long-range work, and the sights were the same for all rifles and all ranges in the early days—a simple notched bar for the rearsight and a low silver or ivory knife-edge for the foresight.

The principle of these sights was that of two V's, the one inverted, it being obvious that as the points of these two V's approached there was obtained in theory a fineness of sight amounting to a mere thread of light. As the load for these old weapons was an express charge, plenty of powder and a light round ball, the trajectory was very low up to, say, a hundred yards, and with these old open sights a man who had good eyes could do extraordinarily accurate shooting. I have myself shot out all the pips of the ten of clubs with such a weapon, hardly breaking into the white with any shot. Men in the old times took extraordinary care in sighting their rifles. The ancestor who sighted this particular weapon was many days in completing the work. Sandpaper was good enough to reduce the frontsight, and so far from using a file in touching the notch in the rear bar, an ordinary pin was used to pick it down, a little at a time. As a result, this piece, fired from a firm ladder rest, is reputed to have placed five bullets at seventy yards



Old Colony

The Colonial Pattern of True Simplicity

Our beautiful new pattern, Old Colony, typifies by its purity of outline the old-fashioned simplicity of Colonial times.

It is a design of dignity and grace. Exquisite workmanship is shown in the simple but beautiful ornamentation. A feature that has proved very popular is the pierced handle. Appropriate for any time and place, it is pre-eminently fitted for Colonial and Old English dining rooms. Like all

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"Silver Plate that Wears"

it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate and is backed by the largest makers, with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of 65 years.

The Old Colony Pattern is now made in the staple spoons, forks, knives and many of the fancy pieces and will shortly be procurable in the full line.

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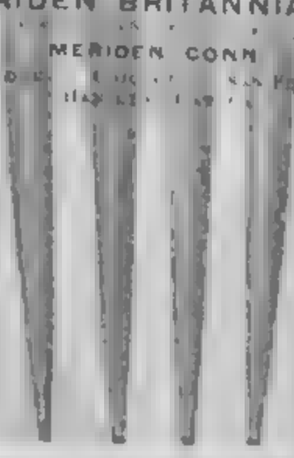

There is a growing demand for Carnation Milk—uniform in richness and purity—and absolutely guaranteed.

American women, the most particular buyers in the world, have literally compelled us to build more condenseries, that we may meet their demands for more

CARNATION MILK

From Contented Cows

Mothers want it for their growing children as well as for babies.

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Carnation Milk cows live where the grass is sweetest, water clearest, air the purest. They live in contentment. This makes richer milk—better for baby.

Try Carnation Milk one month for everything and compare its cost with your bill for other [illegible]. You will save money and you will be sure, in Carnation, of a milk absolutely pure. Carnation Milk will not bring [illegible] to you or your children. It is safe, delicious, convenient.

FREE BOOK

We have prepared an unusual booklet containing recipes, suggestions for economical cooking, and the story of Carnation Milk. Write for your copy today

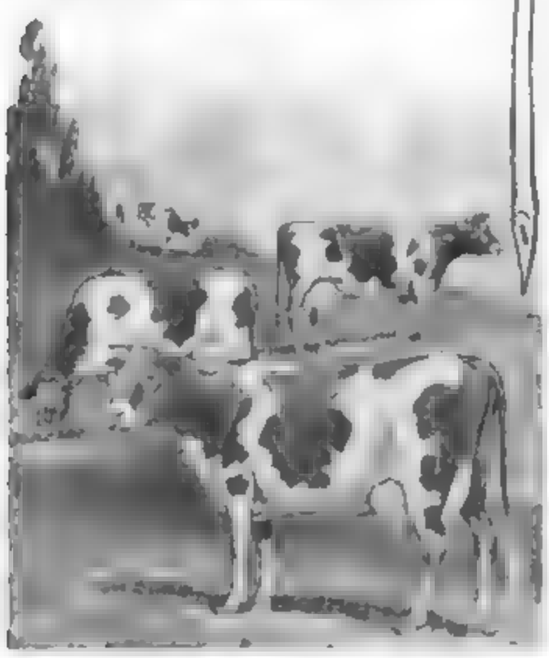
Tall can 10c—Baby size 5c
At your Grocer's

CARNATION MILK
—the Modern Milkman

"Flavor superior to all others or your money back"

Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Co.
SEATTLE, U. S. A.

Fourteen Condenseries in the States of Washington, Oregon, Wisconsin and Illinois



so close they could all be covered with the point of one's finger. I never saw this done, but know the piece would shoot extremely well.

The art of the rifle is not so essential today as it was in times when the man who could not shoot received the contempt of men and women alike, and practically was a pariah in the frontier community. Nonetheless, there are many men today who all their lives have done more or less rifle-shooting, and who have rather prided themselves on their skill. Such a man, when he comes to middle age or beyond, is apt to be very much chagrined when he finds his work with the rifle beginning to fall off, with many unaccountable misses and a general raggedness of performance. Usually he blames the rifle; sometimes he blames the rifle sights. In truth he should blame his own eyes, and should study the theory of rifle sights in the endeavor to find something that will adjust his sight to the passing of time.

The best of all hunting sights is without question the open sight of our forefathers. But that is the sight of the young man, the man in perfect physical condition, the man with good eyes, usually the man who is much out-of-doors and has little to do with books and electric lights. We all start in with open sights on our rifles when we are younger, and use them with greater or less success. But when we approach the time when we are obliged to use glasses we also approach the time when we must or ought to change from open sights to something else. To be sure, we may be able to get along well enough to kill game, but that does not necessarily satisfy the man who knows he is not making the performance he should.

How to Tinker Your Sights

Our manufacturers work on the great law of averages, just as do the makers of ready-made clothing and ready-made shoes. Grandpap would not have thought of using the clumsy metal barleycorn front-sight and buckhorn backsight which you buy on your twenty-dollar rifle today; but the very coarseness of these sights sometimes helps out errors in vision covering a wide term of years or a wide series of individual differences. Such a rifle fresh from the shop will shoot close enough to kill game. It was very probably sighted more by measure than by practice, and it is understood that each rifleman ought to tinker his own sights. Most of us let it go at that, at least while we are young and have the keenness of vision that goes with youth. It is something of a chore to sight a rifle, and most of us are too busy to bother with it.

Very likely when you bought your rifle you got with it a target showing a group of ten shots all in a six-inch bull at one hundred yards. That target was very likely made by some quiet Dutchman in the proving yard, who held with the top of the foresight just below the lower edge of the bull's-eye—which is the best way to hold to get in the black in target-work. It is not, however, the best way to hold in shooting game. Hence, when you take your new rifle out and hold dead on the bull's-eye you shoot too high. Then you try to lower the rearsight and find that it is as low as it will go, because the rifle barrel itself swells out at the breech and the sight has to be placed where the slot is cut for it in the barrel. Then you conclude that the gun shoots a little to one side, and pound the frontsight over the wrong way so that it shoots worse. After that you push over the hindsight which, of course, works the reverse of the frontsight. After a time you get all up in the air and have to go to a gunsmith for help.

The gunsmith will take the barrel from the breech, put it in a vise, and sight through the bore at a little point some distance away. That establishes the axis of the bore. Now look through your sights and see what you have for the axis of your sights. Very likely it is something quite different. Very likely, too, after you have the line of sight lined up with the axis of the bore you find the rifle will not shoot where you hold. This sometimes comes from the flip of the barrel, the enormous velocity of the modern rifle charge doing all sorts of strange things. So you will see that the sighting of your rifle today, even with plain open sights, is more puzzling than was the same job in grandpap's day.

The open sights of today usually mean a more or less coarse notch in the rear bar

The Interesting Inside Story of "Flake Foods"

FOR thirty-five years or more Battle Creek has been the health food center of this country. Its famous sanitarium has been and is the Mecca of health-seekers. The food-making experts of the world have received their inspiration from Battle Creek.

H. G. Butler, who for sixteen years superintended the health food plant at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, stands as the Dean of the cereal food industry.

In the early '90s the problem of a thoroughly digestible wheat food was being studied, and Mr. Butler finally perfected the process for making of each grain of wheat a tiny bit of toast.

H. G. BUTLER
Who developed and perfected the process of making wheat flakes and corn flakes.

Later he developed the first successful corn flake, and was one of the organizers and for several years superintendent of the largest corn flake company in Battle Creek.

Today Mr. Butler is President of the Mapl-Flake Mills, makers of Mapl-Flake, the whole wheat flake perfected from the original product worked out by him nearly a score of years ago.

Squeeze a piece of white fresh bread or biscuit in your hand; it will form a chunk of heavy, starchy dough. This is because the inside of the bread has not been completely dextrinized in baking.

Take the same quantity of Mapl-Flake, dampen it, and squeeze it in your hand. It will remain loose and flaky. This is because Mr. Butler's process breaks up the starch granules and bakes them perfectly, so that the stomach may digest them promptly and easily.

Mapl-Flake

—the food that keeps you well

is the whole wheat, cooked, and flaked, then passed through a hot mist of pure maple and rock candy syrup, then baked—making each flake a tiny bit of toast, wholesome and delicious.

The bran is left on the wheat, because it supplies the "rough stuff" required by the stomach and bowels to encourage normal, natural digestion and elimination.

Mr. Butler's latest achievement is to produce at last a perfect corn flake—Mapl-Corn Flakes. Ordinary corn flakes are so starchy that they have a constipating effect. Mr. Butler's process puts on each corn flake as much bran as there is on a grain of wheat.

The child fed upon Mapl-Flake or Mapl-Corn Flake does not have to be dosed with oil or pills.

Grocers sell home-size packages of these products. In hotels and on diners you are served "individual" packages.

MAPL-FLAKE MILLS, Battle Creek, Mich.

Who recommended your lubricating oil? *That is vital.*

Automobile lubricants are like automobile parts.

They must fit the car they are used on.

The correct oil cannot be determined by simple tests. Most motorists must depend on advice.

Dealers who handle Gargoyle Mobiloil can give you the specific recommendations of the Vacuum Oil Company—the recognized leaders in lubrication.

We supply them with a guide chart (printed in part below). The chart was prepared after a careful analysis of every American car and practically every foreign make. It will show you the correct grade of lubricating oil for your car (summer and winter).

In power-engineering circles these recommendations from us would be accepted as authoritative. You may feel assured that, in quality, the oils specified on the chart set a world standard.

They are put up in barrels, half-barrels, and in 5 and 1 gallon sealed, white cans.

The oils (refined and filtered to remove free carbon) are named:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic."

All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the column at the left opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that the [illegible] recommends. "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." [illegible] use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted

MODEL OF	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912
CARS	Summer / Winter	Summer / Winter	Summer / Winter	Summer / Winter	Summer / Winter
[illegible]	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]	Arc. / Arc.	Arc. / Arc.	Arc. / Arc.	Arc. / Arc.	Arc. / Arc.
[illegible]	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]	F / F	F / F	F / F	A / A	A / A
Cont'd					
[illegible]	B / A	B / A	B / A	B / A	B / A
Austin	A / A	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl)	B / A	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.
" (2 cyl) cont'd		A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.
" (4 cyl)	A / E	A / B	A / E	A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]		A / A	A / A	A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]				A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]				A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]		B / A			
[illegible]				A / Arc.	A / Arc.
Cadillac	B / A	A / A	A / E	A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]				A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]				A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]	B / B	B / B	B / B	B / B	B / B
[illegible]				A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]	A / A	F / F	A / A	A / A	A / A
[illegible]				A / A	A / A
[illegible]	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / Arc.
[illegible] Keeton			A / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]		A / F	A / E	A / E	A / A
[illegible] King				A / A	A / A
[illegible]	A / A	A / A	A / E	A / E	A / A
[illegible]	B / A	B / B	B / A	B / A	B / A
[illegible]		A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
[illegible] Motor	B / A	B / A	A / A	A / B	A / A
[illegible]	A / A	A / A	Arc. / Arc.	Arc. / Arc.	Arc. / Arc.
[illegible]	A / A	B / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
[illegible]			E / E	E / E	E / E
[illegible]		A / A	A / E	E / E	E / E
Franklin	B / B	B / F	B / Arc.	A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]	B / B	B / A	B / A	A / A	A / Arc.
[illegible]				A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]		A / A	A / Arc.		
[illegible]				A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]				A / Arc.	A / Arc.
[illegible]				A / Arc.	A / Arc.

By Specializing 17 Years on Fans and Small Motors, Perfection Has Been Achieved!

—Much to the Profit of Both Dealer and His Customer

Style "E"—Alternating Current Ceiling Fan

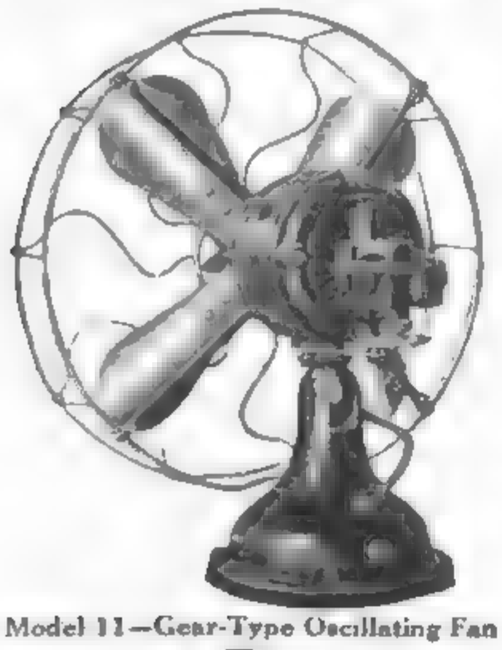
BY thousands of experiments extending through 17 years, by countless tests with our own and competitive mechanisms, we have learned the weak points of fan and motor construction! We have, therefore, strengthened each weakness until today long life and economy of operation are the supreme features of the "STANDARD" line.

It has been fascinating work—gathering together during the 17 years these Master Fan Specialists, these Motor Experts—to share with them the myriad experiments, the construction, the destruction and the patient rebuilding over and over again of "STANDARD" Fans and Motors.

It has been no easy matter to make the "STANDARD" line the true *high-quality* standard in *fact* as well as name. No, sir, it's been mighty *hard* work, though intensely interesting. We have sought to do the task *well*. We have *specialized* on the building of *high-grade* SMALL motors—of fans which consume the *minimum* amount of electricity.

8-Inch Residence-Type Desk Fan

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors and Fans



Model 11—Gear-Type Oscillating Fan

And still, we have been able to keep our prices down, so that neither dealer nor user pays more for *Robbins & Myers* "*STANDARD*" Fans and Motors than for the ordinary sort.

If you will use the coupon below or write, one of our experts will advise you as to greater efficiency and economy of power-service for your own particular needs. This advice is free. No obligation on your part.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Small Motors

Our Engineering Department, the largest and most expert of its kind, can cite a thousand instances where offices, factories and workshops have lowered operating expenses by installing economical and effecient "*STANDARD*" motors. This corps of motor specialists will be glad to hear from you and to advise as to YOUR needs.

We have a motor for practically every power-driven machine—and a hundred other machines that *should* be power-driven—1-30 to 15 horsepower. This, the largest plant in the world manufacturing small motors, can at an instant's notice serve you

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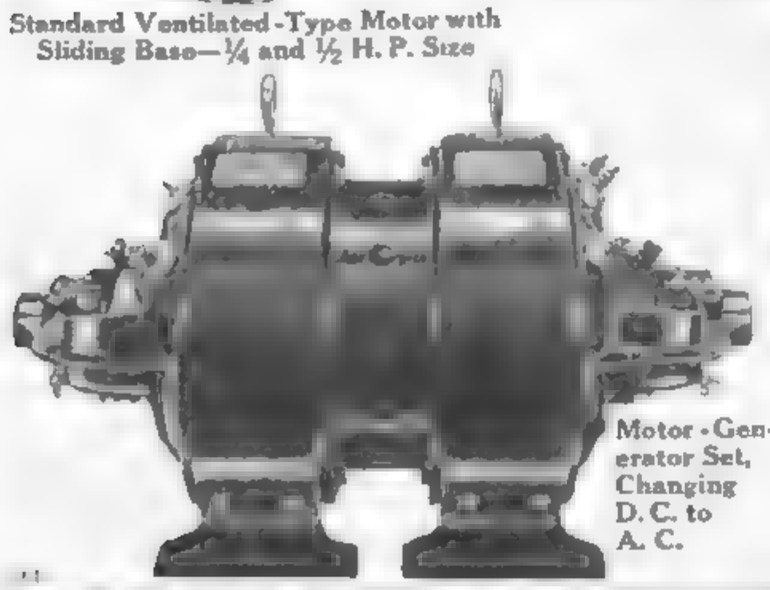

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AMERICA'S GREAT INDUSTRIES

Iron—By Roger W. Babson

AS SUGGESTED in the first of these two articles the question of legislation will depend ultimately on how much of the industry the largest steel corporations and certain interests friendly thereto now control. The Government's own statistics, given out through the Census Bureau, are of interest on this point:

Year	Total Output of United States	Output of Steel Corporation	Percentage of Corporation
1910	$3,424,534,544	$703,961,424	20.56
1909	3,084,322,497	636,382,251	20.46
1908	1,793,512,472	482,357,840	26.89
1907	2,837,657,074	737,014,767	25.97
1906	2,807,760,465	696,780,023	24.82
1905	2,370,736,726	637,341,736	26.89
1904	1,604,281,884	444,465,430	26.23
1903	1,801,012,896	514,972,871	28.57
1902	2,081,022,208	560,510,479	26.93

For 1905 the total iron and steel output of the United States, as here given, is taken from the census report; and the total for 1910 is calculated upon the basis of the increase of 52.7 per cent, shown by a recent census bulletin. The aggregates for the other years are estimated from the variation in the tonnage of our iron and steel production. In 1905, according to the census, the gross sales of the Steel Corporation—or, in other words, its total output—were equal to only 26.89 per cent of the aggregate output of the United States. Last year, however, its proportion of the total had apparently fallen to 20.56 per cent. These percentages are doubtless somewhat too low, since the census totals contain a good deal of duplication; but both governmental and private statistics clearly indicate that the Steel Corporation's share in our aggregate home business has declined, though its share in the export may have increased. Today its average share in ten leading products is said to be only 49.46 per cent, as compared with 55.13 per cent in 1902.

Buying and Selling to Advantage

In a general way, our advice to consumers as to when and how it is best to purchase and sell iron may be summed up as follows: Too many consumers are content to purchase whenever they have money on hand; but the careful student watches business conditions and acts accordingly. For instance, the price of pig-iron recently fell in a few months from nineteen dollars a ton to about fifteen dollars; and every pig-iron user remembers, in 1907, the rapid drop from twenty-seven dollars or more to about nineteen dollars. Such changes as these should be prepared for by both the buyer and the seller. When trade is booming, factories are full and construction work surpasses all limits it is time for the user of iron to retrench in his purchases and to buy only for present needs. Under such conditions a drop in price is sure to come. When business falls off, construction work becomes sluggish and fundamental conditions show that a rest period is being formed below the line of normal growth of the country then is the time to watch the price of this commodity. When the price reaches a low level, and other fundamental factors show that a change for the better may occur at any time, the consumer may safely buy ahead and lay in a stock for future use. He should not hold off too long, however, but be willing to buy when the outlook is dark, remembering that general business must soon improve. Above all things do not attempt to obtain the extreme lowest point. Again, one should not allow himself to be tempted to purchase iron before the correct time comes by temporary upward movements in the market. One can avoid this by being in touch with all the factors governing business conditions as a whole. Hence the reader should be in touch with the whole trade situation by having access to careful and complete information.

The seller of iron, no less than the buyer, should carefully observe all the factors above mentioned. When the boom is at its height he will not arrange for unlimited supplies in the future, but will watch all indications, press for sales at good prices and make contracts for future deliveries as far ahead as possible. Conversely, when prices are low he will make short contracts for deliveries, for he knows from a study of general conditions that the price is bound to rise. In this connection it may be added that certain manufacturers and consumers of steel have hedged by purchasing at about thirty-five to forty the Great Northern ore certificates. If there are 500,000,000 tons of ore represented by these 1,500,000 certificates, as many claim to be the case, this means that for the price of one of these certificates—say, $37.50—it is possible to obtain over three hundred tons of ore in the ground. Therefore, as ore increases in value, these certificates should likewise increase in value; and what one lost by the increasing cost price could be offset by holding these certificates.

Before closing this article I wish to say a word to the thousands of employees working in the industry. Remember that iron and steel are two of the basic industries of this country. Remember that you are engaged in one of the greatest factors of our nation's wealth. Our railroads would be impossible without you. The business sections of all great cities could not be constructed without your aid. Every department of life—yes, every branch of industry—is dependent upon you for its construction, its machinery and its tools.

Steel Stocks as Investments

This, however, should be considered by you as a responsibility and privilege rather than a power to be abused. When rolling a steel rail, or making the flange of a car-wheel or a link in an elevator chain, remember the lives which are dependent on your labors! I know of no class of work where quality should be more continually emphasized rather than quantity or price. Therefore, whether manufacturers or workmen, remember your responsibility and endeavor to make the best material possible, irrespective of output and price; in fact, consumers should also remember this and not endeavor to force down prices to a point that will in any way tend to affect detrimentally the quality of the product.

When considering steel stocks as an investment they must first be classified into three main divisions—namely:

1—First, there is the class of the small independent manufacturers. The stocks of such may or may not be safe investments, but are usually not when offered for public sale, as the small independent producer, if successful, wishes to finance his own proposition among his own family or friends, and very seldom offers the stock for sale outside. He usually has a close corporation and desires either to make all or lose all for himself.

2—The second class includes half a dozen of the large independent concerns whose stocks are regularly traded in and concerning which full particulars as to earnings can be obtained. Regarding these stocks, no definite advice can be given in a publication of this kind, as conditions and the status of these firms change so rapidly. However, it can be said that great care should be used when investing in the stocks of independent steel companies. The physical character of the plant, the earnings of the company over long periods of years, and especially the personnel and character of the management, should be most carefully studied.

3—The third class of steel securities includes simply those of the United States Steel Corporation; and the following figures regarding this corporation may be of interest: From April 1, 1901, to December 31, 1911, the reports of the corporation show a balance available for dividends of $720,080,046. Restoring the so-called $43,077,687 excess depreciation, the balance available for dividends would have been $763,157,733.

The report shows that from organization to December 31, 1910, the surplus available for dividends on the common averaged 9.07 per cent a year. Had the corporation computed depreciation on the Smith basis the surplus for the common would have

averaged 9.84 per cent, the excess depreciation since April 1, 1901, having averaged close to four million dollars a year, or nearly 1 per cent on the common stock.

The following table gives actual surplus for the common stock, percentage surplus for common stock, surplus based on the Smith depreciation allowances, with percentage surplus based on these allowances:

Year	Actual Surplus For Common Stock	Percentage Surplus for Common	Surplus Per Smith Report	Percentage Surplus Per Smith Report
1910	$62,187,508	12.2	$63,468,856	12.5
1909	53,854,017	10.6	55,835,477	11.0
1908	[illegible]	4.0	22,197,579	4.4
1907	[illegible]	15.6	85,962,458	17.0
1906	[illegible]	14.5	81,125,297	16.0
1905	[illegible]	8.5	46,845,903	9.2
1904	[illegible]	1.0	5,679,017	1.1
1903	[illegible]	5.0	34,367,329	6.7
1902	[illegible]	10.7	62,648,619	12.3
*1901	[illegible]	6.6	[illegible]	7.0
Yearly average		9.07		9.84

*Nine months.

Should the corporation conclude that its methods of computing depreciation are wrong and those of Commissioner Smith correct, theoretically it could suspend further allowances for deterioration, exhaustion of ores, etc., for two years, to even up matters. Ordinary repairs and sinking funds do not enter into the foregoing calculations.

Steel and Stock Prices

The tabulation below shows what the corporation has actually earned for its stock after depreciation, and so on, excess depreciation charges as claimed in the Smith report, and what the corporation would have earned for its stock, based upon Mr. Smith's allowances for depreciation:

Year	Actual Balance for Dividends	Excess Depreciation Charges per Smith Report	Balance for Dividends Based on Smith Depreciation Charges
1910	$ 87,407,184	$ 1,261,348	$ 88,668,532
1909	79,073,695	1,981,460	81,055,155
1908	45,728,713	1,688,543	47,417,256
1907	[illegible]	6,616,572	111,182,135
1906	98,128,586	8,216,388	106,344,974
1905	68,585,492	3,480,088	72,065,580
1904	30,267,529	631,165	[illegible]
1903	55,416,652	9,354,851	[illegible]
1902	90,306,524	8,062,272	[illegible]
*1901	60,600,108	1,765,000	[illegible]
Total	$720,080,046	$43,077,687	$763,157,733

*Nine months.

Personally I feel that the above figures, prepared by the United States Bureau of Corporations, do not allow nearly enough for depreciation and maintenance, and that today the common is not so seasoned an investment as here represented. Nevertheless the Steel Corporation is making money, and its other securities should at times be fairly safe investments for the business man. Further particulars regarding the United States Steel Corporation may be found in any manual of corporation securities, in the published annual reports of the company, or in the report of the House committee investigating the Steel Trust, issued by the public printer at Washington in February, 1912.

In conclusion, the following relation between the steel industry and the prices of securities in general may be of interest: The principle of the iron proverb—that iron and the stock market move together—is plain enough. A rising stock market means that plenty of capital is available for the purchase of securities and that the owners of this capital have enough confidence in the industrial situation to lead them to buy stocks at advancing prices. The same capital and the same confidence will lead to an increase in constructive enterprise in every direction, and iron is the principal constructive material—hence higher prices for iron and steel and greater production; but can we make practical use of the idea in judging the future?

One may prepare a chart to test the practical value of this theory. Plot, for a period of ten years to date, the average monthly price of iron, the unfilled orders of the United States Steel Corporation and the average price of thirty-two leading stocks. The first glance shows there is a general correspondence in the movements of all lines on the chart. Starting from any period of low prices, we find, as might naturally be expected, the following customary sequence of events:

1—Advance in stock prices, showing the gradual growth of capital and confidence.

2—An increase in unfilled orders and in production to fill those orders.

3—A rise in the price of iron, which increases in rapidity as the productive capacity of the country becomes more and more fully employed. This looks as though the stock market predicted iron prices much more successfully than iron statistics predict the movement of stocks.

There is, however, one important connection between iron and stocks, and that is as follows: Abnormal activity of general trade will so tax and strain the capital or the currency of the country—or both—as to force liquidation of securities; and, since iron is the principal material used in the construction which naturally accompanies new enterprises, such abnormal activity of trade is sure to be marked by a sharp advance in iron prices and in steel orders. A sensational advance in the price of iron is especially significant, therefore, to the holders of securities, because this does not occur until the productive capacity of the foundries is almost fully employed. In other words, it is one of the last of those phenomena that precede the culmination of a boom. This was very noticeable in 1836, 1845, 1854, 1864, 1872 and 1880; to a smaller degree in 1887, 1890 and 1895; and more emphatically in 1900, 1902 and 1906.

Truly the steel industry is tremendous, its growth marvelous and its future almost beyond the dream of man. It, therefore, is an industry requiring a tremendous amount of capital, and to attempt to become a manufacturer without the backing of great wealth would be very risky. Moreover, it is my opinion that one desiring to invest money in the steel business may obtain much better results by investing in one or more of the largest and most successful corporations now in existence than by endeavoring to start on his own account. On the other hand, for the young man with a technical training who desires to obtain a large salary and is satisfied with such a salary, no industry offers greater opportunities.

Manufacturers and others already in the business should give more attention to the study of fundamental conditions, especially of such subjects as railroad earnings, idle-car figures, new building statistics, mortgage-loan rates, foreign conditions and immigration figures. The condition of the bond market also has an intimate relation to the industry. Remember that in the steel industry there are great opportunities for profit and great opportunities for loss; that the man who is largely interested and who owes a large amount of money will be greatly pressed when the next inevitable depression comes, while the manufacturers with great resources and large bank balances will be able to buy independent plants, undeveloped ore lands and other properties they desire at ridiculously low prices, and later make tremendous profits thereby.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Babson dealing with the iron industry.

Reason in Reform

IT IS quite significant that six large societies, devoted to what flippant persons call "the uplift," recently met in the same city at the same time and got on very pleasantly. The Fathers brought with them to this country a considerable degree of political tolerance. In the course of a hundred years or so their descendants acquired religious tolerance. Both principles were well established when the Constitution was adopted. Of late tolerance in reform has been acquired.

There have always been plenty of reformers, but an important drawback was that many of them could get along with one another even less than they could get along with anybody else. Their message to the world—very especially including all other reformers—was apt to be: "Come over here—blast your eyes!—and get reformed!" There are still reformers, of course, who would begin operations by guillotining certain rivals; but, on the whole, reformers undoubtedly grow more tolerant of one another. This is very important, because the world is composed almost wholly of reformers—of people who want things bettered. Everybody wants to reform something. There are a good many people at this writing whose dearest political wish is to reform the reformers. Tolerance among reformers therefore really means tolerance for everybody. The distinguishing feature of the modern uplift is that it tries to understand what it is trying to uplift.

June and January

The Safe Way to Keep Vegetables and Fruit

Next winter—then will all the family thank the housewife who knows the art of "home jarring."

Imagine—corn, beans, peas and tomatoes, *home-grown* "garden stuff" with the real "Mother" taste. Peaches, pears, plums, and all manner of fruit as rich and luscious as when picked!

"Put up" your own vegetables and fruit. Make the *most* of your garden (or your market) and *laugh* at the grocer when he offers fancy-priced "canned goods."

ATLAS
E-Z SEAL JARS

(*Get one free from your grocer*)

The wide mouth takes most fruit *whole*—no rough edges, no trouble to clean. It has the sanitary, *all-glass* cap.

The "E-Z Seal" is another good thing—a wire spring that clamps over the glass top—easy to seal, easy to open. Your fruit will not *spoil* in "Atlas" Jars.

Cut Down Your Living Expense

The "high cost of living" is troubling most housewives. The grocer's winter prices are about as follows:

[illegible] $ [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
$ [illegible]

Six doz. Quart E-Z Seal Jars cost—any . . . $ 5.40
Actual cash saving (first year) between 72 quarts of "store goods" and 72 quarts of "home-jarred" goods $7.65

Thereafter your jars cost nothing and your yearly saving is $13.05, less the small cost of preserving. And vegetables from your own garden (or market) jarred in your own home are so much better than any you may buy! Many women are doing their own jarring—why not *YOU?*

"By its fruit you may know it."

A Free Jar and a Free Book

Our new Book of Recipes and Canning Instructions will be forwarded *free* on request. Every housewife should have this book. Remember, get the Free Book from *us*. Get the Free Jar from *your* grocer. Just present this coupon. Two things to do TO-DAY!

HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS CO., Wheeling, W. Va.

[illegible] Qt. E Z Seal Jar FREE
[illegible]
HAZEL-ATLAS [illegible] Co., Wheeling, W. Va.
This is to certify that I [illegible]
TO THE DEALER—Present this [illegible] whom you received E-Z Seal [illegible] signed by you and returned [illegible]
Name [illegible]
Address [illegible]

Ideal for city and suburban service.
Control so simple a child can drive it.
Six Speeds—the maximum faster than you'll care to drive.
Radius on fourth speed—12 miles per hour—120 miles.
Silent absolutely—worm drive

Seats five adults liberally.
Low Hung—Step even with the curb.
Velvet riding qualities attained by a long wheel base and "hammock suspension" springs.
Electrically:—complies with the best standard practice. No experiments or radical features.

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In a Word:—combines art with utility and those qualities requisite for a high-class, self-propelled equipage—comfort, luxury, beauty and grace.
Price:—1913 Model $2250 at the factory.
Catalog explains fully.

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Thin socks that wear

COMPARE the 25-cent Interwoven sock with the half-dollar sock of any other make. You will see that the Interwoven has the quality of yarn, sheerness of texture, brilliance of lustre and excellence of color.

Go a little further. Put on the Interwoven Socks. You will see that they fit without a wrinkle. Yet they have no seams to give way or hurt the feet.

Go still further. Wear the Interwoven Socks. They're *thin*. Yet you will be amazed at the length of time they wear without holes. Reason: They're wear-proofed at *every* wear-point—toe, heel, sole and ankle—by a patented process.

Interwoven Socks are sold direct from mill to retailer only. None sold by mail. You will find Interwoven Socks at the high-class haberdashers of practically every city or town in the United States and in many foreign countries. **Every pair plainly labeled "Interwoven." Never sold under any other name.**

All fashionable shades. All weights. Lisles at 25c, 35c, 50c the pair. Pure thread silk at 50c.

Interwoven Stocking Co., New Brunswick, N. J.
Sole Makers

SEEING AMERICA AND THE AUTOMOBILE

By Enos A. Mills

IT IS the desire of a large number of people that multitudes of travelers annually should look upon American scenery. This scenery will better the life of every one who visits it. Then, too, a movement of this kind would be helpful to the educational and economic welfare of the country. What is it necessary to do in order to make the scenic wonderlands of the United States the stamping ground of American and European travelers?

For an answer to this question it is necessary to ask the traveler. He knows what he wants, also where and how he wants it. As he has the deciding vote in this matter, it will be well to comply with his demands. The travel habit is growing with amazing rapidity; the United States has but to meet the demands of the traveler and he will come.

The traveler's ultimatum contains four main propositions. These are:

1. Grand scenery.
2. Excellent climate.
3. Good entertainment.
4. Swift, comfortable transportation.

When all these demands are supplied with a generous horn of plenty, then—but not until then—will multitudes travel in America.

Though these are demands of magnitude, they are not difficult for us to supply. As a matter of fact, Nature has already supplied the basic and better half of these—the scenery and the climate. These we have but to exploit—to develop by making them accessible and hospitable with transportation, roads and hotels—and the traveler's demands are supplied.

As the traveler is eager to do America, a small definite effort on our part and American scenes will have their annual invasion and income.

The first demand of the traveler—for grand scenery—can be abundantly supplied in the ample scenic reservations of the Government. These wonderlands, fortunately, were wisely reserved for the special benefit of the traveler because of their unrivaled loveliness and grandeur, their scenic wonders, and for the distinguished courtesy of their climate. It is in these places that the traveling throng will ultimately converge.

There are other localities, with good climate and with a scenic or other attraction for the traveler. Local manners and customs, industrial development and historic places will afford incidental delights for the traveler, once he is here. Places of this kind are helpful in maintaining the flow of travel, but they do not start it. The traveler's foremost desire is scenery.

What the Public Wants

With scenery and climate waiting, this brings us to the third of the traveler's demands—good entertainment. In this we fail. There are comparatively few hotels in the national parks, and some of these reservations are without any accommodation for the traveler. The combined hotel room in our forty-one parks will accommodate a comparatively limited number of travelers. The Yellowstone Park excels both in the number and in the character of its hotels, as it does also in its roads. However, extensive hotel room is being provided in the Glacier National Park. Hotels are essential and roads are necessary, and we are short on both. We shall start wrong if, by excessive nagging and advertising, we succeed in starting a flow of travel into these wonderlands before the traveler can have accommodations. On the whole, our wonderlands are not yet ready for the traveler.

The hotel or entertainment problem is complicated with the transportation problem; in fact, the hotel is dependent upon the road. Good roads must come first; they would, as it were, bridge the impassable gulf and thus allow travelers to enter these wonderlands. The making of good roads through these places is the necessary preliminary work to insure the coming of places of entertainment that would supply the traveler's third demand.

Good roads, too, are a part but not all of the answer to the fourth and final ultimatum of the traveler—swift, comfortable transportation. A poor road often turns the traveler back; but an uncomfortable or poky conveyance will also cause him to turn back, no matter how smooth the road or how splendid the waiting scene. As a matter of fact, most travelers simply will not start unless the carrying conveyance is swift and comfortable.

With these scenic reservations ready, with roads and places of good cheer, it is probable that the multitudes of travelers would postpone the seeing of these places until they could do so with swift, comfortable transportation. Shall we supply this cheerfully and succeed in our desires or offer a substitute and fail?

The automobile appears to be the only conveyance that will satisfy this demand. It would delightfully do so—there are no substitutes just as good. Plainly the heavy cramped stagecoach, or any horse- or ox-drawn vehicle, would not do; these would be declined and their offer resented by the waiting traveler. Fully to comprehend the importance of the tireless motor car and the inferiority of the horse-drawn vehicle in transporting passengers through the national parks and monuments, it is necessary that it be remembered that these wonderlands are empires in extent and mountainous in makeup.

When Passengers are Pleased

This question of satisfactory transportation lies wholly within the borders of these wonderlands. The railroad already reaches the boundaries of a number of them; and ultimately, and perhaps early, it will be built to the boundaries of most if not all of them. The automobile, then, should connect with the railroad on the boundaries of these wonderlands and carry the traveler pleasantly through them. Unfortunately the automobile is excluded from a majority of them and by hampering restrictions is rendered almost useless in the others.

The automobile was excluded by the large prejudice which was loud a few years ago. There was no evidence against it, no trial, no consideration of its merits. The reasons offered for this exclusion were that it would frighten horses and thus endanger the lives of those who used horse-drawn vehicles; it was too hard on the road; it raised too much dust and would frighten game.

These objections are most effectively answered by the achievements of the automobile in the mountains of the West outside the parks. The extensive use of the automobile on dangerous mountain roads conclusively shows that the objections to it for park use are incorrect, and its demonstrated efficiency shows that to longer exclude it from park use is a blunder.

The Western mountain people have adopted the automobile. They did this because it made good; and it made good, too, despite their predictions and in defiance of their aggressive unwelcome. They were willing that it should be wrecked on the way; when it arrived they were inclined to burn it. In a month they couldn't do without it.

The automobile is one of the most useful machines that ever came to cheer or to assist the isolated mountaineer. It skipped the long, heavy grades and annihilated the distances. It eased labor, reduced the cost of living and added newness of vision to existence. It is in general use throughout the West and is most useful where the mountains are most precipitous. It is used by stockmen, fruit-growers, milkmen, ranchmen, county commissioners, drummers, sheriffs and, most important of all, by stage companies.

It is carrying the passengers and the mail over a number of long and prominent stage-roads. It has been thus used from three to five years, and I am unable to find a single instance of its being dropped after trial. On the other hand, it is steadily displacing the old horse stage.

The terrible things predicted for the automobile stage never happened. Other things did happen. It brought passengers

through with fewer errors and accidents; it was less frequently late; it doubled travel within a year; it brought in visitors and investors. It noticeably improved business.

On the first meeting with the automobile the mountain horse forgot to jump down three hundred feet to the bottom of the cañon as he was supposed to do; this queer thing got the better of his curiosity and he paused to look at it. Mountain horses—or many of them—commonly are frightened at something or make a good bluffing pretense at it two or three times a day. Again and again they were given opportunity and frequently encouragement to get excited at the oncoming auto, but on only a few occasions did they do so. They did, however, insist on their right to become frightened at other things. Occasionally a rolling stone caused such a swift aboutface with the horses that the coach was all broken up over it. Sometimes the leviathan snout of a log that the horse had seen a hundred times before would cause him to stand up on hindlegs, unmindful of the mountainous topography of the locality. And then, too, if a freight wagon lost a sack of oats the first horse to come in sight of it, utterly illogical, instantly stampeded beyond control.

The horse-drawn coach is one of the most dangerous vehicles to ride in through the mountains; the automobile is one of the safest. The horse frequently becomes frightened; the automobile never. A horse-drawn coach in the mountains is an aggregation of easy opportunities for accident. The fall or the fright of any one of the six horses may end in wrecking the coach. The breaking of a line may be followed by a runaway. The coach is much more likely to upset or to get beyond control than an automobile. If two coaches meet in a bad place it is a problem to pass; a coach does not "back up" easily. In a coach and its equipment there are more numerous places where a break may occur than in an automobile, and in a coach the break is much more likely to result seriously.

For the safety of the passengers who are carried through the national parks the horse should be excluded and the automobile used.

The experience of Estes Park, Colorado, is in order in connection with the proposed use of automobiles in the national parks. Estes Park is one of the scenic places of the Rocky Mountains. The travel industry is its livelihood. Travelers have been visiting it for half a century. It grew slowly through the years, but up to five years ago its few small hotels were never prosperous. Travelers came into it over twenty-five miles of steep mountain roads in slow-moving horse coaches. The schedule time of these was five hours. If the weather was hot or stormy, or if the coach was overcrowded—in all uncomfortable times—the time was dragged out to seven or eight hours. Upsets and other accidents occasionally happened. Rarely did any one enjoy the journey except occasional "newlyweds" who had the coach to themselves.

The automobile came and started to haul passengers in the face of bitter local prejudice. The few frights it has given horses have not resulted in a broken bone. It multiplied travel and reduced the number of accidents! It brought in investors; and in five years the automobile has done more business than was done during the preceding forty-five years of horse-coach régime. Yet the only feature the automobile added was swifter, safer and more comfortable transportation. Under the rubber tires of the automobile the mountain roads are easier to maintain than under the narrow steel tires of the horse coach.

As a concrete case in park transportation consider the Yellowstone. The present five-day special trip through this wonderland could be reduced easily to three with the automobile. This change would save the traveler two days' time and the cost of two days in hotels. On a two-weeks trip a still greater proportion of saving in time and money could be accomplished.

The park roads should develop the scenery by making it viewable. These wonderlands are stupendous natural landscape gardens. The road through them should be an added attraction, not something that mars. The road should turn out and salute the great trees, pictured rocks and other artistic groupings, and never penetrate or destroy the striking features.

The road should avoid the cañon and with graceful folds climb to the more inspiring heights. Better a minute on a scene-commanding height than an hour in the dim and limited outlook of a cañon.

Experience in the West and elsewhere shows that the horse is a dangerous motive power on a mountain road. The automobile is far safer. By excluding the automobile from the parks we exclude the travelers who use it; this excludes a majority of travelers. We cannot hope to win either European or American travelers by denying them that which they deem most essential of all. Europe has a tourist industry worth five hundred million dollars annually. Three hundred and fifty millions of this is spent by Americans. Europe invites the automobile. The automobile is given a thoughtful welcome in the national parks of Canada.

The United States has ample and unrivaled scenery; in fact, the entire scenery of all other nations cannot duplicate many of the wonders in our national parks. With the enormous assistance the automobile alone can give, this scenic asset will produce enormous annual disbursements—disbursements that will stimulate the business of the entire country.

The automobile may not be the best way, but it is the leading evangel in getting outdoor converts. Outdoors has a large and important place in the health, education and public spirit of every one. For the traveler, the automobile often is a blessing, because it changes a long, hard journey into a short pleasure trip.

The Senator's Secretary

WHEN a president of the United States desires a Cabinet composed of great legal luminaries he should have no difficulty in getting what he wants. At any rate, Mr. Taft had no difficulty. He announced soon after he was elected that he intended to surround himself with leading lawyers; and when he had finished the surrounding he had an excellent average as such things go. Nothing was further from his thoughts, he said, than to put politicians into his Cabinet, and that condition remained a long way from the thoughts. He didn't put them in. Not a solitary politician seeped into that Cabinet.

The score was: lawyers, five; once lawyers, two; business men, one; farmers, one. The first batting order of the lawyers was Knox, Dickinson, Wickersham, Ballinger and Nagel—lawyers; Hitchcock and MacVeagh—once lawyers; Meyer—business man; and Wilson—farmer. Of course Hitchcock never had practiced much, but developed along biological lines in the Government service, and MacVeagh went into the grocery business; but they have their diplomas just the same. Presently Ballinger dropped out and was succeeded by Fisher, lawyer; Dickinson quit, and Stimson, lawyer, took his place. Thus, the ratio was maintained. Likewise the ratio of politicians was preserved, there being just as many on hand after the injection of Stimson and Fisher as there had been before—which is none.

It is quite true that Mr. Hitchcock had some celebrity as a politician when operating the steam roller, under direction of Mr. Roosevelt, for the nomination of Mr. Taft, but at present he cannot be classed as a politician.

It cannot be denied that great legal luminaries are of much consequence in their proper sphere, which is illuminating the law; nor is it open to contradiction that their services are valuable to the Government in the illuminating manner aforesaid. The members of a presidential Cabinet, however, are supposed to be the advisers of the president; and, though it may be the President has been in need of advice as to law, it is certain he has been in need of advice as to politics in dire need of just that. His luminaries have had no political advice to offer; and if they had tons of it, backed by knowledge and experience, the President, while retaining his conviction that it was up to him to be a non-partisan president, would probably not have taken any of it.

The President continued in his attitude as a non-partisan until a few days before he jumped into Massachusetts and on Colonel Roosevelt simultaneously. Then he became

Save the Babies

IF YOUR heart goes out to some helpless mite of humanity; if the little hands of a baby hold you in loving slavery; if you tiptoe at night into the nursery for one more look at your child; if you plan and scheme for his future; if you are torn with anxiety when sickness seizes him—does not all this prompt you to think, sometimes, of other babies? Babies with no one to care for them, babies suffering from pain and neglect, babies starving from improper feeding? Do you not sometimes wish that for the sake of your own baby of today—or of yesterday—you could do something for those other babies? Will you not share now in building an institution to help the babies of this whole United States?

A NATIONAL INSTITUTION

The Infants' Hospital, a charitable corporation, is doing pioneer work for the saving of babies everywhere. Like the Rockefeller Institute, this hospital is of national scope. It is situated in Boston, near the great medical schools and other famous hospitals there.

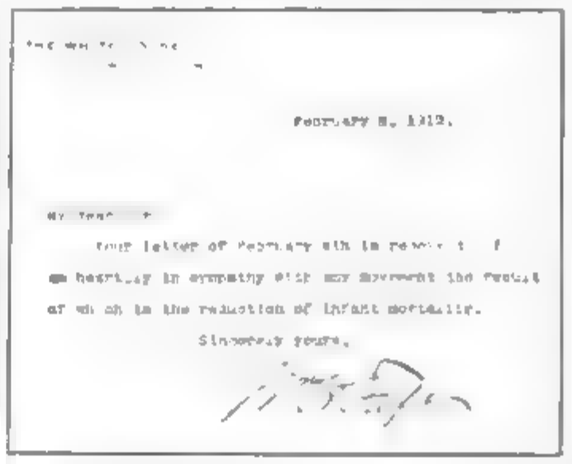
Pasteur, after years of study, found a serum to prevent hydrophobia. Investigations have disclosed antitoxins for the prevention and cure of diphtheria. A German doctor recently discovered a specific to cure one of the most insidious diseases known. A Boston hospital is making important demonstrations regarding cancer.

As each of these discoveries has spread its benefits world-wide so do the results of the investigations of the Infants' Hospital in the much neglected study of infants' diseases radiate over this entire country.

This hospital has been saving babies for thirty-one years. It is training mothers, doctors, nurses, sending forth throughout the United States graduates and physicians better equipped to save babies. Its data and reports go to hospitals, asylums, houses of refuge and other institutions everywhere, aiding those who care for hundreds of thousands of orphan babies. It is studying babies—collecting, comparing, codifying data—inventing new and better modes of preventing or curing the ills of babies everywhere—infantile paralysis and other terrible and puzzling diseases. It intends, with your help, to add a working laboratory from which any person or institution in the land may receive free assistance or advice.

This hospital, for years hampered by the lack of equipment and ill-adapted quarters, is now constructing a new and modern building near the Harvard Medical School. $125,000 has already been spent upon this building; $70,000 is still needed to finish and equip it. Unless it is raised building operations must cease.

We ask your assistance. The spirit which gives a dollar to this cause is as much appreciated as that which gives five thousand dollars.

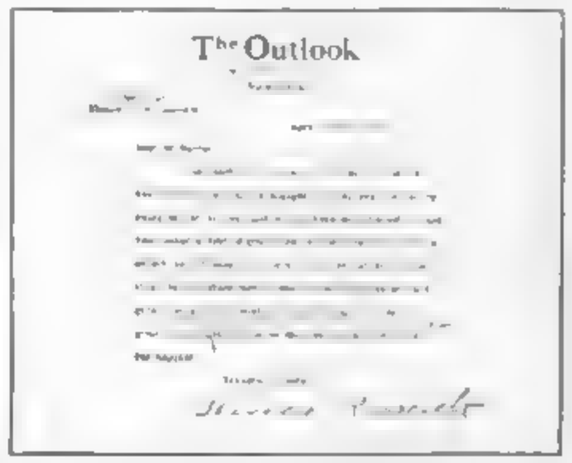


February 8, 1912.

My dear [illegible]

Your letter of February 6th in relation to [illegible] hearty sympathy with any movement the result of which is the reduction of infant mortality.

Sincerely yours,



The Outlook

Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard College, says:—"The Infants' Hospital has rendered much of noble service. In this enlightened community it ought to be enabled, through ample gifts of money, to render even more."

Dr. J. Collins Warren says:—"I feel that if we build this temple, dedicated to infant life, and equip it with all the most modern machinery for fighting disease, we shall not only alleviate a vast amount of suffering, but we shall train a regiment of expert physicians, who will be forever on guard to protect our children and grandchildren from the lurking foes of disease."

President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University says:—"It is not only the children whose lives are saved in this hospital that we have to think of. It is not only the mothers of those children; it is not only the other members of children assisted by physicians and nurses; it is the benefit to all generations of the knowledge how to save human life."

Two million babies died in the last ten years; many of these needlessly.

Perhaps you know of one that might have been saved, in whose memory you will help to save suffering little strangers of today and tomorrow.

Every dollar and half-dollar is needed. Slip a bill into an envelope now, and send it to the Infants' Hospital Fund, care of the bankers, Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Co., Box 7, Boston, Massachusetts.

Your contribution will be published in the newspapers unless otherwise desired. For further information, address Infants' Hospital, 37 Blossom Street, Boston, Mass.

Do You Know the Health Value of Grapes? —and Grape Juice?

THAT they are blood builders and yielders of energy and vitality, enemies of dyspepsia?

—That across the water thousands benefit by them yearly?

—That pure rich *grape juice*, undiluted and unsweetened, gives you all these health qualities in a delightful, delicious and refreshing form—

—And that the purest and richest grape juice that it is possible to produce is

Armour's
Grape Juice

The Family Drink

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow

The Armour Factories, situated in the heart of the famous Michigan and New York vineyard districts, command the cream of each season's crop.

The splendid purple Concords, left on the vines until ready to burst with the juice, go to press the day they are gathered.

Preservation is by sterilization and air tight bottling.

Drunk with meals and between meals, Armour's Grape Juice refreshes and invigorates, offering a resistance to the enervating effect of hot weather.

Is sold by most grocers and druggists, at fountains, buffets and clubs.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid. Address Armour & Company, Dept. 156, Chicago.

ARMOUR & COMPANY

as partisan as the most fastidious could wish; but that was late—quite late, in fact.

Any president can renominate himself, even in the face of an onslaught like that of Colonel Roosevelt, if he attends to political conditions instead of ignoring them. Mr. Taft would have had his renomination sewed up long ago—his renomination, not his reelection—if he had been a politician himself, or had been wise enough to choose politicians instead of lawyers for his intimate advisers. And it wasn't necessary to overlook lawyers, either, in choosing politicians for Cabinet ministers. There are many good lawyers in Congress who are good politicians also. They have to be or they wouldn't be in Congress. Furthermore, it would have helped Mr. Taft a lot, inasmuch as he had no legislative experience himself, to have had a few Cabinet members who knew Congress and the mechanics of that highly complicated machine, instead of relying for his congressional advice and counsel on as selfish a crowd of lawmakers as this country has ever known.

Knox went into the Cabinet with a grouch. He was of the opinion Colonel Roosevelt should have selected him as the man to make president instead of Taft, whom Roosevelt did select. Of course, if Colonel Roosevelt had selected Knox it is quite possible Knox would be president now instead of Taft. However, Knox took the premiership of the Cabinet as Secretary of State, salving his wounded feelings thereby; but Knox isn't a politician and never was. He was a corporation lawyer when he became Attorney-General, and the Pennsylvania machine made him United States Senator. Knox's relations with his chief never were particularly intimate, and it wasn't long before the President was using Wickersham as his chief adviser in legal matters; whereupon Knox contracted another grouch. Also, Mr. Knox doesn't like routine or detail; nor is he insistent about working all the time. And he has played a sort of a lone hand.

MacVeagh was a big merchant in Chicago. He was a Democrat as much as he was anything political. He never had fussed much with the game, and his contributions to the politics of the Administration were not very weighty, though Mr. Taft might have helped himself some if he had placed himself publicly and firmly behind MacVeagh's Boston speech.

Tribute and Retribution

Dickinson was a Democrat and is yet. He was general counsel for the Illinois Central Railroad. His selection by Mr. Taft emphasized the non-partisan and non-geographical character of the Cabinet, for Dickinson not only came from the same city—Chicago—as MacVeagh, but from the same ward in that city. Dickinson's political sympathies are Democratic. He may not be a radical Democrat, but he is a Democrat; and he was of no particular assistance in outlining Republican policies for Mr. Taft, with Mr. Taft a candidate for renomination. So Dickinson quit and Stimson was made Secretary of War in his place. Stimson is a lawyer and has had a political job or two—appointive jobs, however, not elective. His only experience with real politics was when he was Colonel Roosevelt's candidate for governor of New York and was beaten. He couldn't and didn't help, though he remained loyal to Taft when his former patron—Roosevelt—went into the contest.

Wickersham had no political experience. He was a corporation lawyer from New York, connected with a leading firm; and he sallied forth on his new job of dissecting corporations, instead of constructing them, with a fervor that hurt Mr. Taft politically in a good many ways and helped him in few.

A man who had been active in 1908 in raising funds for Mr. Taft's campaign was at the White House one day last spring.

"I suppose I can depend on you to raise some money for my next campaign?" Mr. Taft said to him.

"No" the man replied, "I don't think I can raise any this year."

"Why not?" asked the President.

"Well, you see, Mr. President," the visitor replied, "about all the men who contributed to your campaign fund through me in 1908 are now under indictment by the Department of Justice."

Meyer was in the Massachusetts legislature for a time, and was made an ambassador in order to keep him from running for

The Winning of
Western Canada
Is Creating Countless Opportunities for You

There are more square miles in the four provinces (states) which comprise Western Canada than there are in all the states east of the Mississippi River. It's the winning of this "Kingdom of Wheat" that is attracting the attention of the civilized world and creating countless opportunities for you.

Vast areas of timber, mineral and 40-bushel-to-the-acre wheat land are being opened to the lumberman, miner and farmer by the building of the

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

from ocean to ocean. 350,374 settlers came [illegible] million [illegible] call of the Last West in the

Hundreds of New Towns

on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway merchant manufacturers, investors, professional men mechanics, clerks and so forth, will find OPPORTUNITY and a *warm welcome*. Get in—get in early—get in *right*. It's

Village Yesterday—Town Today—City Tomorrow

in Western Canada. One of the greatest services rendered by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company to those who desire to identify [illegible] with the onward movement of the [illegible] West is the Company's policy regarding townsite property. Merchants, manufacturers and investors may purchase Grand Trunk [illegible] property at prices ranging from $[illegible] to $[illegible] on easy terms [illegible] interest. For you this means a store, factory or home site at a low cost; or it may open the way for you to invest a small or large sum in property—getting it direct from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. However, it is not necessary for you to buy property [illegible] to receive any assistance we can give; so place your problem before us. Act quickly, *decisively*. Through our authorized agents we will point out the best towns and opportunities for *you*—individually. Tell us what you want to do. Let us bring you in close touch with leading wholesale houses, commercial clubs, boards of trade, [illegible] and [illegible] and entirely free, [illegible] be treated confidentially and individually. Write to us, also ask for free, illustrated book—

"A Chain of Opportunities"

[illegible] Learn [illegible] $ [illegible] and many other towns wherein lie opportunities. Write tonight. Address:

G. U. RYLEY, Land Commissioner

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

Room 316 Union Station
WINNIPEG, CANADA

(12)

FEDERAL TIRES

FEDERAL TIRES are more durable than average tires — because they are built that way. They represent the highest quality standards of automobile tire construction — are of uniform grade—contain no faults - satisfactory in service rendered.

Federal Tires are recognized everywhere as the tires of "Extra Service."

They cost no more than average tires and they give much longer service.

Made in all types, for all standard rims

Write for interesting booklet. Federal Tires are procurable at leading dealers.

Federal Rubber Manufacturing Co.
Milwaukee

Branches and Agencies: New York, Boston, [illegible]

the United States Senate against Senator Lodge. When he tired of foreign life President Roosevelt brought him to Washington and made him Postmaster-General for the same reason, both Lodge and Roosevelt being politicians and firm friends. Mr. Taft put Meyer into his Cabinet out of a similar tender regard for Mr. Lodge, and Meyer has been very calm ever since. He has had little to do with the politics of the Administration.

Hitchcock learned some politics in 1908 but he was badly handicapped by the non-partisan attitude assumed by Mr. Taft. Apparently the President found no reason for helping himself by doing what Hitchcock wanted or had promised as chairman of the Republican national committee, and Hitchcock soon found that his political advice, whether good or bad, was not sought at the White House. He was superseded, in a measure at least, by Secretary Hilles, and he retired to the contemplation of a parcels post, Government telegraph and other similar subjects, and let it go at that. Hitchcock claims he is taking no part in politics and it looks as if he were not. Certainly he should not be anxious to stand sponsor for the Taft politics that has been played, either in the early or the late days of the Administration.

Nagel was a St. Louis lawyer. He had had some local political experience. He took over the Department of Commerce and Labor, and it was thought he was to be the great political adviser for Mr. Taft. Nagel never showed his hand to any extent until the recent contest between the Taft and Roosevelt forces for control in Missouri. He was the Taft manager or the representative of Taft in that fight; and the way the active Roosevelt politicians spread-eagled Mr. Nagel was pitiful to see. Nagel had the advantage on the start, but he failed to press it; and Roosevelt got the delegates.

The Cabinet a Total Loss

Ballinger was too busy with his own troubles to do anything, even if anything was to be done; and Fisher, who had political experience in a local way in municipal matters in Chicago, took his place. Fisher is the livest wire in the Cabinet; but he is a lawyer, not a politician, and whatever efforts he may have made helped none. The carrying of Illinois by Colonel Roosevelt made the first big dent in the Taft campaign.

Uncle James Wilson was retained probably because of his strength with the farmers, which is legendary. Uncle Jim doesn't concern himself with politics much these days, nor has he during the Taft Administration. He, too, has had his troubles.

Of course Mr. Taft wanted lawyers and he got them—admirable lawyers and excellent gentlemen; but the difference between what Mr. Taft wanted and what he needed is very great. His ineptness in political matters is so marked that he would have been wise if he had put several skillful politicians in his Cabinet. Instead, that very political ineptness led him to choose lawyers—and not even lawyers who knew much of anything about Congress or the general affairs of the Government, except in the most general way. When Mr. Taft was panting for good political advice there was none to be had from his immediate official family—from the men who, by every political and personal and official reason, should be as well equipped to advise politically as they are to advise legally. Law is a great essential and the knowledge of it is of much service; but no bunch of lawyers ever helped a candidate to get what he was after unless they had some political sense and experience combined with their legal acumen.

So far as his campaign for renomination is concerned, Mr. Taft's legal-luminary Cabinet has been a total loss. Some of its members have made speeches here and there, but they were legal arguments mostly, appealing to lawyers but making no appeal to the voting public as a whole. On the other hand, Mr. Taft has considered them as lawyers; and even if they had been able to advise him politically it is doubtful whether he would have listened to them. It has worked both ways. Mr. Taft until recently has been impatient of political advice, and his Cabinet has been barren of any really good brand of it. Wherefore Mr. Taft is now trying to pull scattered ends together—ends that never need have been scattered had he cut out a legal luminary here and there and put in a man or two who had political sense.

How a Manufacturing-Firm Follows-Up its National Advertising at Half the Usual Printing-Cost

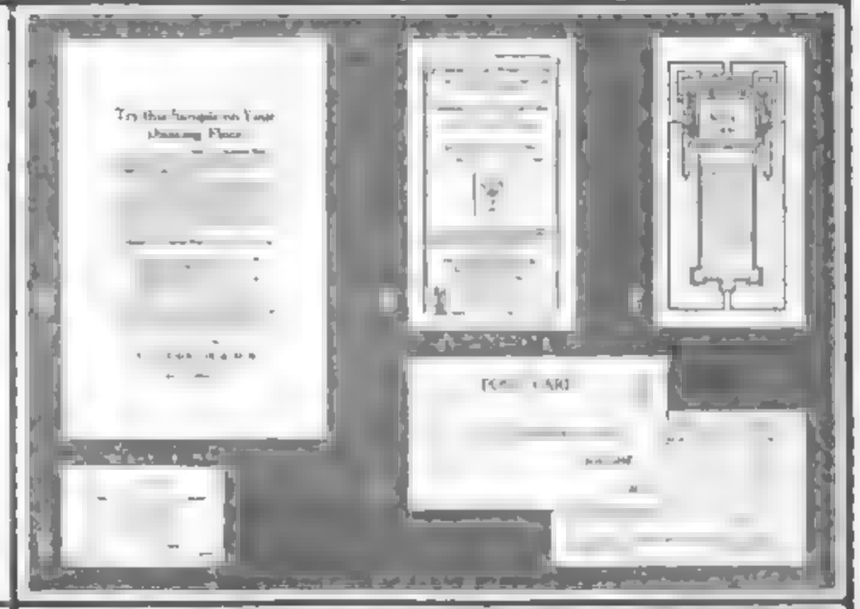
EACH group of printing reproduced below represents a large class in a campaign that has solved the problems of thoroughness, convenience and economy. Every form shown was printed, imprinted or typewritten on the Multigraph.

Locating Prospects for the Dealer

(a) Typewritten on the Multigraph
(b) Printed on the Multigraph, from hand-set type.
(c) Typewritten on the Multigraph

Advertising and Selling-Helps for the Dealer

(d) Printed on the Multigraph, from electrotype
Printed on the Multigraph from electrotype, with dealers' imprint [illegible] hand-set type
Printed on the Multigraph [illegible]
f Printed on the Multigraph, from hand-set type
h Printed on the Multigraph from hand-set type

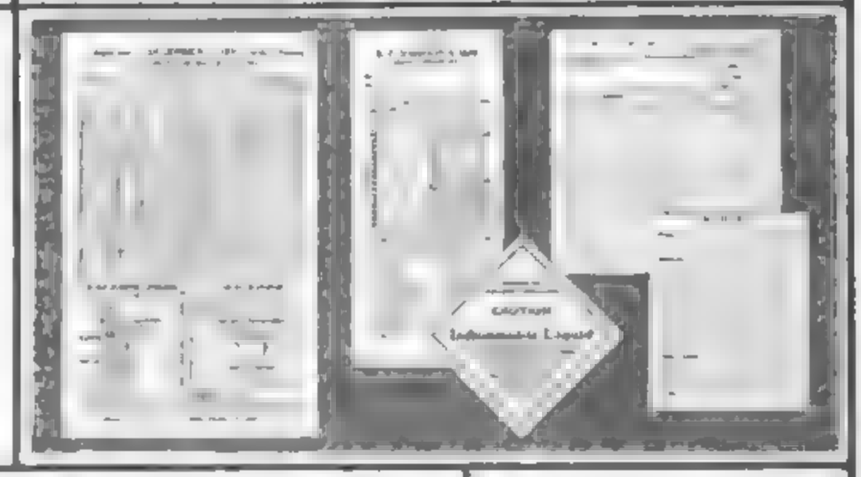


Imprinting

Labels and dealers' folders—imprinted on the Multigraph, from hand-set type.

System-Forms

All printed on the Multigraph, from electrotypes.



THE above forms are a part of the model follow-up campaign of S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wisconsin. It is operated without prohibitive cost because these and many other features of the campaign are produced wholly or in part on the Multigraph. Read what S. C. Johnson & Son say:

[illegible] work alone. One Multigraph now does the work of two Gordon presses."

The saving effected by the Multigraph is only a part of the benefit you receive. There is also the great convenience and privacy of doing your own printing under your own roof—when you want it, and in quantities as small or as large as you like. And remember, the same machine that does your printing will also do form-typewriting. Ask us for literature, samples and data. Write today. Use the coupon.

The American Multigraph Sales Co.

Executive Offices 1800 E. Fortieth Street Cleveland Ohio U.S.A. Branches in Sixty Cities Look in Your Telephone Directory

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Company, 59 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Berlin, W. 8 Kronenstr., 70 Ecke Friedrichstr.

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

Check them on this slip and enclose it with your [illegible] what others are doing

AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO
1800 E. Fortieth St., Cleveland

Printing:
- Booklets
- Folders
- Envelope-Stuffers
- House-Organ
- Dealers' Imprints
- [illegible]
- System Forms
- [illegible]
- Bill Heads and Statements
- Receipts, Checks, etc.
- Envelopes

Typewriting:
- Circular Letters
- Booklets
- Envelope Stuffers
- Price-Lists
- Reports
- Notices
- Bulletins to Employees
- Inside System-Forms

Barrett Specification Roofs

THE building illustrated is the new County Court House at Omaha, Neb., which carries a Barrett Specification Roof.

This roof will undoubtedly last over twenty years without a cent of expense for painting or maintenance of any kind.

The *saving in maintenance expense* combined with the *low first cost* makes Barrett Specification Roofs less expensive per year of service than any other kind.

The use of The Barrett Specification not only protects the Architect and Owner as to materials and methods, but, whenever possible, we will, if desired, have an inspector verify same in accordance with the inspection clause in the Specification.

We shall be pleased to mail architects, engineers or owners of buildings, copies of The Barrett Specification with diagrams from which blue prints can be made. Address nearest office.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING.—Shall be a Barrett [illegible] Roof [illegible] as described in printed Specifications, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

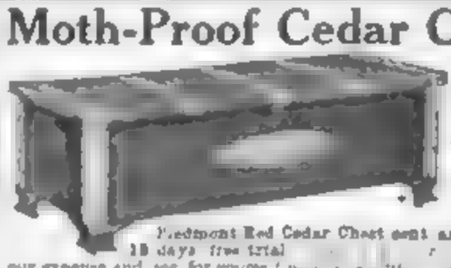
New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Pittsburgh
Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis New Orleans Seattle London, Eng.
The Paterson Mfg. Co., Ltd.—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg
Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

Barrett Specification Roof

$10,000 GUARANTEED
PORCH SWINGS
On 30 days' free trial guaranteed one year under $10,000 bond to repair and money if requested.

[illegible] $5 [illegible] $4.90 up. Write for booklet and free trial.
Hostler & Zook Co.
Box 203, Belleville, Pa.

Moth-Proof Cedar Chest



Sent on 15 Days' Free Trial

[illegible] Piedmont Red Cedar Chest sent anywhere on 15 days free trial [illegible] our expense and see for yourself [illegible] a handsome piece of furniture it is. Moth [illegible] dust and damp proof. Makes unique Bridal gift. Direct from factory prices. Freight prepaid. Send for big 56 page illustrated free book showing all styles and prices and particulars of [illegible]
PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 6, Statesville, N. C.

Fluffy Ruffles

The Aristocratic "Sweet-Meat Unique"

ONE DOLLAR THE POUND

in one, two, three and five pound Swinging Compartment Boxes.

Fifty-Five Delicious Nut-Fruit Chocolates to the Pound.

ONE DOLLAR THE POUND

Ask your dealer and if he cannot supply you send to us—"One Dollar the Pound" express prepaid or postpaid everywhere.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO DEALERS

We furnish Summer Display Refrigerator especially made to feature our World's Famous Chocolates.

[illegible] to get a trade equipped with proper line by keeping chocolates in perfect condition during [illegible] enameled white enamel wood [illegible] all spaces between [illegible] Plate Mirror decorates [illegible] and [illegible] elders [illegible] [illegible]

Benedetto Allegretti Co.

World's Famous Chocolate Creams 220-224 Randolph St., Chicago, U. S. A.

THE AMERICAN SPENDERS

(Continued from Page 5)

father at that. Since she and Billy Dawson met and reached an understanding, nearly every cent of the surplus has gone "on to her back," as her mother would put it. It is her ambition, frequently expressed, to dress "as well as anybody." And by dint of nightly sewings with her mother she does give a good imitation of a young girl in society. She has at least two or three dresses where her mother, in the young-lady period, had one. She follows the fashions with measurable closeness. Of course she cannot have everything. For example, in summer expeditions to Paradise Park with Billy, she must cover her summer dress, against the evening's chill, with the coat of her winter tailor suit. These shifts of necessity are a great irritation to Nellie.

Leaving out of consideration the solid fabrics, nearly every item of her wardrobe is more expensive than that which her mother used to wear, even when we take into consideration the shift in the cost of raw materials and labor. Her mother contented herself with dollar-and-a-half corsets; Nellie pays five dollars for hers. To indulge the habit of digression—last winter I discussed the modern scale of living with the assembled buyers and heads of departments in a great drygoods store which caters to people in moderate circumstances. They agreed that in nearly every commodity the quality of the "best-selling full line" had risen year by year. Once, for example, a muff-and-scarf set of imitation furs sold well at a dollar and a half. The stores have abandoned that line for lack of demand; a five-dollar set is generally the cheapest it carries. The head of the corset department reported that people who used to buy dollar-and-a-half corsets now generally buy a five-dollar grade—as Nellie does. "You get better value that way," she said. "In wear?" I asked. "Some," she answered; "but not much. The value is in the fit. People have found that clothes do not look so well over a cheap corset."

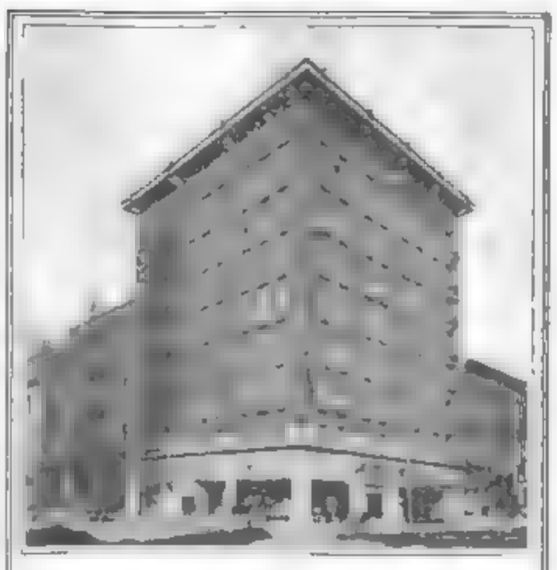
A Peep Into Nellie's Bedroom

Nellie's mother never had a pair of silk stockings. But Nellie wears pumps in spring and autumn, and she would take shame to herself if they revealed an ankle clad in lisle. The stockings that go with the pumps are of silk up to a certain point of modesty, and cotton the rest of the way. They cost less than a dollar a pair, but they are flimsy and impermanent. She is wondering at present if it wouldn't pay better to buy stronger silk, even at a higher price. Her waists, in which she looks so neat and efficient in the office, are of thin, impermanent lingerie material, whereas her mother's were of durable wool. They call, of course, for frequent laundering. Nellie does that herself on the evenings when Billy isn't round. The girls of her mother's old circle spent the corresponding time in assisting with the small household economies now past and gone.

When a garment of Nellie's goes hopelessly out of fashion she abandons it, good though it may be. That happened last year to her thimble hat. The latest thing in the autumn, it was as passé as a hoop-skirt by spring. It lies now in the scrap closet, all usefulness over.

Nellie's dressing table—she calls it that, and not a bureau—is a study in itself. The toilet waters, the scented soaps, the beauty cosmetics, the manicure tools, the patent cold creams, were articles unknown to her mother's young-ladyhood. That generation washed its pretty hands with castile soap cut from the bar, soothed its pretty face with cold cream rendered from household waste, trimmed its pretty nails with the sewing scissors.

Practically all Nellie's entertainment is paid for nowadays by Billy Dawson. He is a machinist, twenty-three years old, and he makes eighteen dollars a week. They are waiting until they can afford to marry, oblivious of the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Hart married on just that. But courtship is different now. Robert Hart did his courting in the parlor beside the piano, or in long evening strolls out-of-doors. Now and then on a Sunday afternoon he hired a buggy for two dollars and took his girl driving. Sometimes they went to the theater—in the gallery. They were not



Begin Business for Yourself Where You Can Succeed

IN Des Moines you may see successful men who grew up in business elsewhere until the time came for them to develop their own interests.

Today their enterprises are on the same scale of national importance as those in which they began. If they had started under the shadow of the original houses, they could not be what they are today.

They succeeded in

Des Moines

The City of Certainties

Because where the market is, *there* the business is

Des Moines today cannot supply more than one-third of the demands of its trade territory, which is constantly growing

The agricultural products alone of Iowa in 1911 were worth more than $650,000,000—an increase in one year of $23,000,000. The eggs of Iowa alone are worth more than the annual gold output of Alaska.

This tremendous trade territory surrounding Des Moines is still far from its growth. Supplying it is not a question of opportunity; it is one of certainties

The [illegible] enthusiastic man, who believes in himself who knows what he will do if he has the field and the chance—he is the man we want in Des Moines.

The Greater Des Moines Committee doesn't sell a thing. It exists to stimulate and direct the growth of Des Moines and the development of this trade territory. Our services are prompt [illegible] to [illegible] man who wants information about Des Moines [illegible] formation as to railways, [illegible] conditions, and all other points of which you should inform yourself before making such an important decision as the one involving a change in location affecting your whole future

Write us fully, or fill the coupon below and mail it today. All railways issue stop-over tickets for Des Moines.

The Greater Des Moines Committee
133 Coliseum Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa

Certainty Coupon

Greater Des Moines Committee,
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Send me "WEALTH" and the Des Moines Certainty Book.

My business is

Name

Address

What women ask about Crisco

THE discovery of Crisco has awakened a truly remarkable interest. Finding it hard to believe that its many advantages were possible, hundreds of people have written us, asking question after question about it.

Is Crisco healthful?

Crisco on account of its pure vegetable origin is more healthful than any animal or partially animal fat

Is Crisco economical when used as you would lard?

Crisco goes further, lasts longer than lard. Foods fry in Crisco so quickly, that a crust forms instantly, and prevents absorption. Often after using Crisco for deep frying, when pouring the Crisco back, it looks as if it will overflow the can, so little has been absorbed. Crisco does not absorb other odors or flavors, does not foam or burn. Strain Crisco through cheese cloth and it can be used and re-used, two or three times as often as lard.

Why is it that Crisco fried foods are not greasy?

As Crisco stands a much higher temperature than does butter or lard, foods fry in it more quickly. A crust forms instantly, which is the secret of the crispness and flakiness of foods fried in Crisco. Letters have been received from over a hundred women in one month commenting on the improvement Crisco has made in their doughnuts or crullers.

Has Crisco a disagreeable odor?

One of the most pleasing features of Crisco is its delicate odor. Crisco biscuits or Crisco short-cake, served hot, will be most convincing proof

The best way to use Crisco.

Do not keep Crisco in the refrigerator. Like butter, it hardens quickly with cold, but works perfectly at the usual room temperature. For cake, use a little less than you would of butter, for pastry, one-fifth less than lard. When used instead of butter, add salt. In making pastry mix Crisco into the flour with a knife, use a little water as possible and handle lightly.

Should your results not be wholly satisfactory with your way of using Crisco [illegible] that it reasonably can be, the unsatisfactory results will not be the fault of the product. Most women follow their usual recipes and secure remarkable results.

Packages 25c, 50c, and $1.00, except in the Far West

On request we will mail an illustrated book of Tested Crisco Recipes. These show you the best ways of using Crisco in your everyday cooking, and explain many other advantages of Crisco. Write for a copy

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO.
Dept. K, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ashamed of that. When at last both maiden and parents had consented, when Robert Hart, with the loving counsel of his fiancée, had saved enough to furnish a little house, they were quietly married.

Times have changed. Billy would hold himself pretty cheaply if he spent no more on his girl than that. They do most of their courting away from home. There are, for example, semi-public dances, to which he takes her in a carriage, with flowers. Now and then, when he has enough money ahead, he treats her to a dinner "and at a good place too," Billy says. The best is not too good for his girl; and these dinners seldom cost less than three dollars, what with the tip. Billy tips liberally when he is under the eye of Nellie. Then, too, he has a certain special pride. In her daily work Nellie comes into contact with business men. He feels that he must do as much for her as they would do in similar circumstances. If he and Nellie go to the theater they must have orchestra seats. That he may live up to her clothes, he has found it necessary to get a dress suit—a costume unknown even now to Robert Hart's wardrobe. When, after one of his spending bursts at the theater or the first-class café, Billy Dawson finds himself near the end of his resources, he economizes by taking Nellie to the moving-picture show, which costs only twenty cents for both—unless they have an ice cream on the way home. Only on off nights do they sit in the parlor and have music, as Nellie's parents used to do.

When Billy and Nellie Marry

Of course Nellie and Billy hope to get married—when he has a raise. Just now Billy cannot get anything ahead. I suspect that the greater inclination will in time prevail with them; that some day they will talk it all over and settle down together to a dull state of prenuptial economy. But even then their period of probation will last longer than Mr. and Mrs. Hart's, unless they furnish their home from an installment house. For now no one gets married without a wedding trip.

Robert Hart's family is in the period of maximum expense. The children are growing up; it takes more food than ever to fill their stomachs, more material to cover their bodies, more books to train their minds. And only one of them has become, so far, an economic unit. Robert Hart is passing through the stressful period of family life; the realization of that is his only consolation when he considers his financial condition. Frankly he is always in debt. Sometimes his creditors are the purveyors of basic necessities, as the butcher, the grocer, the coal dealer. Retail business has discovered that rather easy credit pays, because it leads people to buy more goods, and respectable and responsible people like Robert Hart are always encouraged to open accounts. Sometimes his creditors are the dispensers of luxuries. Here he and his daughter Nellie often buy on the installment plan. He knows as well as any one what interest he pays in that process; knows that the twenty-dollar suit of clothes acquired by installments costs him twenty dollars, where it would cost only fourteen dollars if he paid spot cash at the store. But what can you do when you just have to have it? In the race to catch up with his income he sometimes gains a little and sometimes loses, but he never wins. He has abandoned all present hope of getting even with the world; he can only look forward to the day when the children shall be producers. Then and only then may he and mother get peace in the twilight of their days.

I do not begrudge the Harts any of these things. I hold, indeed, that in their yearning for more of the richness in life there is a certain benefit to the ultimate ends of humanity—but to follow that line I must discuss politics, which is far from my present intention. I would not deny to Robert his morning ride and his fresh fruit for breakfast, to the boys their baseball apparatus and their Christmas presents, to Bessie her party dress and her latest music, to Nellie her pretty frivolities, to Billy Dawson his luxurious dinner with his girl. I hold it shame that those whom an opening or two of opportunity, a bag or two of inherited money, an extra dozen brain cells, have pushed far beyond the margin of existence, should preach frugality to those who do the real producing of the world. But I am stating facts; and these things are true.

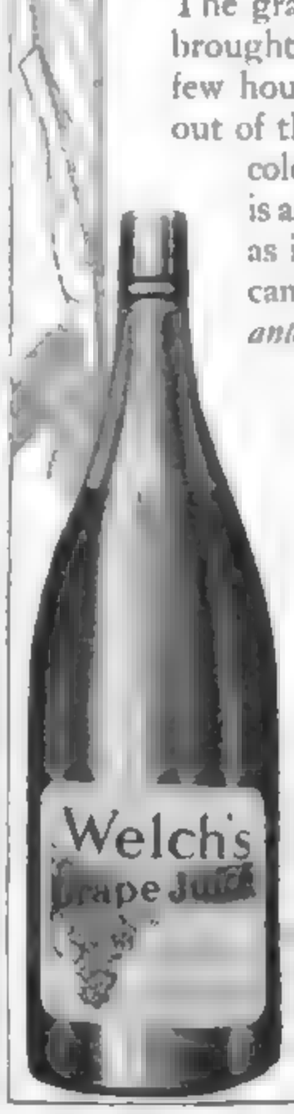
Why Welch's?

YOU may ask that. We are asked it often. Why is WELCH'S the grape juice you should drink at home, at the soda fountain, in your café, club or hotel?

And the answer is—it is the pure juice of the finest Concords grown. We are in the heart of the Chautauqua belt where they grow. We pay a bonus for our choice of the finest grapes, fresh from the vines.

Welch's
The National Drink
Grape Juice

The grapes are picked just when we say; they are brought to us immediately—the juice is secured a few hours after they are picked. We take nothing out of the juice, we put nothing in, either to alter its color, its taste or its keeping qualities—no sugar is added. When you open a bottle it is as fresh as in the grape, and as pure and wholesome. It cannot be better. *Every bottle of Welch's is guaranteed by us.*



Try a Welch Grape Punch: juice of three lemons and one orange; pint of WELCH'S, small cup sugar, charged or plain water—serve very *cold*.

Write today for our free booklet of recipes.

Do more than ask for grape juice—ask for Welch's

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will send a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Four-ounce bottle mailed 10 cents.

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The New Sound-Regulator
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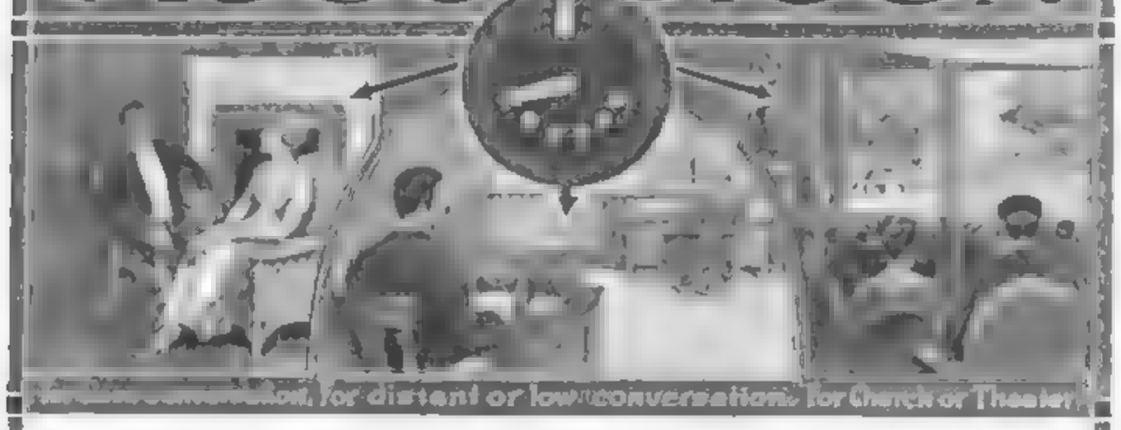

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The graduation of sound in the Acousticon is now accomplished with a *sound regulator*. The wearer regulates both articulation and sound at will.

The illustration shows the idea. Study it!

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"You may be deaf to sound, *but don't be deaf to reason.*" Investigate the Acousticon. With the new sound regulator we can now serve YOU successfully by mail. Write to-day for new Acousticon Book.

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Compact and rigid in any position—built to last. Each tool released by a spring.

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HORLICK'S

Delicious, Invigorating

MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.
Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch.

Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

THE JINGO

(Continued from Page 21)

"No," replied Dymp, grinning, and glancing down the table toward Jimmy. "I wish I could get in on the manipulation of the Operating Company."

The prince looked suddenly away. He was listening. That thought was one which had occupied his own mind.

"Impossible!" protested Polecon.

"I think there's a way it could be worked."

"With the king holding eighty per cent of the stock! I thought you'd cut your eyeteeth."

Dymp lowered his voice to a point at which the prince had to strain to hear.

"If we put up a roar that the interests of the three companies are so identical that each should have a voice in the management of the other, I think we could work it through that the stockholders in every company have a right to vote according to their holdings in all the others."

"Come again?" requested Polecon.

"I say, if the stockholders of the Holding and the Power Companies could only vote the amount of their stock in the deliberations of the Operating Company, we could give the king a rough toss if we wanted to—which we don't, because he only holds eight hundred shares in that company and he'd have the rest of the three thousand in the three combined companies against him. I guess that would put a crimp in his eighty-per-cent control—unless he was nice to everybody."

"That's too elaborate for me to get at a single sitting," worried Polecon, who really was too much foozled properly to keep up his share of the dialogue. "I guess it's because I'm fat. Anyhow, I think it's a fool stunt, even if it is only supposititious. The king could get even in the other companies anyhow."

"What with?" scorned Dymp. "He only holds twenty per cent in the Holding Company and fifteen in the Power Company."

The prince, who had been looking quite vacantly over at the power-box in the corner, reached over to the secretary's place and picked up a stockholders' list, upon the edge of which he began to make some small figures. Presently he called his handy five-share man up to the chair just behind him and, turning round, began to talk with him in a low and earnest voice, while Dymp Haplee and fat Polecon smilingly drifted to other matters.

Apparently the prince had difficulty in explaining to his man just what was wanted, for he gave his chair an impatient hitch at intervals; and when the secretary interrupted him with an announcement of the total vote, which was unanimously in favor of the king's amendment, he turned back to his duties with an air of being out of sorts.

"The amendment having been carried, we are now back to the original motion on the contract," he stated.

The right-hand man was on his feet in an instant; but he had a slow voice, and he propounded an amendment to which no human being present could attach any meaning whatever.

The thick-lipped man across from him immediately seconded it.

"It has been moved and seconded," announced the prince calmly, "that, inasmuch as the three companies concerned are to be so closely identified by a mutual finance committee appointed from the three directorates, the stockholders should be given an equal participation by being permitted to sit in the deliberations of each of the three companies, voting their shares in all three at each stockholders' meeting of any company. This, I believe, is the sense of the gentleman's amendment."

The gentleman immediately assured him that it was, and the prince's official seconder nodded his head violently.

"You have all heard the motion," announced the president suavely. "Are there any remarks?" and he waited anxiously for them. Counting the voting strength of each company at a hundred per cent and that of the combined companies at three hundred per cent, the king's total voting strength in the Operating Company would be represented at a hundred and fifteen, and his own at a hundred and twelve, the scattering votes totaling to seventy-three. If he could not secure a majority in the Operating Company out of the scattered seventy-three per cent he missed his guess. It was worth a try anyhow.

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Just a postal—then the books, then plan your summer's trip to Colorado.

"Under the Turquoise Sky" and "Little Journeys in Colorado" are their titles. They try to picture and describe some measure of the cool delight of this peerless vacation land to which the perfect preface is the de luxe

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Or perhaps from where you live, the "Colorado Flyer" from St. Louis, or other splendidly equipped daily trains from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis.

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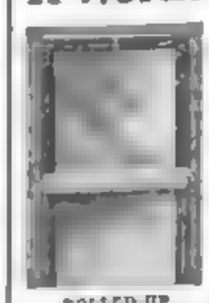
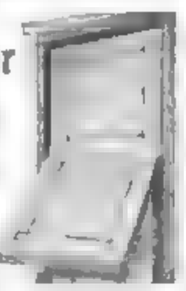


the **Carpenter Spring Shade** for Residence Office Apartment or Factory



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Easier to install, easier to operate and cheaper to maintain than any other awning on the market.

Not necessary to raise either screen or window to operate, because it [illegible] as a window [illegible] guaranteed [illegible] for all [illegible] ask your *dealer* for *Carpenter Spring Shades*

Going to Camp This Year?

Our 100-page Tent and Camp Outfit Catalog is free, full of valuable information for the camper besides low prices on tents, kit bags, hammocks, camp [illegible] etc. Ask for Catalog No. 125

Do You Own a Boat?

If not [illegible] our [illegible] 1912 200 page Marine Supply Catalog No. 225. It contains valuable pointers on the handling and care of both sail and gasoline boats.

Ask for Carpenter goods at your dealer's. If he can't supply you, write to

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buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory at [illegible], Pa. The best typewriter [illegible] One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free [illegible] necessary

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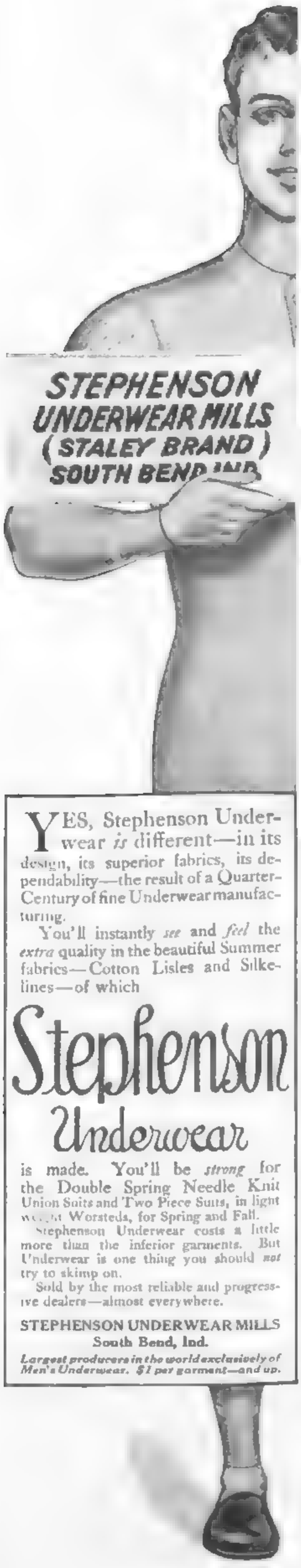

YES, Stephenson Underwear *is* different—in its design, its superior fabrics, its dependability—the result of a Quarter-Century of fine Underwear manufacturing.

You'll instantly *see* and *feel* the *extra* quality in the beautiful Summer fabrics—Cotton Lisles and Silklines—of which

Stephenson Underwear

is made. You'll be *strong* for the Double Spring Needle Knit Union Suits and Two Piece Suits, in light weight Worsteds, for Spring and Fall.

Stephenson Underwear costs a little more than the inferior garments. But Underwear is one thing you should *not* try to skimp on.

Sold by the most reliable and progressive dealers—almost everywhere.

STEPHENSON UNDERWEAR MILLS
South Bend, Ind.

Largest producers in the world exclusively of Men's Underwear. $1 per garment—and up.

"Do I understand by this amendment that the holders of stock in the other companies expect to participate in the profits of the Operating Company?" inquired the king.

"I think not," laughed the prince, with a glance of inquiry at the original propounder.

The original propounder assured him so heartily as to be almost violent that no such intention had ever entered his mind and the official seconder shook his head until his lip flopped.

"Then I have no remarks to offer," stated the king. "It seems a fair exchange of courtesies."

The remaining time of that meeting, and of the meetings of the Operating Company and the Holding Company, which immediately followed, was occupied by mere matters of parliamentary procedure. All three companies adopted the contract, with its two amendments, and signed it, by order of the stockholders, with the names of the president, the secretary and the treasurer, these officers having each to sign their names three times on the same document, since they were the same for each company concerned.

Immediately after the close of the meetings the king brought up a bunch of stock certificates, and requested them to be entered in his name. He had a hundred and ten shares in the Holding Company and two hundred and fifty in the Power Company—stock which had been voted by their original owners, but would hereafter be voted by the king.

The prince paled, and reached for his pencil, but he did not pick it up. He sank back and laughed at himself instead. After all, he still had his fifty-one per cent in the Holding and the Power Companies—and consequently his six members on the finance committee.

"I'll give you a hot tussle under that second amendment for control of the Operating Company," he complacently informed the king.

"Figure again," suggested the king, looking up from watching the stock transfer. "Out of the three thousand shares in the three companies combined I have over one thousand five hundred. Next week I intend to make myself president of all three companies, and appoint a good, reliable finance committee which will pay quite proper attention to the Operating Company. By a little close trading and careful buying, the securing of that hundred thousand additional capital cost us very little."

"It's an American trick!" snickered Dymp Haplee; but he frowned thoughtfully as Onalyon walked away with young Huppylac. He had not liked the look of vicious anger the prince had cast upon the king.

"Well, it worked as if it had been freshly oiled," observed Jimmy, walking up to Dymp and shaking hands with him.

"He took the bait like a hungry shark," agreed Dymp with a short laugh. "Jimmy, I'd like to offer you a piece of advice. Have the king pinch Onalyon."

"On what charge?" asked Jimmy with some surprise.

"General principles," replied Dymp soberly. "There is tragedy in the man. He means murder!"

Jimmy glanced across at the prince and Huppylac at the desk in a far corner, and looked worried.

"I have urged it on the king, but he won't do it," he regretted.

If he could have overheard the conversation of the prince and Huppylac at that moment, Isola—and the Princess Bezzanna—would have been spared great sorrow and suffering.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Pithy Placards

IT WAS over the door of a Chicago theater that someone saw this sign emblazoned:

Admission Five Cents. A Potato Pancake Free to Every Lady and Gent!

However, that was at a moving-picture theater, down a grimy side street.

And in the East, many hundred miles from Chicago, on the program of a New York theater this same person read this frank announcement:

Any Incivility or Insolence on the Part of Employees Will be Greatly Appreciated if Reported to the Management!

And that was in a big and gaudy Broadway theater!

PRINCE BISMARCK

Germany's "Iron Chancellor" who was devoted to pipe smoking. His favorite pipe was very large the bowl resting upon the floor. One filling would last a long time

You will smoke a pipe because *you like it*—not because it's economical!

Captains of war, industry, letters—hundreds of them—smoke a pipe because it gives them *real* tobacco enjoyment, and solace. Mark Twain, Bismarck, Tom Johnson, Oom Paul Kruger, Admiral Evans, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Emerson—all great smokers—preferred a pipe to all other ways of using tobacco.

PRINCE ALBERT

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makes it possible for *you* to enjoy a pipe because it won't bite *your* tongue, or anybody else's. Can't! The sting is removed by the patented process by which P. A. is manufactured.

You wake up to what a jimmy pipe jammed brimful of Prince Albert will do for *you!* If the great leaders of business, war and literature find the pipe satisfying, consoling and delightful, aren't you game enough to give it a try out? Men, you go to it—P. A. and your old jimmy pipe. It's a great combination that's good for what ails your spirits!

Prince Albert is sold everywhere—in the tidy 10c red tins and 5c cloth bags and in handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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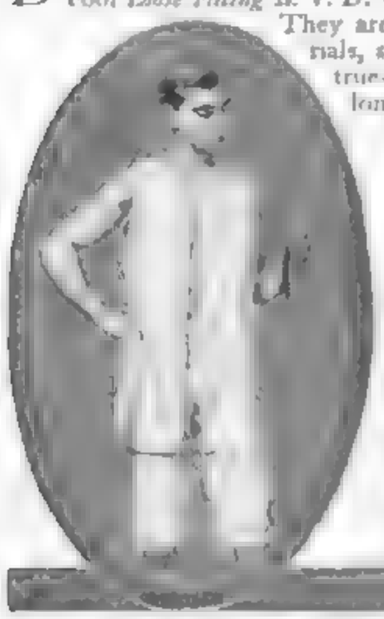

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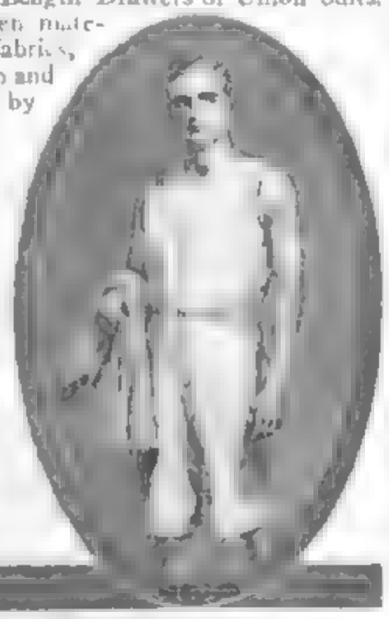

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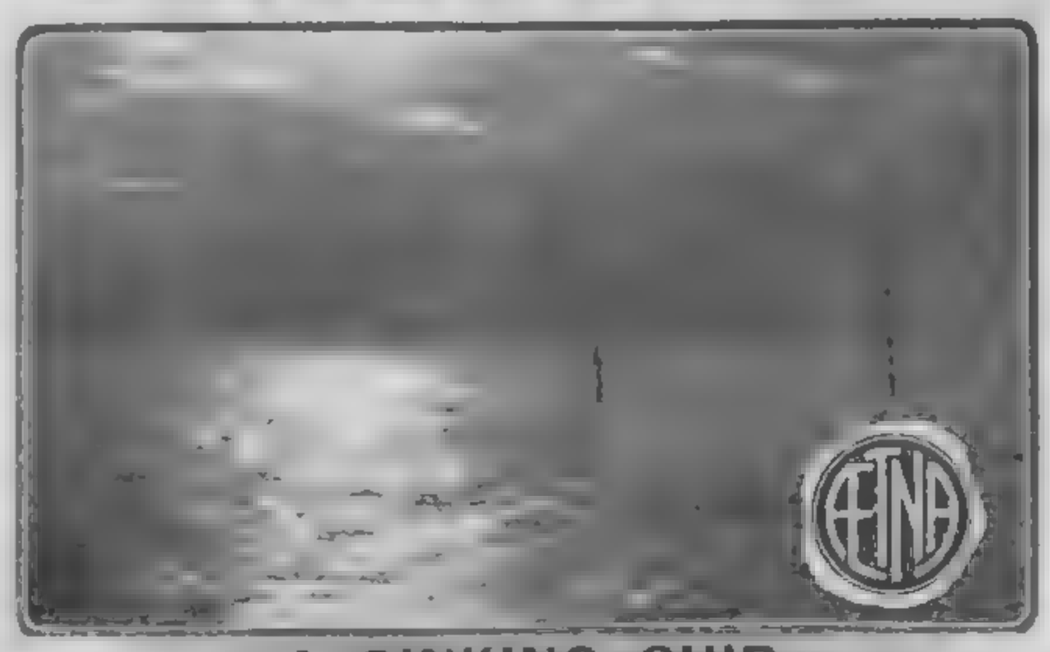

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This policy will protect your income and the income of your family. For $25 the ÆTNA Life Insurance Company will insure your income against loss by accidental injury or death.

$25 per week while you are disabled by **ACCIDENT.**

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$5,000 to YOU if it causes loss of both hands; or both feet, or one hand and one foot; or one hand and one eye; or one foot and one eye.

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These amounts (except for weekly indemnity) **INCREASE ONE-HALF IN FIVE YEARS** without extra cost and are **ALL DOUBLED** if your accident happens in a public passenger conveyance or elevator, or in a burning building.

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I am under 65 years of age and in good health. Tell me how to ÆTNA-IZE my income.
My name, business address and occupation are written below.

HAIR

(Concluded from Page 13)

He says yes, he will, but he doesn't mean it. He waits until he can catch me with my guard down. Then he seizes a comb, and using the edge of his left hand as a bevel and operating his right with a sort of free-arm Spencerian movement, he roaches my hair up in a scallop effect on either side, and upon reaching the crest he fights with it and wrestles with it until he makes it stand erect in a feather-edged design. I can tell by his expression that he is pleased with this arrangement. He loves to send his victims forth into the world tufted like the fretful cockatoo. He likes to see surging waves of hair dash high on a stern and rockbound head. His sense of the artistic demands such a result.

What cares he how I feel about it so long as the higher cravings of his own nature are satisfied? But I resent it—I resent it bitterly. I object to having my head look like a real-estate development with an opening for a new street going up each side and an ornamental design in fancy landscape gardening across the top. If I permit this I won't be able to keep on saying that I was twenty-seven on my last birthday, with some hope of getting away with it. So I insist that he put my front hair right back again where he found it. He does so under protest and begrudgingly, it is true, but he does it. And then, watching his opportunity, he runs in on me and overpowers me and roaches it up some more.

If I weaken and submit he is happy as the day is long. If he gets it roached up on both sides that will make me look like a horizontal-bar performer, which is his idea of manly beauty. Or if he gets it roached up on one side only there is still some consolation in it for him—I'm liable to be mistaken anywhere for a trained-animal performer. But once in a very great while he doesn't get it roached up on either side, but has to stand there and suffer as he sees me walk forth into the world with my hair combed to suit me and not him. I can tell by his look that he is grieved and downcast, and that he will probably go home and be cross to the children. He has but one solace—he hopes to have better luck with me next time. And probably he will.

The last age of hair is a wig. But wigs are not so very satisfactory either. I've seen all the known varieties of wigs, and I never saw one yet that looked as though it was even on speaking terms with the head that was under it. A wig always looks as though it were a total stranger to the head and had just lit there a minute to rest, preparatory to flying along to the next head. Nevertheless, I think on the whole I'll be happier when my time comes to wear one, because then no barber can roach me up.

Books at Cut Prices

OUT of the multiplicity of the problems of the book publisher have come these wonderfully advertised book sales in the department stores. The time was when subscription-book publishers were so few that they could keep some kind of tab on the general situation from stocks to market. What each one was doing was known in a general way to the others, and there came to be something like concerted action. It was recognized that it was advisable to keep subscription books out of the trade market for two reasons—first, to keep alive the public notion of a sort of exclusiveness; and, second, to maintain unbroken the prices established for this kind of book.

It was a financial panic that upset calculations and produced a new or rather a changed order. In the money tightness, business practically stopped for many months; but the publishers were heavily stocked. Concerted efforts were made to keep the surface unbroken; but it couldn't be done. One after another many publishers, pushed for cash, had to let some or all of their stock go to the department stores to bring what it would.

And here came the surprise. In this new market subscription sets found an excellent welcome, at prices only a fraction of their former prices—but showing a profit nevertheless. And, though the department-store public absorbed vast quantities of the stuff and cried for more, the regular subscription public, just as soon as business resumed again, bought freely again at the same old subscription prices.

Smoke Talk No. 10

Cigars and Coffee

If you take them black, cut them out before they cut you down. Black cigars and black coffee are the first things the doctor orders you to quit. Light coffee and cigars of a light Havana and domestic blend are satisfying, without injury to nerves or health.

Robt. Burns

MILD 10c CIGAR

Made by STRAITON & STORM, New York, since 1857

Ask your Doctor

Making a trial of

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

is simply a matter of determining to be more comfortable. A decision easily reached because it's for your own good. A trial will prove their comfort.

Wear a pair of Presidents for a month. If you buy them back if you are not satisfied

Light and Medium weights. Extra lengths for tall men. Signed guarantee on every pair.

Price 50c. everywhere

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SHIRLEY GUARANTEED SUSPENDERS

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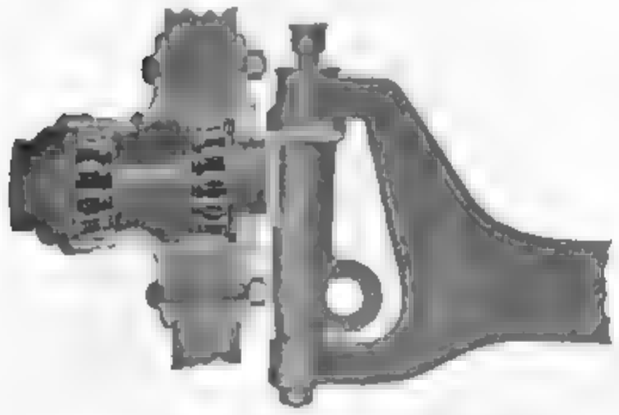
Wonders Never Cease!

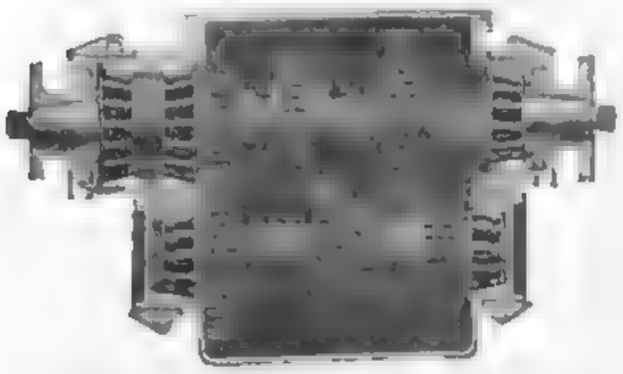
This Beautiful Library Lamp for only $4.00. Made in Weathered Oak finish for Gas, Oil or Electricity. Shade of Green and Amber Art Glass. You ... like it, ... Lamp ... Get our ... ILLUSTRATED "MUNYBAK" Catalogue, telling about our Lighting Fixtures and Furniture. Every piece Guaranteed. We return your money if you are not satisfied with your purchases.

MUNYBAK FURNITURE & FIXTURE COMPANY
Dept. S, Bluffton, Indiana, U. S. A.

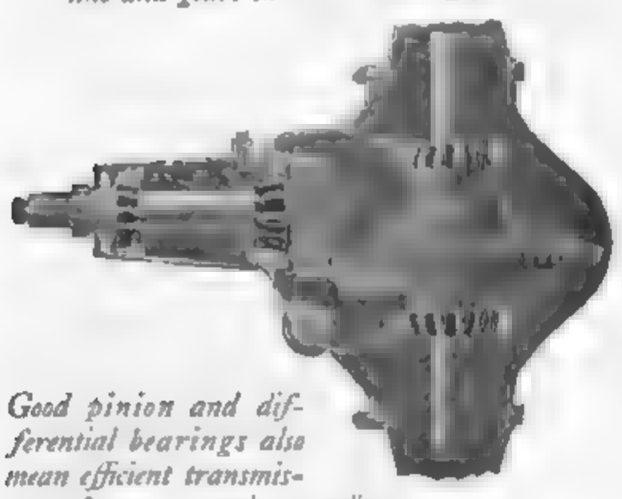
A Timken Roller Bearing, showing its cone, rollers and pressed-steel cage, but not the cup which fits over them.



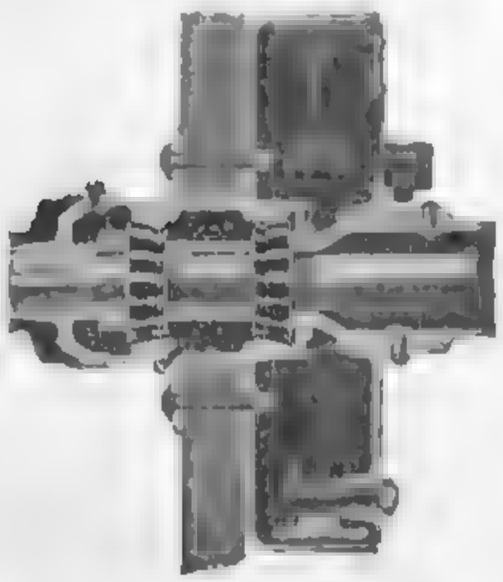
Front-wheel bearings must meet side-pressure—often in excess of the vertical load.



Good bearings in the transmission keep shafts in line and gears in mesh—saving power.



Good pinion and differential bearings also mean efficient transmission of power—saving gasoline.



The rear-wheel bearings carry more than half the car's weight and burden.

Good bearings play a big part in getting every last mile from each gallon of gasoline, and in holding down the repair expense.

In the transmission, at the pinion-shaft and the differential, bearings worn loose mean shafts out of line and gears out of mesh. These make noise and consume extra power which is extra (wasted) gasoline.

Even slight wear in wheel-bearings allows the wheels to wobble. That brings extra wear on tires—unnecessary expense.

The utmost of power from the engine and the lowest of upkeep expense can only be had when the bearings fit snug and run smooth—all the time—for the life of the car.

TIMKEN
TAPERED ROLLER BEARINGS

Have Greatest Resistance to Wear

The Timken Bearing is made of special, Timken-analysis steel.

The steel is carbonized and heat-treated to make its surface glass-hard but not brittle.

Underneath the surface the steel is left tough and elastic to cushion the shocks.

The Load is Distributed

Load, on the Timken Bearing, is distributed over the entire length of its rollers, not concentrated at points as is the case in a ball-bearing.

This wide distribution of load keeps pressure, and hence wear, down to the minimum.

The Timken principle of tapered rollers revolving about a tapered cone with two ribs—makes a bearing that takes end-thrust at the same time it is carrying vertical load.

And the end-thrust, too, is distributed along the length of the rollers.

So in material and its treatment—in principles of design—and in actual practice in thousands of pleasure and commercial cars—it is theory proved true, that—

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings offer the greatest possible resistance to the inevitable wear.

And when wear does come it can, in the Timken, be entirely taken up by adjustment without the least impairment of efficiency.

Are Adjustable (perfectly) for Wear

In every place where they are used, the bearings should keep shafts in alignment, keep gears in correct mesh, support the loads, take the "end-thrust," and all the time, hold friction down to a negligible quantity.

They must do these things when the car is new and should do them when the wear inevitable comes.

There is no getting away from wear and there is no getting away from the necessity for adjustment to take up that wear.

The Only Perfect Adjustment

Timken Bearings, like any good bearings, will show wear in time.

But the Timken has this advantage over all other types of anti-friction bearings—

It can be adjusted to completely take up that wear without the least sacrifice of efficiency.

The two ribs on the Timken Cone keep the tapered rollers always in perfect alignment—therefore the diminutive wear is uniform over the surfaces of cone, rollers, and cup.

When the cone is moved just a trifle farther into the cup all parts are brought into the same identical relation as when the bearing was made.

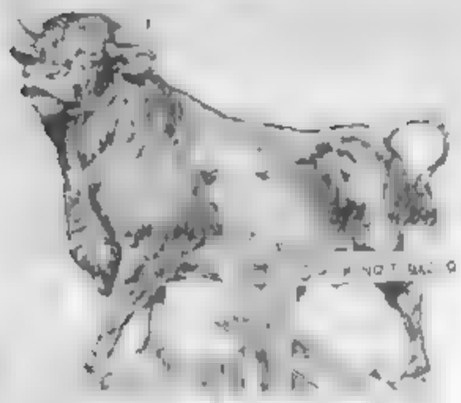
No grooves can wear in the races. The rollers, though microscopically smaller, have still the same taper and, after adjustment, are just as snugly in perfect rolling contact with cup and cone as they were at the start.

Not a single principle of its efficiency is altered by adjustment of the Timken Roller Bearing.

Get the full story of axle and bearing efficiency, by writing to either address below for the Timken Primers A-9 "On the Care and Character of Bearings," and A-10 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles."

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO
THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO., DETROIT, MICH.

For more than 14 years the Timken Roller Bearing Axle (made at Canton, O.) has been giving satisfactory service in horse-drawn vehicles.



—As pure as when smoked by the first Americans.

GENUINE
"BULL"
DURHAM
SMOKING TOBACCO

The selected tender leaves of bright golden Virginia and North Carolina tobacco—stripped of every stem, and then granulated—that's all that "Bull" Durham is!

No coloring! No dressing! No adulteration! Such delicious tobacco needs no manufacturing "improvement."

It's pure! That's one reason why for more than 52 years "Bull" Durham has been the favorite of three generations of Americans.

It's pure! That's one reason why today more men smoke "Bull" Durham than all other high grade brands combined.

Get a sack today at the first dealer's you come to. Learn for yourself the full delight of smoking this famous old tobacco.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

MAKING A BUSINESS WOMAN

(Continued from Page 17)

and talked with him about it, book; then she dropped out of the ranks. I didn't know why for some weeks, then I discovered that she had invited him to call, having misinterpreted his attention to her at the office. That had ended her with Bittner; he was all for business.

Girl after girl came, worked with him for a few days or weeks and went away again. As I met these girls later at the noonday rest they all gave the same testimony—"they wouldn't grind out their lives for those tightwads." The flirtatious young woman had found a position in the advertising office of a department store at twelve dollars a week; she would have twenty dollars by spring, she told me, besides two weeks' vacation on pay. Another got a position in a book store at fifteen dollars a week, with plenty of time to read the new books; still another became confidential shopper for a large store at ten dollars a week, and hours from nine till five. Yet here I was still slaving away from eight till five-thirty, and many hours overtime, for six dollars. It certainly did look foolish; every argument was against my staying; but something held me. An instinctive feeling, which I could no more understand than I could my inner reliance on Bittner, told me that however it might be with the others, for me the thing was to stick.

Near the Breaking-Point

The quarreling between the two partners became more heated as time went on, if a thing always at boiling-point can be said to increase its heat. I now understood the real trouble. The two men, drunk on their own success, had widely different plans for the future of the business. Both were illiterate, self-made and ambitious—these points of similarity had united them at the beginning; but there the similarity ended. Binks felt that as they were well on the road to great wealth, no deviation must be made from the course by which they had already been so successful. He knew no way of achieving success except to increase the sales and keep down expenses. His strong lead was economy. It pained him to let go of a nickel; a half-dollar raise to an employee meant a Herculean wrench; he gave it only when positive that he must have that employee, and equally positive that the work could be done only at that price. Cautious, saving, he saw ahead only a long road of greater caution, of more careful saving, keeping down the outgo, adding up the profits, pennies topping pennies and dimes topping dimes. Himself he spent daily.

Bittner, bold and daring, saw a quicker, more thrilling way. Instead of buying all these books, which were compiled and put up in special editions for the concern's use by a publishing house, he was for getting the books out themselves and making larger profit. Also he would have the books more original and distinctively Bittner-Binks' productions. Binks saw ruin in Bittner's method. He hadn't been born on West Halstead Street for nothing; not easily would he be made to face the possibility of poverty. Bittner saw only blind stupidity in continuing the business indefinitely along the present lines. Too many rivals were appearing; to live, the business must become and continue to be unique. He regarded Binks as a block in the way of what might otherwise be a brilliant success. And so they wrangled and fought. Bittner continued to remain away a good part of each day; and Binks continued right on the job, doing all the routine work and, I believe, glad to do it. It seemed to give him justification—in what? I didn't exactly know. I couldn't for the life of me see through the tangle, but he seemed glad to be worn to a frazzle every night, glad that his strength and his very life were going into the business; it made it more securely his own.

I now dictated most of the letters. This kept two stenographers constantly rushed and crowded me to the utmost limit. One night when I was wrapping up some work to take home, Mr. Binks stopped me.

"You know you mustn't do that," he said kindly.

"Why not?" I asked. "I would rather finish it tonight than be so rushed tomorrow."

"It's against our rules. Didn't you know?" he said. "No one is ever allowed to take so much as a scrap of paper out of the office."

I couldn't see why. The others were leaving and he came over to my desk and perched on the corner, as I stood, the work half wrapped, waiting for him to explain.

"Didn't you ever stop to think," he said, "that in a business like this our only stock in trade is our good will, our customers? It's a something invisible—a sort of confidence in us that we have developed. To thousands of people the name Bittner-Binks stands for reliable, friendly service; to thousands of others it stands for enterprise and modernness. A merchant spends his money for merchandise; we have spent ours to advertise our name, to make it mean a definite thing, to make it worth money. We have no merchandise; we don't own a book; our orders are all filled by the publishers at the publishing house. We are simply a commission house, a go-between for producer and customer. A fire could wipe out every visible thing we possess, and yet, could we save our lists of names, our prospects and customers, we should be very little the poorer. Still this business is rated at one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars; it would sell for that easily—just our name and good will. You could take any subject—aviation, for instance—and collect all that's written on it, get it into convenient shape, attractively put up, and spring it on the public with like success if you sprung it right, if you built up a name to back it with. The only thing we have to fear is competition; we've got to make hay while the sun shines. Competition may be the life of trade, but it's expensive life; we have to keep thinking of new arguments for our technical books that'll knock all the others on the head. That's the work Bittner can do, if he'd only stick to business and let his wild-cat schemes go. If it wasn't for me there wouldn't be any Bittner-Binks Company by now; he'd have run it into the ground long ago. I've just held things steady by fight—but that's another story. What I started to say is—haven't you noticed that all the cards, letterbooks, bookkeeping books and everything of that nature are carefully locked up in the safe every night?"

"But how could my taking work home endanger the firm's secrets?" I asked.

He looked at me a moment somewhat blankly, then laughed.

A Strange Interview With Binks

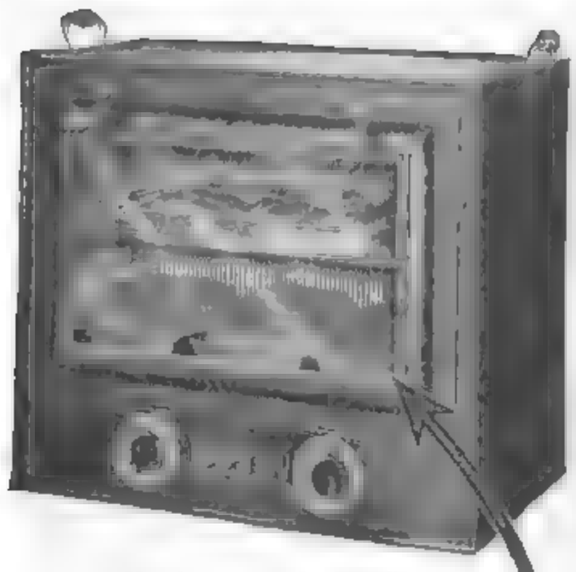
"You are new to business," he said; "but you're all right! Why, don't you see, it's just like this: Suppose some one from a rival firm should offer you a good price to carry to him nightly copies of our letters or lists of our names; don't you see how easily you could do it under cover of taking work home? It isn't that I don't trust you," he added in a conciliatory tone, "or appreciate your desire to get work done; but it's an absolute law with us. No employee, no matter how confidential or how long with us, is permitted to carry anything out of the office—anything whatever belonging to the privacy of the business."

"I took Mr. Bittner's book home with me."

"That was his private affair, not a company matter."

I sighed. "It's terrible," I said. "I never thought before how little trust and—and love—there is in business. In teaching, at least we love the things we work with—the children—and we trust one another; it's not dehumanizing. But then there's no money in teaching."

"That's where you're wrong again," he exclaimed eagerly. "Don't you suppose I love this business?" Every one had now gone and we were alone in the big, bare, ugly office, all the lights but one turned out by the ever-watchful William. Binks sprawled across my desk and looked at me with eyes that burned. "Can a man create a thing out of his own brain, nurse it, feed it, care for it, watch over it at times like a sick thing and then again see it making strides like a fine growing boy, and not love it? The thing you put your life into you do love; you love it fiendishly at times; and—and that's why it almost makes a fiend of a man—the things he must do for his business' sake, the dangers he sees his business confronting. He must fight like a fiend for his own;



Use it on top of your oil, gasoline or gas stove or range

Watch your bread bake

in the "Boss" Oven

"The Oven with the Window"

There are no imperfectly browned loaves or biscuits, no fallen cakes, no overdone roasts where the Boss Glass Door Oven is used. For you can turn the Boss Oven at any angle and *watch* your baking from any part of the kitchen. You do not have to open the door until the baking is done—the heat is kept uniform, and there is none of that jarring from opening and closing the door which so often is the cause of imperfect bakings.

And you never have to stoop!—the Boss Oven fits on top of any oil, gas or gasoline stove. Better still, with the Boss Oven you can bake through the hot summer months without "heating up" your kitchen. A lining of asbestos between the inner and outer walls keeps all the heat *in the oven*, where it belongs.

Glass door guaranteed not to break The glass door in every genuine Boss Oven is guaranteed not to break from the heat, as it is held in place by patented strips. Because of perfect ventilation water can be boiled inside the oven without steaming up the glass. 260,000 Boss Ovens are in use today—*paying for themselves* in fuel, time, labor and bakings saved.

Write today for free illustrated Recipe Book. It contains many baking secrets and many practical cooking and serving suggestions. Write today. Address The Huenefeld Co., 2500 Straight St., Cincinnati, O.

Note to reliable merchants

When you show a woman a "Boss Oven" she knows that you are offering her the very best, even if it costs more, with an absolute guarantee back of it. Write today for trade-winning proposition.

Made in three sizes—Look for the name "BOSS"

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Airyknit for Men & Boys

AIRYKNIT is the greatest summer underwear ever invented; it's different—it's better; that's why we paid $50,000 for the *Airyknit* idea. It is patterned after the human skin and has 576 air-pores to the square inch. At your dealers in separate and Union garments at 50c and $1.00.

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UTICA KNITTING CO.
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and no mother was ever more justified in extreme measures to save the life of her child than a man often is to save his business. It isn't just money; it's the thing he has created—it's him."

His breath came rapidly and his eyes were like coals. I realized all at once that it was his personal problem he was letting me in on.

"And just remember that one thing," he went on, pulling himself together, "that a man at the head of a business hasn't always got a clear path. It's not always a choice between absolute right and wrong, but a choice between two evils; and he's got to take the least. It's all he can do."

I heard a soft step and looked up, and Binks' eyes followed mine. Bittner came sauntering in from the outer office; Binks' face turned as red as an excited turkey's wattles.

"Giving Miss G—— business lessons after hours, eh?" Bittner said coolly.

"She needs 'em," Binks threw back over his shoulder, slipping down from my desk and going over to his own. I began putting my things away. "She's doing pretty well, but she knows exactly as much about the actualities of business as—as a two-year-old."

"She'll learn," said Bittner laconically, but with a direct look at me that said something I could not understand, but that once again in that queer way gave me confidence in him.

Strangely confused I went out without even saying good night. In the cloak room I hurried into my wraps and was glad when the elevator was descending with me.

A Choice of Evils

I had walked the entire two miles home, and reached my door before I realized that I had come away without my pay envelope. It had been lying on the desk during Binks' talk and in my haste I had overlooked it. This was Saturday night, and I could not risk leaving it there over Sunday; possibly the janitor would still be in the building. I hastily ran back to Madison Street, caught the car and returned to the office. I climbed the eight flights—the elevator was not running—and was relieved, after the darkness and gloom of the long, toilsome way, to find a light showing through the cracks about our office door. I grasped the knob; the door was locked. I banged loud and long on the door. Was the person inside deaf? I heard a step inside, a moving chair, a footfall—it was Binks.

He reached the door, slipped the bolt, and the whitest, most "caught" face I ever looked into confronted me. For the first time since entering the gloomy building I was frightened.

"Oh," he said in a tone of relief, "what in the world brings you back? Want to work overtime, too, as I do?"

"You must have been nodding over your work," I said. "I had to knock so long. I left my pay envelope, that's all."

"And I picked it up after you left; here it is." With trembling fingers he fumbled in his pocket and handed it to me. "It would have been safe till Monday."

"But I shouldn't," I answered laughing; "I have to eat."

"Of course," he exclaimed, beginning to seem more at ease. "By-the-way, Miss G——," he went on in a confidential tone, "I mean to raise you next week—raise you substantially; and—well, don't happen to mention that you found me working here so late; it someway gets on Bittner's nerves and makes matters worse."

"Of course I won't," I laughed back light-heartedly, relieved to get my money. "I've learned one thing in business, if I am such a two-year-old—and that is to keep my mouth shut."

"The finest thing on earth to learn!" he agreed enthusiastically, following me to the stairs. "I'll just run down a few flights with you, for those stairs are awfully dark."

But when I was once more on my way home the whole thing came over me with a haunting sense of wrong.

"Sometimes in business," Binks had said, "it's a choice between two evils, and you've got to take the least."

Was the least in this case to tell Bittner? I went to sleep late that night, still trying to decide; wondering what I should do next Monday when I was in the office with both of them at the same time.

Editor's Note—This is the third of four articles by Anne Shannon Monroe relating the experiences of a woman in the business world. The fourth article will appear in an early issue.

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The *right* automobile signal is here

(A statement you can prove for yourself—by our 30-day trial offer below)

¶ An agreeable two-tone horn that is easy to attach and self-cleaning—operated without expense or bother. The real auto signal—speaking unmistakably at minimum speed, and with maximum carrying-power when necessary. ¶ No matter what car you run—you'll find the **Waymaker Horn** the most practical and least expensive auto signal, eliminating both cost of batteries and bother of cleaning and repairing. ¶ Made in four sizes and in two styles—the standard **Foot Control** and the unique pneumatic **Hand Control**.

Any dealer [illegible] authorized to supply you a **Waymaker Horn** on 30 days' trial [illegible] guarantee if not entirely satisfactory. If your dealer is the one in ten who hasn't the **Waymaker** in stock, send us his name and we will ship to you from our factory, subject to our

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For hand control add $4.

(In presenting this coupon to your dealer, or mailing to us, state make, year and model of your car; and whether hand or foot control horn is wanted.)

Your Name

Address

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
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"Turns Miles into Smiles"

EMPIRE TIRES WEAR LONGEST

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Has Exceptional Toughness And Elasticity That Lasts

IT is extra thick, tough and strong—yet elastic. It is non-deteriorating. The perfect rubber composition, combined with super-care in making, produce the Empire tube perfection.

An Empire tube usually outlasts several casings. After thousands of miles of service, it is still fresh, stretchable, serviceable.

Empire Standard tube is of the same super-quality rubber as the Empire Peerless, tho of lighter (standard) weight.

Empire cases with Empire tubes make the perfect equipment, but the fact that Empire tubes are used in enormous quantities in all makes of tires, is the best endorsement of their quality.

Empire Peerless tubes are packed in neat rubber-cloth bags for safe and convenient carrying.

Tubes and Tires for Automobiles and Motorcycles.

Write for information and prices.

Branches and agencies in all leading cities.

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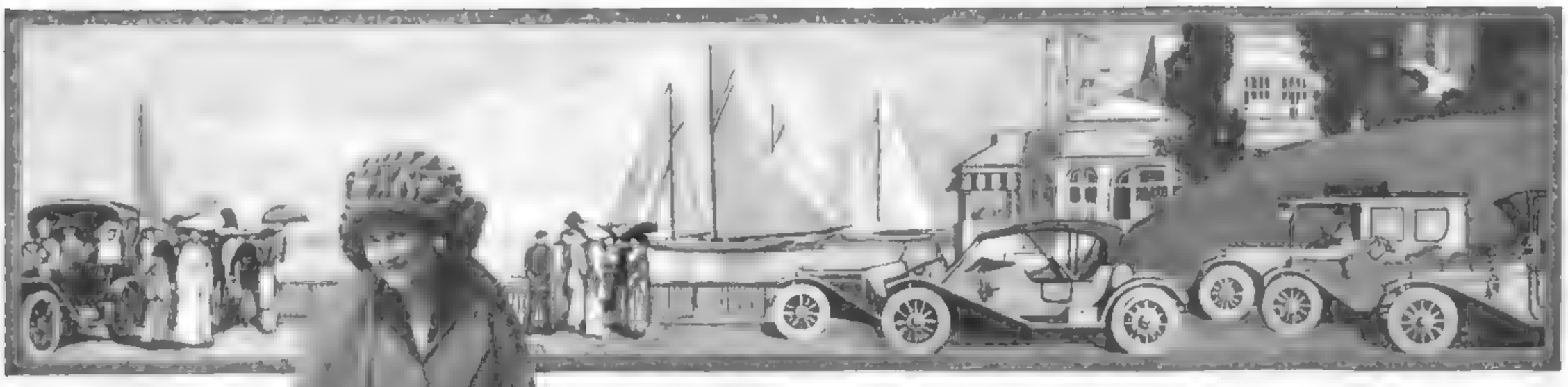

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Branch Offices in
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We argue that a good, honestly made tire doesn't need to be anything else

The Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tire

has no special features—no devices that prevent this, accomplish that, or assure the other thing.

It is just a tire—but a tire backed by 17 years of tire-making experience—a tire that will, if treated right, give you more mileage and less trouble than any tire you ever used.

There were Kelly-Springfield Tires before there were automobiles. They were not pneumatics, but they were tires of rubber and tires for vehicles, and they so successfully met conditions then existing that a majority of all tires used on carriages were Kelly-Springfields.

Experience in tire making is as important to you, the buyer, as the experience of tire users.

Our experience enables us to put into Kelly-Springfield Tires that quality which has given many a driver more mileage than he had a right to expect.

Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, 20 Vesey St., New York

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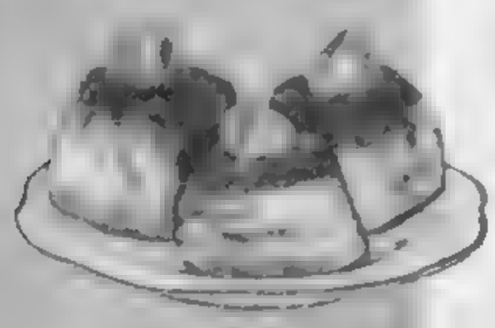

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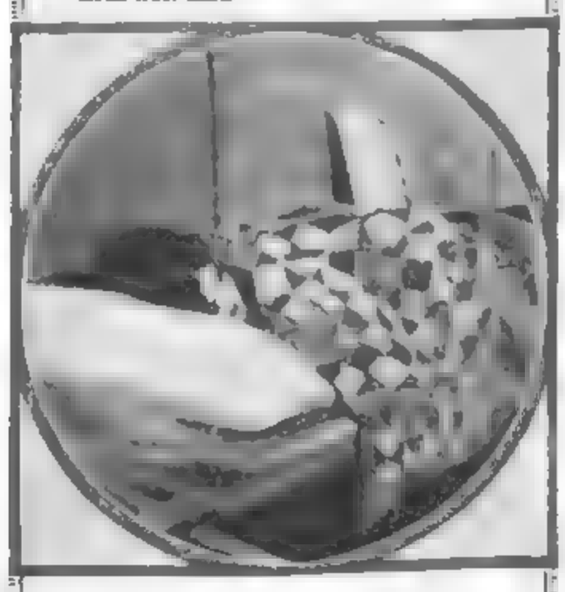

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SHAKING UP THE SHARON

(Continued from Page 6)

have done for anybody but the manager—invite the checker to inspect his books. They were plainly and neatly kept, with frequent entries in a stiff, Norwegian hand that Laurie knew at once for Eric's own. The books showed the details of receipt and cost of everything that came into the storeroom.

"Perhaps you would like to let me see the books of disbursements and distribution," Laurie suggested.

"You do not understand," Eric told him. "There are no more books; these books tell all there is aboud it. Nothing can go oud of the storeroom except on my order. Once a month we take stock and the checking up shows what has gone oud and gives the prober entry for the book. See!" And he showed a statement of stock-taking in the book.

That was the most friendly conversation Laurie MacCallum and big Eric Christiansen had for a week. Eric thought he had shown Laurie all there was to see; but the checker developed an annoying way of coming back to the storeroom day after day, and after his welcome had worn to tatters he was still poking quietly about, with an eye for the smallest detail of everything that went on. Eric fumed and hinted without any apparent effect upon the checker.

The climax came when a sweeper from the top of the house brought a verbal request from the head sweeper for a broom. Laurie had not been present when the sweeper came in, but he was on hand to see him receive the new broom and go out. Laurie peered about Eric's office.

"Whad is it now?" Eric cried. "Is you afraid there is some croogedness hiding in the corner?"

"Nothing of the sort," answered the smiling checker. "I was just looking to see if the sweeper brought back the wornout broom that the new one replaced."

When Laurie went to the manager with his dining-room returns in the evening Eric Christiansen, seeming lost away from his crates and pleasant odors, was there. He leaped up and cried:

"Now tell it to the manager, will you? Tell him that I, Eric, am crooged; that I am grafting and letting the buyers graft on the merchants who subbly us. Tell him that I don't know what comes into my storeroom! Then we will fight it oud! You have had some good fights already, Maister Yock!"

The head of the house listened and waited. He drove without ever jerking on the bit and he never showed the whip except to use it.

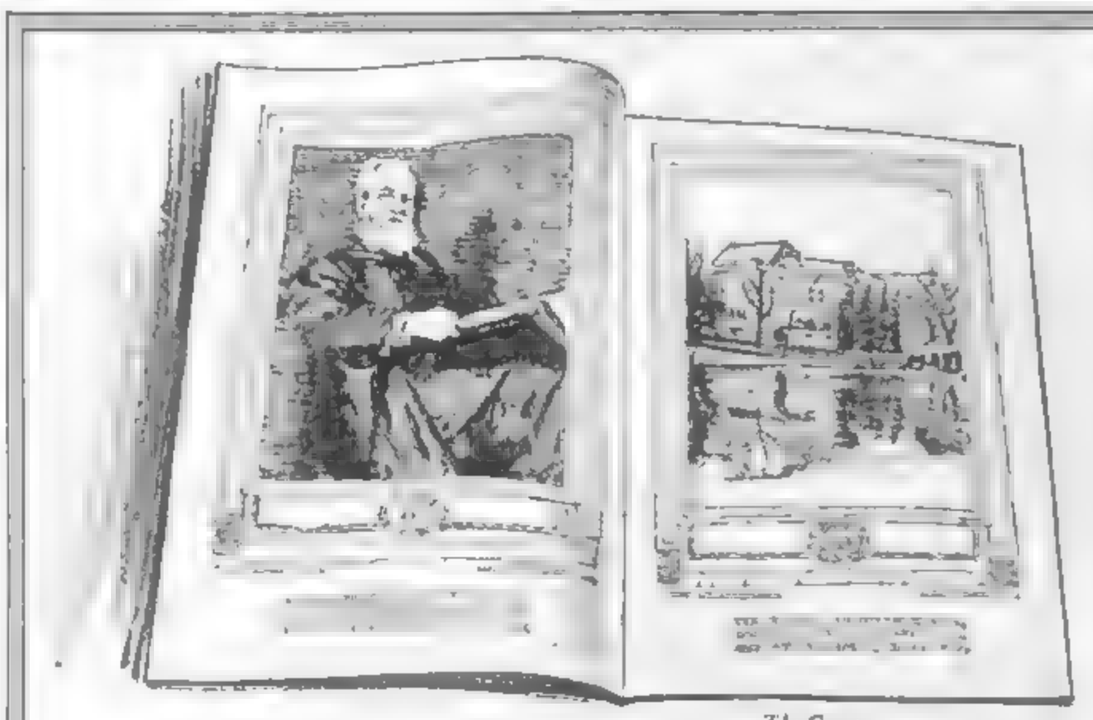
"You do yourself an injustice, Mr. Christiansen," said Laurie slowly. "You are honest and you keep your buyers honest. You know all there is to know about everything that comes into the storeroom. The fault with you is that you don't know one-tenth what you ought to know about how things go out of it."

"Oh, then, it is that you tank I let them steal away the tangs from the storeroom—yes?"

"You don't let anybody steal anything from you knowingly," replied Laurie; "but you give away anything you've got to anybody who asks for it without knowing why you do it. You have concentrated on your method of handling the inflow until it is perfect; now I have been working on a system that will help you take care of the outflow just as perfectly—and then Eric will be the greatest storekeeper in the world."

The manager turned on the storekeeper; the big, blond Norwegian softened as the words sank in. At last he smiled.

When the checker entered next morning the storekeeper greeted him with the handclasp of understanding. There was another slow, comprehensive tour of inspection—and this time Laurie did the talking and Eric asked the questions. Each shelf of wares suggested its own problem in method and measure of delivery. They returned to Eric's office to send a note to the head of each department in the house, asking a detailed estimate of all supplies that would be needed by day and week and month. They devised requisition blanks, signable by the responsible heads; and only upon these attested requisitions future deliveries were to be made. These covered groceries



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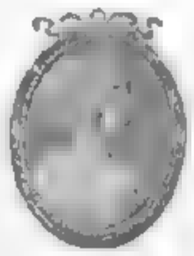

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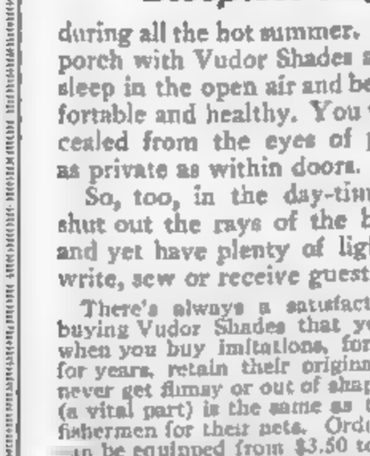

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and edibles, wines, housekeeping utensils, fuel—everything that the hotel purchased for its use.

It was after the usual time when Laurie handed the dining-room returns to the manager.

"You'll be late getting home for dinner," said the official pleasantly. "By-the-way, there's a sunny suite open on the fourth floor—why not move your mother down here? It's a shame for a man so wrapped up in his work to have to go so far away from it at night. The accommodations for two will be charged against the running expenses—though the latest raise in your salary might doubtless justify me in making you pay."

In a month Eric Christiansen was wholesaling to every department of the Sharon so successfully that he regarded Laurie as his dearest benefactor. Eric pointed out to the manager, in Laurie's presence, the monthly saving of hundreds of dollars' worth of goods. "The tang that bothers me is this: Did it ust to be yust waste or did it ust to be robbery?"

Jimmy Ryan, assistant steward and friend to Laurie MacCallum, dropped in at this moment to superintend the removal of supplies to the pantry. He extracted the unlighted cigar and gave Laurie an uncontracted smile that was more tribute than greeting.

"A cat could see we've got a system in the storeroom that's about as nifty as they come!" he said.

"Don't be too quick with that sort of talk, Jimmy," answered Laurie. "Eric and I are about to introduce some stunts in the way of long and short division that may make you and some of the others up in the kitchen throw several cat-fits at the same time."

And Eric, regarding Laurie in whole ignorance and holy wonder, added: "Thad's rightdt!"

The house was soon to learn a great deal about "long and short division"; but the sensation of the next day was this newspaper clipping, under glass in a somber black frame on the wall of the employees' washroom:

WAITERS WAIT IN VAIN

FORTUNE COMES NOT TO FORMER SHARON EMPLOYEES, WHO TRY TO MIX THE HASH AS WELL AS SERVE IT

Judge Wooster, referee in bankruptcy, had before him yesterday no less than nine restaurateurs who are convinced that people do not live to eat. All nine men have failed within the past month; so the referee bunched their cases. The assets and liabilities vary, but it seems that each unhappy restaurant owner had invested a comfortable nestegg in his business—and now the eggs are scrambled! It was rumored among the creditors who appeared in Referee Wooster's court that each of the nine bankrupts was formerly employed as a high-class waiter in the grillroom at the Sharon, and that for some reason all the men decided about the same time to resign their places and go into business for themselves.

* * * * * * * *

The manager was surprised to see Laurie MacCallum walk into the office in the forenoon—more surprised when Laurie said:

"Madame Sarah Bernhardt is playing L'Aiglon at the Columbine. I came to ask if you will please send up and get me the two best seats in the house for tonight."

"Certainly," the manager agreed, and then added: "I might have supposed a man so busy as you are wouldn't have time to think much about the theater!"

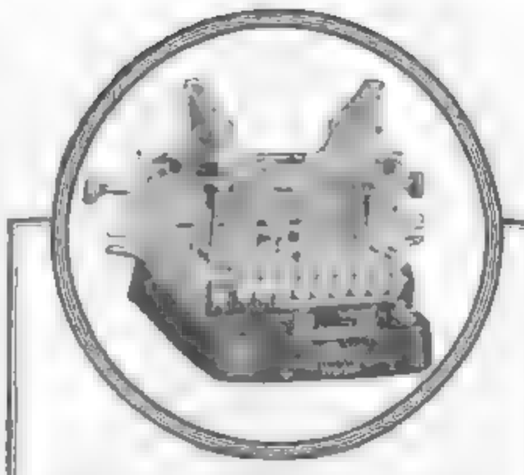
"I am not thinking about the theater," amended Laurie as he went out the door; "I am thinking about my business."

When MacCallum came at evening the manager looked at him twice to make sure of his identity. The employee who had outgrown his title of checker and whose activities were now too diversified to be covered by a single title, was arrayed in perfect evening clothes, with a "crusher" under his arm. The manager, taking the dining-room sheets, extracted a small envelope from a pigeonhole.

"Your box seats," he said. "May I call a cab to take you to the theater?"

"No," said Laurie, and then he added: "On second thought, you may have ready both a cab and an ambulance. Before I go to the show a Scotchman is going to try to master French in one violent lesson. After the lesson—if I'm able—I'll send word which vehicle I need!"

When Laurie arrived at the kitchen entrance a little later he had added white gloves to his costume. His expanded "crusher" sat in his elbow; it was not possible to see that the hat was not empty.



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He called a 'bus boy and handed him an engraved card. "Present that," he commanded, "to M. Mergen and tell him I have come to pay my respects."

When Laurie MacCallum followed the omnibus into the spotless kitchen and across to the tall desk beyond the burnished ranges the greatest of chefs stood for the first time face to face with the intruder in the Sharon's culinary precincts, the man who had overridden glorious traditions with inglorious "systems"—merely to hear of whom was to despise him! M. Ferdinand Mergen was astonished to behold not a member of *la canaille*, but a pleasant, fashionably attired young man—one as different from his misconception as a silver dish of *homard à la Sharon, sauce Mergen*, would be different from a lobster boiling in the makeshift pot of a beachcomber.

The visitor bent in a bow, instantly replied to by Mergen, whose glistening starched coat crackled with the genuflection.

"My compliments to *Monsieur le Chef*," began Laurie MacCallum. "Would he be pleased to tell one who respects him highly how many good, steaming cups one might hope to extract from a pound of tea?"

"*Par exemple!* What insult is this?" cried Mergen. "I am the chef—is it not? What you think? Am I the Chinaman to extract tea by the pound?"

"You are the Mergen, the so-great chef," answered Laurie, bowing. "You are the expert on matters relating to the nourishing of the body and the delighting of the palate. Mergen knows all; surely he will tell! How many cups of tea to the pound?"

"Should I know to answer the foolish question for the man that makes trouble, trouble, trouble in the dear Sharon? *Jamais de la vie!*"

"Then am I mistaken," said Laurie, turning as though to leave the exasperated presence. "I have been told—but never mind."

"You have been told! What? I, Mergen, demand to know what it is you have been told of me!"

Laurie MacCallum's manner changed. He was thoughtful; he was sad. He said: "Monsieur, I have been told by persons who do not know that M. Ferdinand Mergen was in Paris during the siege."

"And was I not? *Bien entendu!* Was it not that I was trapped with the army in Metz by the Prussians in August of '70—trapped with the great Marshal Bazaine himself? And did not the marshal choose me of all his officers to escape and carry the dispatches to General Trochu in Paris? Did I not reach Paris through a thousand dangers—*pouf!*—and deliver the letters to Trochu's own hands? Did I not myself cook the general's Christmas dinner—when there was that little to cook one could have wept? And when they put General Vinoy in command of the Paris troops, did I not serve him his dinner when he dared not to ask what kind of meat was the roast?—when there was of coffee none at all and his hot drink was made from a pinch of tea and much of—ah! I cannot to say what!"

"So!" cried Laurie. "Our brave Mergen was in Paris during the terrible siege! He did serve Trochu and Vinoy! He did feed them while others starved, because he knew the measure and the value of food—because he could make the good General Vinoy the cup of tea—not from the pound, but from the pinch! Is it not so? *Vive le Mergen!* He is the man who knows! A pinch of tea to the cup—how many cups is that to the pound?"

The transported and perspiring chef made generous answer on the instant:

"Ah! but monsieur is too kind! Not in times like those in Paris, but as now, here in the Sharon, I should say we must shake the full pound of tea into the pots from which pour twenty cups. Twenty—*oui!*"

"Then he is mistaken!" cried Laurie. "My friend, the inventor, he is mistaken. See!" And he lifted from concealment in his opera hat the tea-measuring canister the manager had refused to buy from old Rogers for fifty dollars. "Here is the very machine he built to prove it to me—that there are twenty-eight good cups of tea to the pound. Come! Let us disprove him utterly. Quick! a package of tea. There! Now drop into this gauge the proper amount of tea for one cup. Good! Now the gauge has set itself and just so much as that will issue from the canister each time we press the knob. Empty the pound package into the canister. Good! One, two, three——"

Laurie MacCallum was pounding the little knob and counting the pinches of tea

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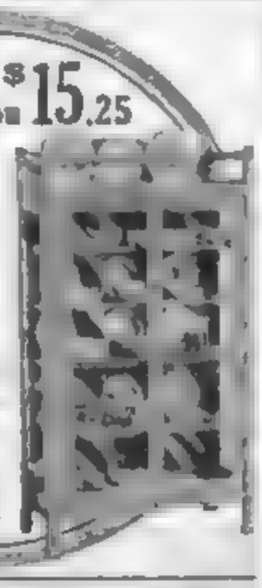

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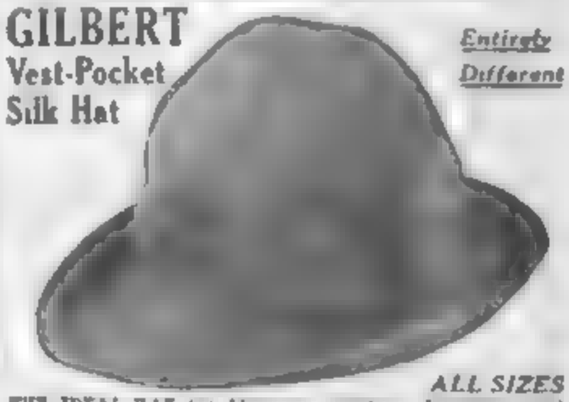
GILBERT Vest-Pocket Silk Hat

Entirely Different



ALL SIZES

THE IDEAL HAT for Morning [illegible] Evening and [illegible] wear. Cool [illegible] Weight [illegible] Made of best [illegible] PURE SILK [illegible] Oxford silk sweat band [illegible] Black, White, Pearl, Black Navy or Brown Top [illegible] Weight Price $1.50. LADIES HATS—wider brim and fuller crown, $2.25—worth more. (Note—Ties to match above hats, four in hands and bows, 50 cents.) SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

GILBERT & COMPANY, Decatur, Illinois.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO. Washington, D. C.

The Bookkeeper—the Bill Clerk—the Cost Clerk and the Comptometer

"Say, Mr. Jones, the bill clerk is ready to begin extending his bills and he wants the Comptometer."

"Tell him he'll have to wait until I finish checking my postings."

"All right, but how about Mr. Brown?—he says to tell you he's been holding up some percentage work for two or three days, waiting for a chance at the machine."

"Well, I won't keep it long, but there's nothing doing until I get through."

—This is typical of what happens in offices where they understand the Comptometer—where its value has been demonstrated by use on all kinds of figure work—addition, multiplication, division and subtraction. It won't cost you anything to have a Comptometer put in your office on trial. Write us about it.

Comptometer
Adds Multiplies Divides Subtracts

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., 1709 N. Paulina St., Chicago

Father really ought to have his picture taken—he hasn't had a photograph since that funny looking one in the cut-away coat that he was married in. ('Twas a noon wedding you know.)

Yes, mother says 'twas a good one of him as he looked *then*, but really, for the sake of the family, there should be one of him as he looks *now*.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Don't take the first collar that is offered to you—unless it is a Barker.

Be particular, be as discriminating in your collar buying as you are in your neckwear buying.

When you pay 2 for 25c for a Collar you are paying the Linen price. But You do not get Linen unless you get a collar stamped Warranted Linen.

BARKER BRAND

Warranted Linen Collars

2 for 25c

Why be satisfied with anything but the best when you are paying the price that should buy the best?

If the makers of cotton collars believed their material better than linen you may be sure they would say so.

If your dealer cannot supply you with the genuine Barker Brand Warranted Linen Collars go to a dealer who will. You will be amply repaid for this little trouble by getting real collar satisfaction.

Not only the satisfaction in the first buying, but also in the satisfaction of getting the world of your money in the long wear that only Linen Collars can give you.

If you cannot easily buy Barker Brand Warranted Linen Collars in your vicinity send us $1 and we will send you 8 collars, prepaid.

WM. BARKER CO.
Troy New York

that fell. "Eighteen, nineteen, twenty! That must be all! What! Still more? Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three——"

The machine proved that, according to Mergen's own measure for one cup of tea, a pound of tea should make twenty-seven cups.

"I knew it," exclaimed Laurie when pressing the knob produced no more tea "the inventor was wrong. He said twenty-eight!"

"And I was wrong," admitted the great Mergen. "In making twenty cups I should have wasted seven. But who cares? The Sharon does not stint—no!"

Laurie looked at the chef a long time. "No—the Sharon does not care; but Mergen—Mergen who saved the generals to Paris when the city was starving, because he knew—Mergen cares! Seven cups wasted in every twenty—that is, eight hundred wasted in a day in the Sharon! At fifteen cents the cup, that is one hundred and twenty dollars lost in a day, thirty-six hundred dollars wasted in a month, nearly forty-five thousand dollars thrown to the birds in a year! Will Mergen permit it? Never! Never!"

The chef's huge form hung crumpled over his desk. His face was buried in his hands to hide its red shame. Laurie leaned over him and, with the liberty of a friend, encircled the round white back with his arm.

"Courage, monsieur," he whispered. "Courage! Now that we know where the trouble is, now we shall [illegible]? And no one shall ever know, no one but Ferdinand and Laurie—no!"

Mergen lifted his head and looked at the other, with misery in his eyes; but back of the misery glistened the star of hope.

"Heigh-ho!" cried Laurie. "Now is the hero of the siege himself again! We shall celebrate this night. Turn over the kitchen to the assistants. Run to your room and jump into your evening clothes. We shall go to the Columbine and see the divine Sarah play the Eaglet, son of Napoleon I, whom our fathers served, while we ourselves served Napoleon III. Come! And while we listen to the Eaglet sound the glories of the Eagle—tell of him who could lead the army over the Alps because he knew how to measure food for the bellies of his men—shall we not together work out the measure by which everything in the kitchen shall be handled without the waste the Eagle said was a sin? Hurry, we shall not be late!"

As M. Ferdinand Mergen ran off to shed white feathers for black, Laurie MacCallum got the manager on the 'phone.

"Will you please tell the ambulance driver he need not wait?" said Laurie. "And will you kindly direct the cabby to come to the street door of the kitchen?"

. . . . . .

At a table in the storeroom at midafternoon sat the class in "long and short division." At Laurie's right was Mergen the chef; at his left was Eric Christiansen the storekeeper. Before them the house butcher stood with whetted knives.

"Show him, *Monsieur le Chef*, just where and how to divide the beef into the greatest number of standard steaks and roasts," commanded Laurie.

"And your friend of the tea machine," queried the smiling but cautious Mergen, "does he also invent the beef machine?"

"No, no!" laughed Laurie. "Mergen needs no more machines, for Mergen is awake."

The chef became tremendously interested in getting the largest number of cuts from the beef without deviating from his standards. It was fun, he declared; it was joy! And when steaks, roasts and kettle meats were cut and segregated Laurie ordered a further division into portions such as would serve a guest; and upon his ruled schedule forms he made note of every portion that a side of beef of given weight should be expected to supply. Eggs, butter, lard, hams, bacon, flour—every item that the storekeeper was accustomed to supply to the pantry for the chef was taken up and reduced to portions. Mergen enthused. He should make his men responsible to him for every single portion of everything they used; and when the sin of waste was corrected—ah, well, the chef should continue to do marvels!

From the storeroom and kitchen the new idea spread through the hotel like leaven through dough. In the Sharon, economy never had been—was not now, by any written or verbal command of the management a necessity. It became a splendid pastime, differing from some pastimes in that it grew into a habit. Employees were caught by the fascination of cutting down the requisition without cutting down the standard. A new rule worked itself out of the kitchen and circled the dining room—a rule that made it a disgrace to break a dish! The waiter increased his speed so that he might handle one glass or one plate at a time; the omnibus reduced himself to a carryall and made more trips; the dishwashers worked overtime rather than risk a crash. The Sharon's bill for broken crockery and glass fell from the customary four thousand dollars to five hundred dollars in six months—probably a record among hotels of this class.

Two waiters came to blows while doling out butter-sauce to serve a banquet for a hundred guests. Their quarrel was over a law of averages. They might count a lump and a quarter to the guest, one contended; the other stood out for a lump and a half. Reynor, who separated the combatants, said that where a question existed the decision must always be on the liberal side. Sugar remained in the bowls when the banquet had passed the coffee, and the lump-and-a-half waiter sought his late opponent and admitted his mistake.

In the vegetable room, where twenty Chinamen in white blouses and pantaloons prepared the vegetables for the kitchen, Laurie found the "boss-ee man" pasting a red paper strip covered with black characters above the bench of two of the Chinks.

"What for?" Laurie inquired.

"Ah! you slee!" explained the "boss-ee man." "Him fellows peel 'em heap thin. Nis week they got more full poshuns out one sack potatoes as any other bench. You savvy?"

. . . . . .

How Laurie MacCallum moved among the hidden springs of men's actions and found ways of eliminating the petty graft no checking system could reach is a chapter in Sharon history. For one thing, he developed among the waiters a pride that minimized the temptation to turn highwayman with the convenient pistols of the man who serves. They came to like to feel in the pocket the milling on a tip well earned.

. . . . . .

When Laurie had been in the Sharon about a year he was dining in the kitchen one night as Mergen's guest. They were discussing a pheasant that the chef declared had come, not from the storeroom but directly from the uncivilized Highlands of Scotland, and moistening it with a bottle that Laurie maintained had gone through the Paris siege and escaped the destructive Parisians only because it was buried deep under Notre Dame. They were interrupted by a visit from the manager, whose coming at this hour suggested something unusual.

"I bring to your feast a dish of another kind," the manager announced, declining a chair and displaying a card covered with figures. "I'm sure you'll both say it's palatable. I've been going over the books and find that, for the month just closed, the dining service returned a profit equal to the amount it was going behind each month before a certain young Scotchman began to upset things in the Sharon!"

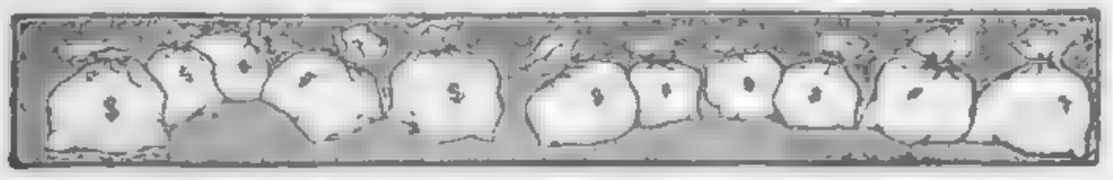
The card fluttered from his hand to the floor; and in recovering it the manager bumped against a curious metal contrivance screwed to the edge of a table. He glanced at the obstruction and gasped:

"The tea machine! Why, that's the thing I refused to pay old Rogers fifty dollars for!"

"*Parbleu!*" purred Mergen. "Such unwisdom! That thing saves you five hundred dollars a month."

The manager was nettled for a moment, and then he said with great dignity:

"Mr. MacCallum, you have never been paid for your tea machine and the Sharon will not attempt to buy it from you now. Hereafter the monthly saving mentioned by the chef will be added to your salary!"



10,000 Cars at $1,055

To Introduce Reo the Fifth

By R. E. Olds, Designer

To the Thousands Who are Buying

I am not writing this to sell more cars. The present demand taxes our utmost capacity. And the cars in use will sell our future output better than words of mine.

In all my experience of 25 years I have never seen a success like that of Reo the Fifth. I have never seen a car so popular.

What I have to say now is to you who are buying, largely through faith in me.

I want you to know that, despite this rush, there are hundreds of us watching every car. We are giving more than we promised.

And you who took my word—who are buying first—are getting an underprice.

Just the Start

Reo the Fifth is not built for a season. The present demand is just the beginning.

This car, remember, is the final result of 25 years spent in car building. It marks my limit—the very best I can do. And no car of the future can greatly improve on it.

The cars we sell now are sent out to sell others—to create reputation for My Farewell Car. And you may be sure that not a car goes out until we know it is utterly perfect.

Our Costly Care

We analyze the steel that goes into this car. Every part is inspected over and over. Every part with a flaw is rejected.

Every important part is put to radical test before it goes into the car.

The engines are tested for 48 hours. The finished cars are given more severe try-outs than in any other factory I know.

Parts are ground over and over to get utter exactness. Absolute silence in every part is demanded

Each body is finished in 17 coats. The upholstering is perfect. To every part we give the final touch, regardless of time or cost.

For each of these cars is a salesman. Each will tell to hundreds of people the story of Reo the Fifth. And all our success in the future depends on the tale they tell.

The Underprice

There was never a car so underpriced as Reo the Fifth at $1,055. Every man knows this who makes any comparison.

This price is ridiculous. It is too low to endure. The coming advance in the cost of materials is bound to send it soaring.

But we are content to sell 10,000 cars without regard to profit. So the present price will doubtless continue during the spring demand.

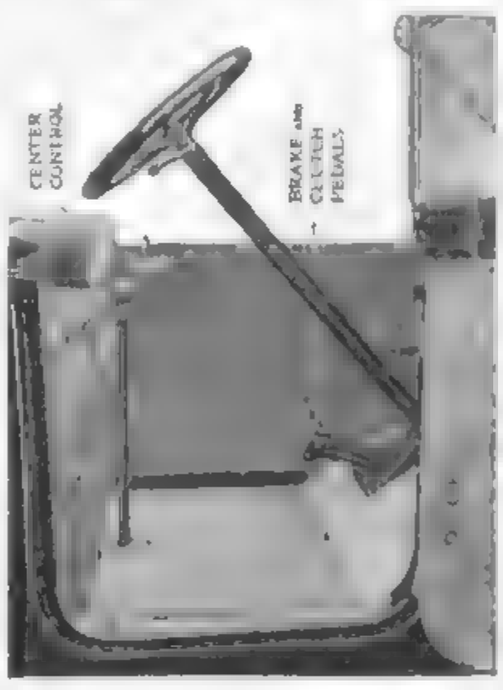
It goes to original buyers—to the men who first come to this car. And they will create our future market. Their cars will be our future advertisements.

You early buyers are getting an inside price, and I am glad to know it. But men who expect the present price to continue are bound to be disappointed.

The Center Control

This Year's Best Innovation

The success of Reo the Fifth is largely due to our new center control. Here, for the first time, we get rid of all side levers. Both doors in front are clear.



All the gear shifting is done by moving this center lever less than three inches, in each of four directions. It is done with the right hand.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals, one of which also operates the clutch.

This arrangement permits of the left side drive, heretofore possible in electric cars only. The driver sits, as he should sit, close to the cars he passes and on the up side of the road.

The old side drive will appear very awkward when you once see this.

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Reo the Fifth is sold by dealers in a thousand towns, so everyone can easily see it.

Our catalog shows the various bodies and gives every detail. Ask us to mail it to you. Address

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

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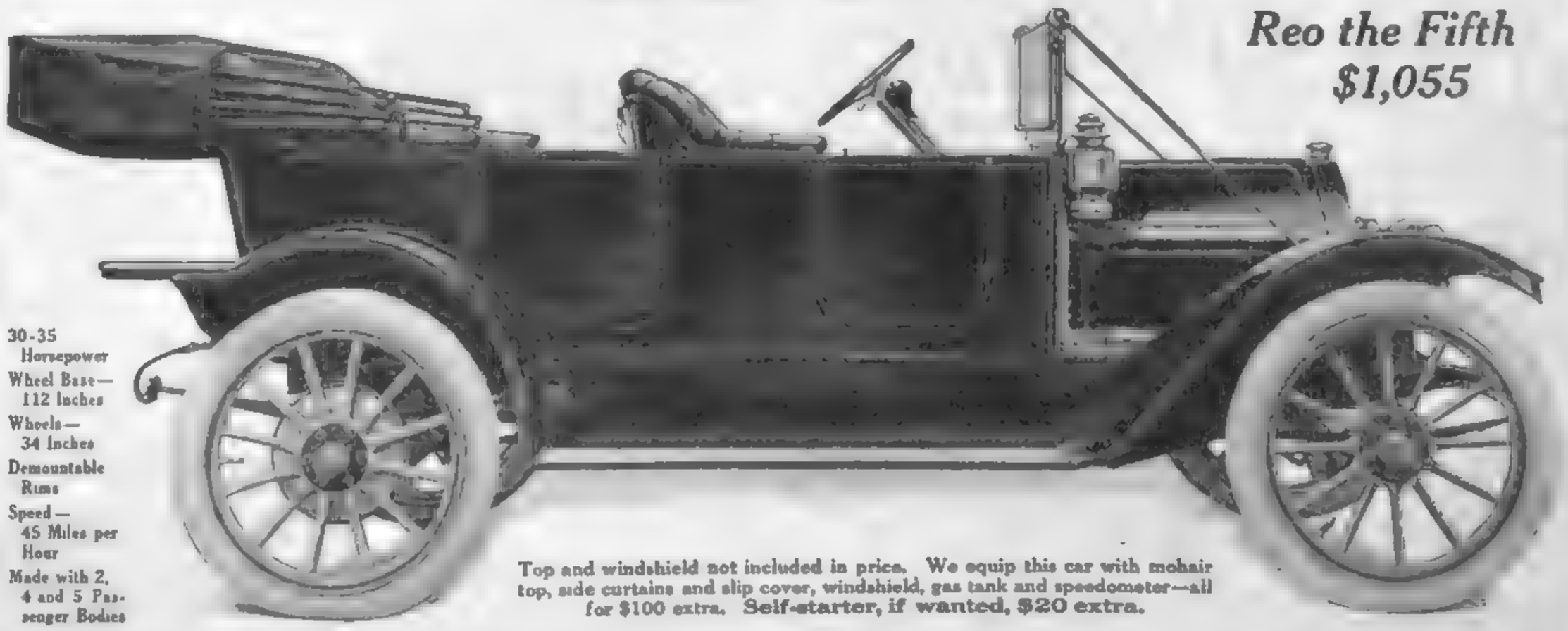
Reo the Fifth
$1,055



30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Wheels—34 Inches
Demountable Rims
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra.

Ford

"Safety"—spell it the new way—and it's "F-o-r-d." Certainty of operation—strength and lightness, made possible by Vanadium steel—simplicity of construction—these make the Ford safest and surest. A reason why every third car on the highway this year will be a Ford.

All Fords are Model T's—all alike except the bodies. The two passenger runabout costs $590—the five passenger touring car $690—the delivery car $700—the town car $900—f. o. b. Detroit, completely equipped. Get latest catalogue—and name of nearest representative—from Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SCHOOLHOUSE

(Continued from Page 15)

had very definite ideas of how this waste should be stopped, as well as of the new kind of school buildings to be built in the future. They agreed the school should be open every month in the year and as many hours a day as possible. That they should be people's clubhouses as well as children's schools was equally clear. Here, too, was the place for political meetings—Republican, Democratic or Socialist. People should use the schoolhouse in any way they saw fit—to discuss taxes, roads, candidates or any of their common political questions. To these town meetings the mayor, councilmen—even the congressmen—should come and give an accounting of themselves and their parties. Here miniature referendums could be taken on public questions. People would be more willing to pay taxes if they knew what they got for them.

Such a custom, once established, would be good for men and women and children. It would be good for public morals and good for a normal social life: but it would be bad for graft. Graft has an instinct for self-preservation; so graft is opposed to social centers.

The town-meeting idea is another evidence that we are beginning to have more faith in all the people than we ever had before. That faith is the explanation of direct primaries, the initiative and referendum and the recall. And the men and women who came to Madison saw in the schoolhouse an easy means of enabling the people to look after their own political affairs.

Some saw the schoolhouse as a lifelong university, where men and women could continue studies they never had a chance to pursue. It would be a democratic university, in which all kinds of educational work would be carried on. This is already being done in the city of New York, where more than a million people attended the lectures given by the Board of Education during the winter of 1910-11. Seven hundred lecturers addressed fifty-four hundred audiences during the winter.

The Real Hunger of the Poor

Wisconsin has started such a university in the public schools. It has nearly five thousand students enrolled, and employs eighty-seven professors and instructors. Professors from the university are sent into every county to conduct serious university work. Correspondence classes are offered, in which students get university credits. There are shop classes in the factories in mechanics, electricity and engineering, as well as agricultural courses for farmers. Some day we shall be able to go to college all our lives—and without leaving our own ward or county.

There were farmers at the conference who saw great possibilities in the school center. It would relieve the loneliness of the farm and check the stream of boys and girls to the city. Instead of the old-fashioned spelling bee there would be lectures, singing classes, dances, debates. Fairs and festivals could be held. In the enlarged schoolhouse the Government could maintain stations for testing seeds, soil and milk. Here the coöperative store could be located. There is no reason why the country school should not be a town hall, a people's club, an agricultural experiment station and a branch of the state university, all under one roof.

Only those who know the tenement and the boarding house understand the hunger for companionship in a great city—a hunger for the most part unsatisfied. The monotony of the day's work fills the saloon and the dance-hall with young and old, whose lives would be barren indeed were it not for these commercialized places of amusement. Jane Addams, who perhaps better than any one else knows this hunger of the poor, says:

"Huge dance-halls are opened, to which hundreds of young people are attracted, many of whom stand wistfully outside of a roped circle, for it requires five cents to procure within it for five minutes the sense of allurement and intoxication which is sold in lieu of innocent pleasure. We see thousands of girls walking up and down the streets on a pleasant evening, with no chance to catch a sight of pleasure even through a lighted window, save as those

Use this treatment just before dressing. See what fresh, vivid coloring it gives you

The New Facial Treatment

The following is the most effective facial treatment you could use, better even than massage:

Just before retiring, wash your face with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. Rub its lather in. After this rinse in warm then in cold water. Then rub your skin for five minutes with a lump of ice.

This treatment keeps your skin perfectly clean and supplied with pure blood, so that it clears, colors and [illegible]

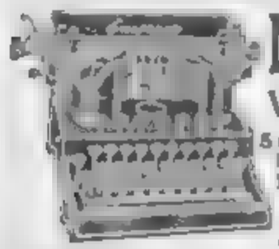
Woodbury preparations 50 cent sizes at all druggists throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Write today to The Andrew Jergens Co., 2503 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere.

Leads—and Ought To

because we are putting the greatest [illegible] into Notaseme Silk Hosiery ever known. [illegible] greatest store



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"What shall we have for dessert?" is answered over a hundred times in the illustrated Knox [illegible] book "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." It also contains many recipes for candies, salads, cakes, ices, etc.

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for your grocer's name and address. If he doesn't sell Knox Gelatine send his name and 2-cent stamp for pint sample.

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100,000 APRONS Given Away

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For Facts about Prizes, Rewards, etc., send 6c stamps for our new 128 page book of interest to Inventors. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 36, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

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They give the proper circulation of air about the feet in hot weather. As you change from thick to thin underwear, so you should wear these shoes this summer. Address for catalog, giving us your dealer's name. If he cannot supply you, we will.

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INNOVATION SWEETS

package. As the title suggests, this Johnston product is an innovation in candy. Each piece is a happy surprise.

CHOCOLATES

"To Suit Every Taste"

Swiss Style Milk Chocolate Creams
Swiss Style Milk Chocolate Almonds
Original Dutch Bitter Sweets
Chocolates Extraordinary
T-R-I-A-D Chocolates
The Quintette

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send any of the above 80c or $1.00 packages, express prepaid, upon receipt of stamps or money order.

The better dealers everywhere sell Johnston's.

(57)

Johnston's

MILWAUKEE

lurid places provide it. Apparently the modern city sees in these girls only two possibilities, both of them commercial—first, a chance to utilize by day their new and tender labor in its factories and shops; and then another chance in the evening to extract from their petty wages by pandering to their love of pleasure.

"One of the most pathetic sights in the public dance-halls of Chicago is the number of young men, obviously honest young fellows from the country, who stand about vainly hoping to make the acquaintance of some 'nice' girl. They look eagerly up and down the rows of girls, many of whom are drawn to the hall by the same keen desire for pleasure and social intercourse which the lonely young men themselves feel."

Last winter, in Milwaukee, dances were given every Saturday evening in the municipal auditorium. The music was the best that could be obtained. Over four thousand people came regularly to the dances, which were clean, orderly and the red letter day of the week to thousands.

There was some protest from the churches. The mayor of Milwaukee met the objectors and said:

"While you are arguing over theories our boys and girls are going wrong!"

"What would you do about it?" the objectors inquired.

"We have got to compete with the devil," was the answer.

And why should we not use the schoolhouses as people's theaters? Why not develop the undiscovered talent now lost to the society by the organization of neighborhood dramatic societies, with orchestras, singing and musical clubs? Some day we shall provide such opportunities as part of a well-ordered community life. The countries of Europe subsidize the theater; the cities maintain orchestras and military bands. In Germany, France and Italy the drama and music are supported by the city, just as are the police and fire departments. We spend tens of millions on the theater and much of its influence is bad. Next to the school and the press the drama is our greatest educational influence. And just a little added to the school budget would open up opportunities for pleasure that would yield dividends in artists, dramatists and musicians—even aside from the happiness it would give.

A Comprehensive Clubhouse

Some years ago Mark Twain aided in organizing the Educational Theater, in the East Side of New York. It had the support of many educators and artists. Miss Alice Minnie Herts trained the neighborhood talent, and her troupe of East Side artists gave performances in New York, Boston and other cities. The schoolhouse was the theater and the boys and girls of the neighborhood were the actors. Only good plays were presented. There was an orchestra; there were classes in dramatics and in story telling. Over one hundred and fifty thousand children and fifty thousand adults saw the productions and as many more were turned away. Eighty-five per cent of the performers were clerks, stenographers, working girls and women. After witnessing one of the plays, President Eliot, of Harvard, said:

"Here is this tremendous power over children and over fathers and mothers that ought to be utilized for their good. It is true that the dramatic instinct is very general and it can be used to put into the hearts and minds of children and adults all sorts of noble and influential thoughts; and that is the use that ought to be made of it. Think what it is for any child of ten or sixteen to learn by heart a great play of Shakspere or some other noble author! I have seen it among the children of my own family."

School experts say that out of every thousand children at least two are probably geniuses, while fifty have talents that would enrich the world. The genius of the poor is mostly lost to us because the schools press all children into the same mold; but when we open up the schoolhouse, as we now open up the back lots to the budding baseball professionals, we shall begin to produce talent and genius as never before.

The schoolhouse can readily be made the most alluring club in the city. The saloon and the theater will have difficulty in competing with it. When the school-center idea is fully developed then the school will be democracy's center, the people's forum—the place where we go on all kinds of occasions. And the dreamers out at Madison

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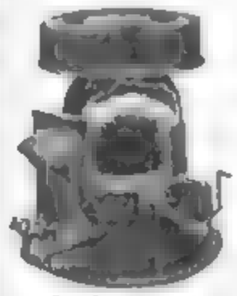
HERE'S PROOF
"My Underfeed installed in 1908 has given perfect satisfaction. Our coal bill averages less than $30 per winter it has paid for itself.
M. S. KANE, 3525 Ever- Chicago

THE UNDERFEED does more than pay for itself—it makes money for its owner by effecting, for practically a lifetime, an annual saving of ½ to ⅔ in fuel expense.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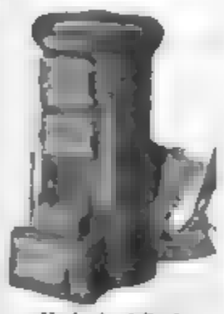
The economy and efficiency of Underfeed heating are easily explained. Cheap slack soft coal and pea and buckwheat sizes of hard and soft coal yield in the Underfeed *more* heat, *cleaner* heat and more *even* heat than highest priced coal burned in other heaters.

THE PECK Williamson Underfeed FURNACES BOILERS


Underfeed Boiler

Coal is fed from below. Fire is on top and sides, in direct contact with the most effective radiating surfaces. In top feed furnaces the reverse is true—fresh coal blankets the fire, causing alternating chill and overheat, discomfort and coal waste. In the Underfeed, smoke and gases pass up through the fire, are consumed and make more heat. The Underfeed insures *perfect* combustion—the utilizing of all heating elements. No smoke, no soot, no clinkers and but few ashes.

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If you are about to build; if your furnace or boiler is unsatisfactory; if you still depend on stoves or grates—write for FREE furnace or boiler booklet.

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Property Owners—

Heating plans prepared for you by our Engineering Department and estimate of cost are FREE. Write today for particulars. To all who write we send facsimile testimonials which prove the unequalled advantages of the Underfeed

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I would like to know more about how to cut down the cost of my Coal Bills from one-half to two-thirds. Send me—FREE—

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(Indicate by X Booklet you desire)

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Fine quality genuine Panama. Closely woven, beautifully finished and trimmed with silk band and leather sweat. Brim [illegible] Your choice of Sailor or Telescope shape. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send size of hat worn.

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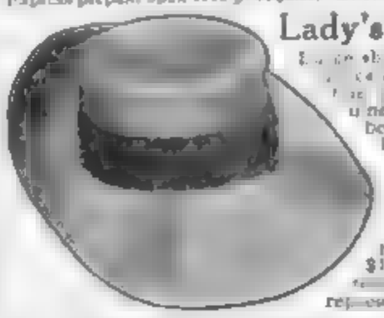
Lady's Panama



Latest shape, brim 4½ inches [illegible] genuine Panama—beautiful white bleach. This hat has no superior for [illegible] Sent prepaid upon receipt of $10.00. Money refunded if hat is not as represented.

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Has Heat Control At Finger Tip

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Saves one-half on your fuel bills; gives plenty of heat and thorough satisfaction. [illegible]

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Want to know *where, when* and *how* to get your creel full of big ones? This month's number of the

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is full of good tips by sportsmen who know from actual experience the best places, the best time, and the best way to catch fish. Sent to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of 10c in stamps or coin.

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This is one of 100 Designs

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is the price you can get for your car after years of use. The demand for Stevens-Duryea used cars at high prices is always greater than the supply. The reasons why are:

More power delivered to the rear wheels.
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The mechanical design is years ahead.

Your Stevens-Duryea stays new.

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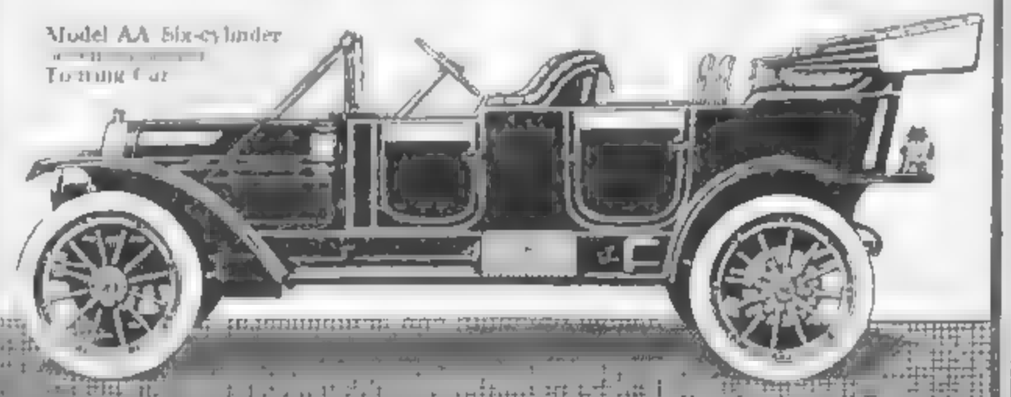
Model AA Six-cylinder Touring Car



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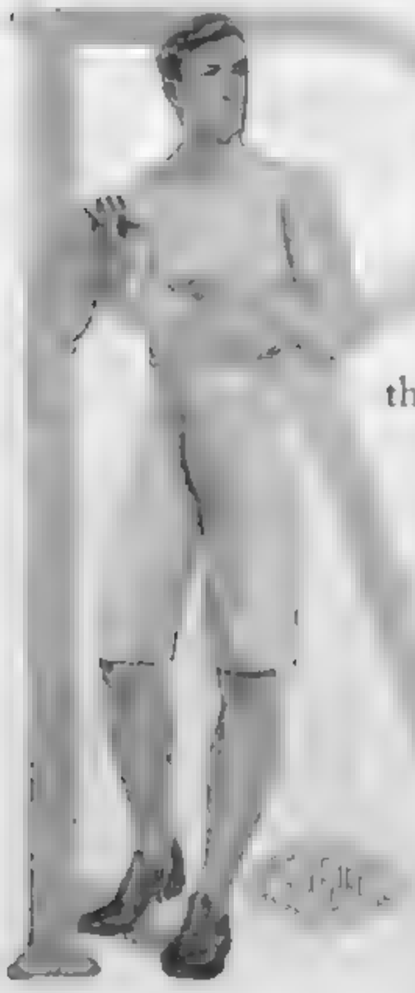

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Two million men have thrashed out this underwear question—and settled on

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Among them they have tried and *discarded* every other kind and make of underwear. Roxford is the *staple* old-fashioned balbriggan idea in the *modern styles*—soft, easy-fitting—

***Ten styles* for Men and Boys—50c., 75c. and $1.00 a garment.**

Ask any reliable haberdasher or department store. Write for the little *Roxford Book*.

Roxford Knitting Co.

Dept. G Philadelphia

said the schoolhouse should be a kind of city hall a big club; it should be built for many activities now scattered under many roofs or not housed at all. It is the natural place for the branch library and reading room.

The workingman cannot travel to the central library in the evening—he is too tired and he cannot afford the carfare; but a thousand little messengers who travel to and from the schools each day can bring the library to the home. They can carry the books to the father and mother, who make selections from printed slips.

Professor John R. Commons, of the University of Wisconsin, says the schoolhouse should contain public-employment bureaus which will take the place of the advertisements in the daily papers. The schoolhouse is the natural place for labor exchanges, such as they have in Germany and Great Britain, and as are now being established in Wisconsin. Here manless jobs and jobless men will meet; here the problem of demand and supply will be studied. The school exchange will be in touch with the central office, which will be a clearing house for the whole city.

Other men said the school should be the local health office, with a medical and dental dispensary for the neighborhood. From the schools nurses will follow the children to their homes. Here the pure-milk depots will be located, while the gymnasium instructor will be the health officer of the neighborhood. Through the schoolhouse health administration will become a part of the daily curriculum of life.

Branches of the city art gallery will travel from one school to another, just as traveling libraries are now sent out by many states. Knowledge of art will be democratized and appreciation of the beautiful will become the common possession of all.

The voter will come to the schoolhouse to cast his ballot—instead of to the saloon, the barber shop or the stable. The school is the natural place for the ballot-box.

The Acropolis of Democracy

The architects also had dreams. They saw the schoolhouse as a means for expressing the new spirit of democracy. They saw the spirit of America taking form in brick and stone, just as the religious fervor of the Middle Ages erected Gothic cathedrals. The schoolhouse, they said, was the proper temple for the expression of America's ideals. And they described these people's temples as located in parks, with provision for recreation, for play, for rest. There would be auditoriums for political gatherings, for lectures, concerts, the drama. Seats would be movable, so that the assembly hall could be used for receptions, banquets and dances. There would be a stage for orchestral, choral and dramatic performances. There would be gymnasiums, swimming pools, branch libraries and reading rooms.

The basement would be given over to bowling, billiards and other play. There would be a restaurant where the children could get their noonday meal and where neighborhood dinners could be given. All these things would be provided without in any way interfering with the use of the building for school purposes—rather beauty and harmony would increase the effectiveness of education. The cheerless schoolroom would be sweetened with a home atmosphere. Barren walls would be covered with pictures and dreary hallways would be converted into restful corridors.

There is nothing fantastic about these dreams. We are building private schools with many of these comforts. The Y. M. C. A. buildings are becoming secular in their activities as they are in their architecture. So are the social settlements.

The schoolhouse is waiting for democracy—for the democracy that is fast finding its voice all over America. It will be the new town hall—the town hall that bred the spirit of the Revolution prior to the battle of Lexington. In the schoolhouse we shall breed the orators, statesmen and politicians of the future. From them will issue the musician and the artist. Out of it a new drama will spring.

The schoolhouse will make culture, education and companionship lifelong things. In the revivified old red schoolhouse democracy has possibilities that no one has fully dreamed of. It will be democracy's Acropolis! About it the life of the community will center as it centered about the Forum in ancient Rome.

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Look for name in shoe

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Light Enough

and as cool as a shoe can be, service considered. An ideal shoe for warm weather. Made of specially selected Tan Russia Calf—**Imperial** Quality.

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Shipped complete, f. o. b. Cincinnati, on receipt of $92.50. Blue prints [illegible] Sizes [illegible] high [illegible] Fireproof, weatherproof indestructible. Locks most securely. An artistic structure any owner will be proud of. Booklet, with full description and illustration, sent on request

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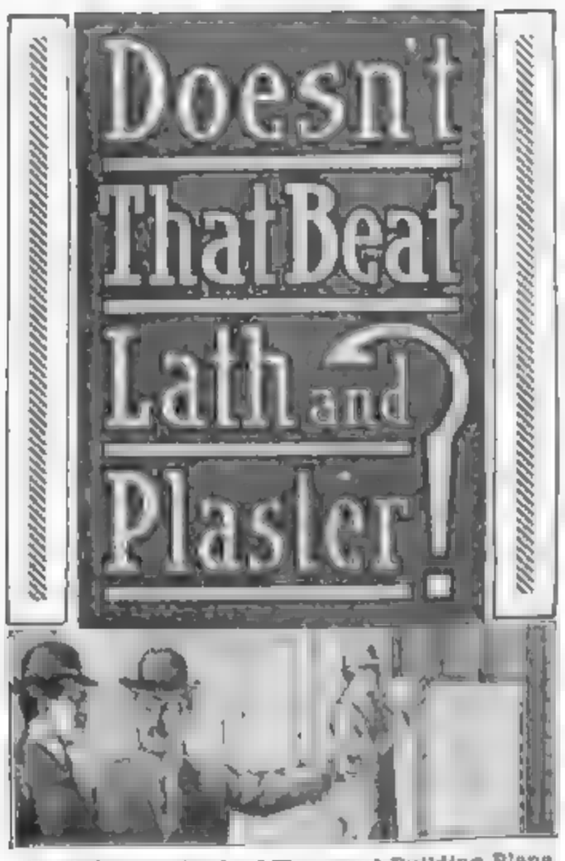

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This handsome book shows you all the uses of Bishopric Wall Board—the most remarkable wall material of the century.

Bishopric Wall Board takes the place of lath and plaster and is far better. It comes in sheets 4 x 4 feet all ready to apply to the studding. Any person who can drive nails can put it on. It is ready at once for any kind of decoration—paper, paint, kalsomine, panel-ing etc. Book shows how beautifully Bishopric Wall Board finishes dining rooms, libraries, bedrooms, all kinds of homes, as well as business and storage rooms, etc. Also finished in Bishopric Wall Board.

It saves a month's time in building. It is sound-proof, fire proof, frost proof, heat proof, rat proof and age resisting.

Bishopric Wall Board is toughened asphalt, finished with sized cardboard on one side and stiffened by imbedded lath on the other.

It is the Wall Board that keeps its rigidity and salesman of forces. It is a because it is the only Wall Board made with lath. It can not warp, twist, swell or sag.

The new book suggests many ways for improving your home or any other building at the least cost. Send for it today. Dealers, send for attractive proposition. Address

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New Suitings are full of color—so are shirts, ties and hosiery. "Blazer" coats are coming in again.

Make your *hat* match up. Get a *Wick Fancy Hat Band*—fasten it on with the "little hooks."

And be sure it's a *Wick* Band (with the Wick *Label* attached), if you want the good style and the correct colors.

Good hatters and haberdashers can supply you the *Wick* Bands. If yours cannot—write us *direct*. Tell us what colors you want and enclose 50 cents for each Band.

Special Club and Fraternity Bands made to order

Wick Narrow Fabric Co.
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THE HEALTH MERRY-GO-ROUND keeps children healthy

Children never tire of the **Health Merry-go-Round.** It gives them **healthful out-door amusement at home**—fresh air and exercise that develops their muscles.

This machine is [illegible] built of seasoned hardwood, [illegible] and steel and is [illegible] proof. It [illegible] the [illegible]. Every machine guaranteed. Send for Free [illegible] Catalog.

Health Merry-go-Round Co.
Dept. 215 Quincy, Ill. U. S. A.

EXTRAORDINARY CASES

Continued from Page 19

In one case a sheet of music was found on which were stains, and Uhlenhuth was able to name exactly the animal from which the blood had come.

A man was tried at Treves for murder. On his shirt, trousers and stockings were found stains that he testified were caused by his being in a cow house where one of the cows had wrenched off her horn. This story was supported by the evidence of another witness, but Uhlenhuth by this test was able to show, first that the stains were of human blood, and second that they were not bovine.

In another case a man was accused of having shot and robbed a wagoner. He alleged that the stains on his clothing were due to the drippings from some meat that he had bought, but Uhlenhuth showed that they were human blood stains.

As by a sort of magic the scientist is now able to solve the mystery of these criminal defenses. Often where there were stains of various origins mingled, the biologists by this test have been able to identify each so that the criminal cannot escape by resorting to a confusion of sources.

DeWillebois, Jr., reports an extraordinary case. A man had stabbed another at a fair. On being arrested he stated that he had acted in self-defense and that his opponent had been stabbed in the struggle with his own knife, which he had drawn. The accused man admitted that he owned a dagger, but this could not be found. He stated that he had thrown away his assailant's knife, but this was found in a chest in the dead man's house, and on it were found stains which the widow stated were due to her husband having used it to clean fish. The experts tested these stains with solutions of stains made from the blood of the four kinds of fish that the woman had named, and they demonstrated that her story was not true. They then tested the stains for human blood and found that they were in fact human blood.

Psychological Methods

The novelist who now resorts to Studies in Scarlet must construct a more complicated germinal idea than the one taken by Thomas Bailey Aldrich in The Stillwater Tragedy. It was true that Mr. Aldrich, following the sound advice of Aristotle, used the facts in the Hungerford murders as a pivotal incident in his romance. But it would not today serve Mr. Aldrich's adroit villain to paint over the blood stains with red lead as the criminal did in the Hungerford murders. The antiserum tests would discover the real stain under the paint, and Mr. Aldrich would never have got his villain to the dramatic point where by accident it was shown that the barrel he had painted, and from which he declared that he had received the paint marks on his clothing, was in fact painted blue. In reality, the scientist has now got the criminal into a corner from which he cannot escape by any subterfuge if he bear upon him the least vestige of these telltale stains.

. . . . . .

While one is giving due honor to the painstaking scientist for the aid he has rendered to the law courts, it is only fair to point out that certain devices of pseudo-scientific origin suggested for use in the trial of criminals are fanciful and useless; as, for instance, the plan of putting to the prisoner a series of questions based upon the association of ideas. The theory is that the prisoner, if guilty, will strive to reply with some word not associated with the real facts in the crime, or that he will take a longer time to construct an answer that will not incriminate him if he be guilty. The following extract from the works of a professor of psychology will illustrate:

"He (the prisoner) has perhaps slain a woman in her room, and yet protests that he has never been in her house. By the side of her body was a cage with a canary bird. I therefore mix into my list of words also 'bird.' His mind is full of the gruesome memory of his heinous deed. The word 'bird,' therefore, at once awakens the association 'canary bird' in his consciousness; yet he is immediately aware that this would be suspicious, and he succeeds, before the dangerous word comes to his lips, in substituting the harmless word 'sparrow.' Yet my next word, or perhaps my second or

HAVE you ever returned from a trip to find that your photographs, taken with great care and expense, didn't "come out"?

Have you ever made two or three exposures of the same subject to make sure of getting one good picture?

Here are three simple rules for avoiding these disappointments—and for making amateur photography easy and reasonably certain. First—get

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It is the camera of professional quality, made by the makers of 98 per cent of all the professional cameras made in this country for 60 years. Yet it is so simple in operation and adjustment that the veriest tyro can get fine results with it. And so well made that it is elegant as well as practical

Second—load it with Ansco Film, unsurpassed for sharp detail and full color value.

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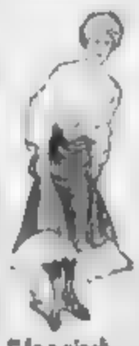

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Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. Are you a trifle sensitive about the size of your shoes? Many people wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Aching, hot feet and for Breaking in New Shoes. If you have tired, swollen, tender feet, Allen's Foot-Ease gives instant relief. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold everywhere, 25c. Do not accept any substitute.

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Here's the Original scientifically constructed wardrobe trunk [illegible] wonderfully built extra-capacity "Berth High" Steamer Wardrobe Trunk. A wardrobe [illegible] home luxury on route.

Hartmann *Berth-high* [illegible] in 40 and 42 inch sizes

This trunk simplifies travel. It is doubtless the only trunk in the world that utilizes every cubic inch of space. Extremely light [illegible] same size [illegible] ance, economy and hard service. [illegible] respect. The Universal favorite—over 10,000 in use.

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A Snow-White *Solid Porcelain Compartment*

It does away with cracks, joints, crevices, corners and other natural hiding places for dirt, odors, decaying food and dangerous microbes found in other refrigerators.

SEND FOR OUR VALUABLE FREE BOOK ON HOME REFRIGERATION. It tells you how to keep your food sweet and wholesome—how to cut down ice bills—what to seek and what to avoid in buying any refrigerator. Every housewife and home owner should have one.

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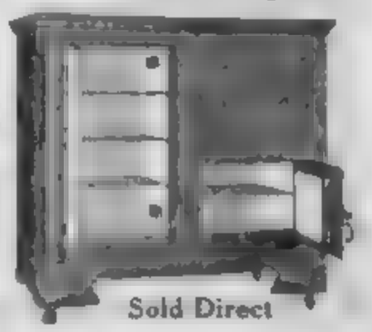
The Lifetime Refrigerator



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Its foaming action continues until there is hygienic cleanliness of the mouth and teeth.

It finds its way to spots the brush cannot reach.

There is no grit in it to wear and cut the enamel.

Used regularly, night and morning, it is a preventive of sore throat, and is a protection against other illnesses that are caused by disease germs which enter the system through the mouth.

It purifies the breath, too,—a quality appreciated by smokers.

Dioxogen is a germicide—a germ destroyer—not merely an antiseptic. It is absolutely harmless, too.

Three Sizes: Small (5½ oz.) 25c. Medium (10⅔ oz.) 50c. Large (20 oz.) 75c.

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PARIS GARTERS

third next, is 'color,' and his prompt association is 'yellow', the canary bird is straightway in his mind and shows its betraying influence."

Now it is perfectly evident that such a test is not only useless but dangerous, because an innocent man being put to such a test and knowing its object would make the same effort to avoid incriminating answers that a guilty man would make under like circumstances.

Like this test are certain devices suggested by similar authorities for indicating guilt. The theory is that the emotion of the prisoner may be shown by a mechanical device, and such devices called the automatograph, the sphygmograph and the plethysmograph have been urged. But again, even if such devices were mechanically effective they would be dangerous and useless, because, as every one knows who has anything to do with criminal trials, the innocent manifest as much emotion when they are charged with crimes as do those who are guilty.

It is clear that such suggestions are of impractical academic origin and never could have occurred to anybody who was concerned in the practical administration of justice. The machinery for the trial of criminal causes must be strong, practical and capable of enduring rough usage, like the parts of an army weapon; and like such a weapon to a certain extent it must be foolproof. The disposition of a citizen's life or liberty cannot be made to turn upon the results of psychological tricks or mechanical devices that he does not understand. The whole system of justice is based upon the simple idea that the citizen charged with a crime shall have the charge definitely made by the state, shall be entitled to hear the evidence offered against him and to present his own evidence, and shall take the opinion of a jury upon that as to whether or not he is guilty. The experience of the English-speaking people from time immemorial and in innumerable cases has demonstrated that this is the safest form of procedure, and it ought not to be rendered ineffective by the introduction of fanciful academic devices.

We have seen how all the vagaries of chance are against the criminal agent. And now we see how science is against him. Wherefore is it that all sources of human knowledge move as under a common impulse for his ruin, as though there existed a fated necessity to establish justice? Tyndall said:

"Having reached the very rim of physics, a mighty mystery looms before us."

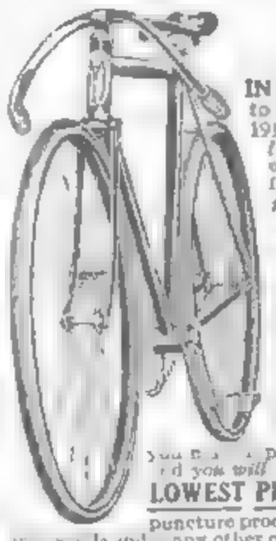
And he was surely right. It cannot matter how we theorize upon that mystery. One may believe that man is a spirit with an immortal destiny, or he may believe that he is a bacillus germinated in the cultures of decaying planets, or he may believe that man is a speck of some cosmic consciousness entangled for an instant in a grain of matter, like a portion of air encased in a film of water—bubbles below a fall—or he may decline the question, or he may believe what Tweedledum told Alice, that we are only things in the Red King's dream. No matter what he believes, when he has examined the whole record upon these criminal cases he will find it difficult to dissent from the conclusion of Matthew Arnold, that there is abroad in the universe "a power not ourselves which makes for righteousness."

Editor's Note—This is the seventh and last in a new series of papers by Mr. Post. The author wishes us to state that he is indebted to Sutherland on Blood Stains for the foreign cases cited and for copious data.

The Lust for Land

AS AN example of sheer ability prevailing over the hardest handicaps, the Portuguese farmers of the Pacific Coast present a most inspiring and profitable study. The lust for land is stronger in these island-born, seafaring folk from the Azores than in any other people. Probably the Portuguese has greater faith in the soil than has the man of any other race. He does not hesitate in his quest for a foothold on the land; he does not stop to read volumes of agricultural literature and then postpone "making the break" to soil until he has added another year's savings to his nestegg. If he has only fifty dollars saved, and the owner will accept it as part-payment on a piece of desirable land, your Portuguese will unhesitatingly make the payment. He feels that the land cannot fail him—and it seldom does!

WANTED—RIDER AGENTS



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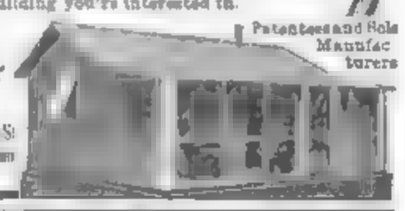

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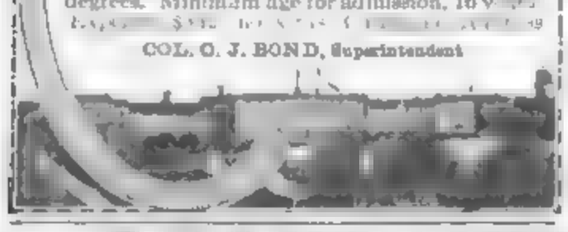

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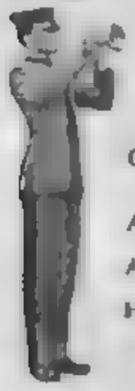

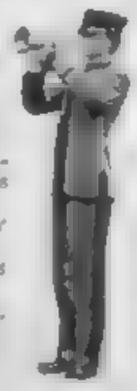

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ONE OF ESAU'S FABLES

(Continued from Page 11)

"But, Mr. Flugel," Elkan interrupted, "I did buy in Burgess Park."

"What!" Flugel shouted.

"I say that I made a contract for a house out there this morning only," Elkan said.

For a few seconds it seemed as though Benjamin J. Flugel's heirs-at-law would collect a substantial death benefit from the I. O. M. A., but the impending apoplexy was warded off by a tremendous burst of profanity.

"*Aber*, Mr. Flugel," Scheikowitz protested, "Louis tells us only last Saturday, understand me, you told him that Johnsonhurst you wouldn't touch at all, on account such lowlifes like Rabiner and Pasinsky lives out there!"

"I know I told him that," Flugel yelled; "because, if I would say I am going to buy out there, Stout goes to work and blabs it all over the place, and the first thing you know they would jump the price on me a few thousand dollars. He's a dangerous feller, Louis is, Mr. Scheikowitz!"

Elkan shrugged his shoulders.

"That may be, Mr. Flugel," he said, "but I signed the contract with Glaubmann for his house on Linden Boulevard—and that's all there is to it!"

Polatkin and Scheikowitz nodded in melancholy unison.

"Do you got the contract here?" Flugel asked; and Elkan picked up the document from his desk, where it had been placed by Goldstein.

"You paid a fancy price for the house," Flugel continued as he examined the agreement.

"I took your partner's advice, Mr. Flugel," Elkan retorted.

"Why, for eighteen thousand five hundred dollars, in Johnsonhurst," Flugel continued, "I could give you a palace already!"

He scanned the various clauses of the contract with the critical eye of an experienced real-estate operator; and before he had completed his examination the elevator door again creaked open.

"Is Glaubmann gone?" cried a voice from the interior of the car, and the next moment Max Kovner alighted.

Flugel looked up from the contract.

"Hello, Kovner," he said, "are you in this deal too?"

"I ain't in any deal," Kovner replied. "I am looking for Barnett Glaubmann. They told me in his office he is coming over here and would be here all the morning."

"Well, he was here," Elkan replied, "but he went away again."

Kovner sat down without invitation.

"It ain't no more as I expected," he began in the dull, resigned tones of a man with a grievance. "That swindler has been dodging me for four months now, and I guess he will keep on dodging me for the rest of the year that he claims I got a lease on his house for."

"What house?" Flugel asked.

"The house which I am living in it," Max replied—"on Linden Boulevard, Burgess Park."

"On Linden Boulevard, Burgess Park!" Flugel repeated. "Why, then it's the same house—ain't it, Lubliner?"

Elkan nodded, and as he did so Flugel struck the desk a tremendous blow with his fist.

"Fine!" he ejaculated.

"Fine!" Kovner repeated. "What the devil you are talking about, fine? Do you think it's fine I should got to live a whole year in a house which the least it must got to be spent on it is for plumbing a hundred dollars and for painting a couple hundred more?"

"That's all right," Flugel declared with enthusiasm. "It ain't so bad as it looks; because if you can show that you got a right to stay in that house for the rest of the year, understand me, I'll make a proposition to you."

"Show it!" Kovner exclaimed. "I don't got to show it, because I couldn't help myself, Mr. Flugel. Glaubmann claims that I made a verbal lease for one year, and he's right. I was fool enough to do so."

Flugel glanced inquiringly at Polatkin and Scheikowitz.

"How about that?" he asked. "The contract don't say nothing about a year's lease."

"I know it don't," Elkan replied, "because when our lawyer raises the question about the tenant Glaubmann says he could get him out at any time."

"And he can too," Kovner declared with emphasis; but Flugel shook his head.

"No, he can't, Kovner," he said; "or, anyway, he ain't going to, because you are going to stay in that house."

"With the rotten plumbing it's got?" Kovner cried. "Not by a whole lot I ain't."

"The plumbing could be fixed and the painting also," Flugel retorted.

"By Glaubmann?" Kovner asked.

"No, sir," Flugel replied; "by me, with a hundred dollars cash to boot. I would even give you an order on my plumber he should fix up the plumbing and on my house painter he should fix up the painting, Kovner; *aber* you got to stick it out that you are under lease for the rest of the year."

"And when do I get the work done?" Kovner demanded.

"Today," Flugel announced—"this afternoon if you want it."

"But hold on there a minute!" Elkan protested. "If I am going to take that house I don't want no painting done there till I am good and ready."

Flugel smiled loftily at Elkan.

"You ain't going to take that house at all," he said, "because the contract says that it is to be conveyed free and clear, except the mortgage and a covenant against nuisances. So you reject the title on the grounds that the house is leased for a year. Do you get the idee?"

Elkan nodded.

"And next Sunday," Flugel continued, "I wish you'd take a run down with me in my ottermobile to Johnsonhurst. It's an elegant, high-class suburb."

V

INSOMNIA bears the same relation to the calling of real-estate operators that fossyjaw does to the worker in the match industry; and, during the twenty days that preceded the closing of his contract with Elkan, Barnett Glaubmann spent many a sleepless night in contemplation of disputed brokerage claims by Kamin, Stout and Ortelsburg. Moreover, the knowledge that Henry D. Feldman represented the purchaser was an influence far from sedative; and what little sleep Glaubmann secured was filled with nightmares of fence encroachments, defects in the legal proceedings for opening of Linden Boulevard as a public highway and a score of other technical objections that Feldman might raise to free Elkan from his contract.

Not once, however, did Glaubmann consider the tenancy of Max Kovner as any objection to title. Indeed, he was so certain of Kovner's willingness to move out that he even pondered the advisability of gouging Max for twenty-five or fifty dollars as a consideration for accepting a surrender of the verbal lease; and to that end he avoided the Linden Boulevard house until the morning before the date set for the closing of the title.

Then, having observed Max board the eight-five train for Brooklyn Bridge, he sauntered off to interview Mrs. Kovner; and as he turned the corner of Linden Boulevard he sketched out a plan of action that had for its foundation the complete intimidation of Mrs. Kovner. This being secured, he would proceed to suggest the payment of fifty dollars as the alternative of strong measures against Max Kovner for allowing the Linden Boulevard premises to fall into such bad repair; and he was so full of his idea that he had begun to ascend the front stoop of the Kovner house before he noticed the odor of fresh paint.

Never in the history of the Kovner house had the electric bell been in working order. Hence Glaubmann knocked with his naked fist and left the imprint of his four knuckles on the wet varnish just as Mrs. Kovner flung wide the door. It was at this instant that Glaubmann's well-laid plans were swept away.

"Now see what you done, you dirty slob you!" she bellowed. "What's the matter with you? Couldn't you ring the bell?"

"Why, Mrs. Kovner," Glaubmann stammered, "the bell don't ring at all. Ain't it?"

"The bell don't ring!" Mrs. Kovner exclaimed. "Who says it don't?"

She pressed the button with her finger and a shrill response came from within.

"Who fixed it?" Glaubmann asked.

"Who fixed it?" Mrs. Kovner repeated. "Who do you suppose fixed it? Do you

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think we got from charity to fix it? *Gott sei Dank*, we ain't exactly beggars, Mr. Glaubmann. Ourselves we fixed it, Mr. Glaubmann—and the painting and the plumbing also; because if you would got in savings bank what I got it, Mr. Glaubmann, you wouldn't make us so much trouble about paying for a couple hundred dollars' repairs."

"*Aber*," Glaubmann began, "you shouldn't of done it!"

"I know we shouldn't," Mrs. Kovner replied. "We should of stayed here the rest of the year with the place looking like a pigsty already! *Aber* don't kick till you got to, Mr. Glaubmann. It would be time enough to say something when we sue you by the court yet that you should pay for the repairs we are making here."

Glaubmann pushed his hat back from his forehead and wiped his streaming brow.

"*Nu*, Mrs. Kovner," he said at last, "it seems to me we got a misunderstanding all round here. I would like to talk the matter over with you."

With this conciliatory prelude he assumed an easy attitude by crossing his legs and supporting himself with one hand on the freshly painted doorjamb, whereat Mrs. Kovner uttered a horrified shriek, and the rage which three weeks of housepainters' clutter had fomented in her bosom burst forth unchecked.

"Out from here, you dirty loafer you!" she shrieked, and grabbed a calcimining brush from one of the many paintpots that bestrewed the hallway. Glaubmann bounded down the front stoop to the sidewalk just as Mrs. Kovner made a frenzied pass at him with the brush; and consequently, when he entered Kent J. Goldstein's office on Nassau Street an hour later, his black overcoat was speckled like the hide of an axis deer.

"Goldstein," he said hoarsely, "is it assault that some one paints you from head to foot with calcimine?"

"It is if you got witnesses," Goldstein replied; "otherwise it's misfortune. Who did it?"

"That she-devil—the wife of the tenant in that house I sold Lubliner," Glaubmann replied. "I think we're going to have trouble with them people, Goldstein."

"You will if you try to sue 'em without witnesses, Glaubmann," Goldstein observed; "because suing without witnesses is like trying to play pinocle without cards. It can't be done."

Glaubmann shook his head sadly.

"I ain't going to sue 'em," he said. "I ain't so fond of lawsuits like all that; and, besides, a little calcimine is nothing, Goldstein, to what them people can do to me. They're going to claim they got there a year's verbal lease."

Goldstein shrugged his shoulders.

"That's all right," he commented. "They want to gouge you for fifty dollars or so; and, with the price you're getting for the house, Glaubmann, you can afford to pay 'em."

"Gouge nothing!" Glaubmann declared. "They just got done there a couple hundred dollars' painting and plumbing, y'understand, and they're going to stick it out."

Goldstein pursed his lips in an ominous whistle.

"A verbal lease, hey?" he muttered.

Glaubmann nodded sadly.

"And this time there is witnesses," he said; and he related to his attorney the circumstances under which the original lease was made, together with the incident attending Kovner's visit to Ortelsburg's house.

"It looks like you're up against it, Glaubmann," Goldstein declared.

"But couldn't I claim that I was only bluffing the feller?" Glaubmann asked.

"Sure you could," Goldstein replied; "but when Kovner went to work and painted the house and fixed the plumbing he called your bluff, Glaubmann; so the only thing to do is to ask for an adjournment tomorrow."

"And suppose they won't give it to us?" Glaubmann asked.

Goldstein shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm a lawyer, Glaubmann—not a prophet," he said; "but if I know Henry D. Feldman you won't get any adjournment—so you may as well make your plans accordingly."

For a brief interval Glaubmann nodded his head slowly, and then he burst into a mirthless laugh.

"Real estate," he said, "that's something to own. Rheumatism is a fine asset

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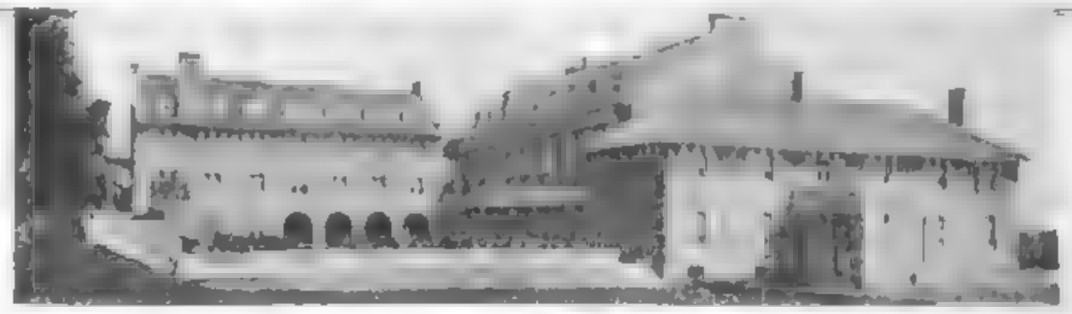

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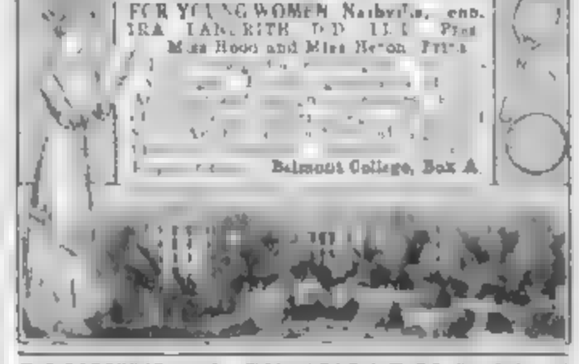

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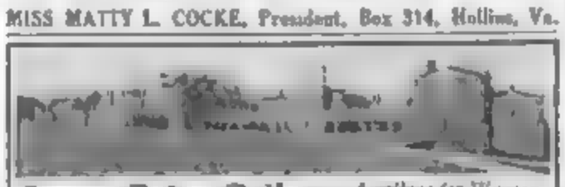

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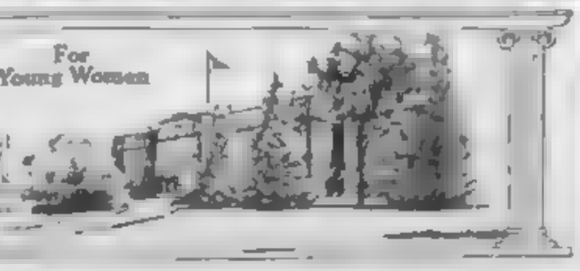

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compared to it; in fact, if some one gives me my choice, Goldstein, I would say rheumatism every time. Both of 'em keeps you awake nights; but there's one thing about rheumatism, Goldstein"—here he indulged in another bitter laugh—"you don't need a lawyer to get rid of it!" he said, and banged the door behind him.

VI

IF THERE was any branch of legal practice in which Henry D. Feldman excelled it was conveyancing, and he brought to it all the histrionic ability that made him so formidable as a trial lawyer. Indeed, Feldman was accustomed to treat the conveyancing department of his office as a business-getter for the more lucrative field of litigation, and he spared no pains to make each closing of title an impressive and dramatic spectacle.

Thus the *mise-en-scène* of the Lubliner closing was excellent. Feldman himself sat in a baronial chair at the head of his library table, while to a seat on his right he had assigned Kent J. Goldstein. On his left he had placed Mr. Jones, the representative of the title company, a gaunt, sandy-haired man of thirty-five who, by the device of a pair of huge horn spectacles, had failed to distract public attention from an utterly stupendous Adam's apple.

Next to the title company's representative were placed Elkan Lubliner and his partners, and it was to them that Henry D. Feldman addressed his opening remarks.

"Mr. Lubliner," he said in the soft accents in which he began all his crescendos, "the examination of the record title to Mr. Glaubmann's Linden Boulevard premises has been made at my request by the Law Title Insurance and Guaranty Company."

He made a graceful obeisance toward Mr. Jones, who acknowledged it with a convulsion of his Adam's apple.

"I have also procured a survey to be made," Feldman continued; and, amid a silence that was broken only by the heavy breathing of Barnett Glaubmann, he held up an intricate design washed with water-color on glazed muslin.

"Finally I have done this," he declared, and his brows gathered in a tragic frown as his glance swept in turn the faces of Kent J. Goldstein, Benno Ortelsburg, J. Kamin and Glaubmann—"I have procured an inspector's report upon the occupation of the *locus in quo*."

"Oo-ee!" Glaubmann murmured, and Louis Stout exchanged triumphant glances with Polatkin and Scheikowitz.

"And I find," Feldman concluded, "there is a tenant in possession, claiming under a year's lease which will not expire until October first next."

Mr. Jones nodded and cleared his throat so noisily that, to relieve his embarrassment, he felt obliged to crack each of his knuckles in turn. As for Ribnik and Tarnowitz, they sat awestruck in the rear of Feldman's spacious library and felt vaguely that they were in a place of worship. Only Kent J. Goldstein remained unimpressed; and in order to show it he scratched a parlor match on the leg of Feldman's library table; whereat Feldman's *ex-cathedra* manner forsook him.

"Where in blazes do you think you are, Goldstein?" he asked in colloquial tones—"in a barroom?"

"If it's solid mahogany," Goldstein retorted, "it'll rub up like new. I think you were talking about the tenancy of the premises here."

Feldman choked down his indignation and once more became the dignified advocate.

"That is not the only objection to title, Mr. Goldstein," he said. "Mr. Jones, kindly read the detailed objections contained in your report of closing."

Mr. Jones nodded again and responded to Feldman's demand in a voice that profoundly justified the size of his larynx.

"Description in deed dated January 1, 1783," he began, "from Joost van Gend to William Wauters, is defective; one course reading 'thence along said ditch north to a white-oak tree' should be 'south to a white-oak tree.'"

"Well, what's the difference?" Goldstein interrupted. "It's monumented by the white-oak tree."

"That was cut down long ago," Mr. Jones said.

"Not by me!" Glaubmann declared. "I give you my word, gentlemen, the trees on the lot is the same like I bought it."

Feldman allowed his eyes to rest for a moment on the protesting Glaubmann, who literally crumpled in his chair.

"Proceed, Mr. Jones," Feldman said to the title company's representative, who continued without further interruption to the end of his list. This included all the technical objections which Glaubmann had feared, as well as a novel and interesting point concerning a partition suit in Chancery, brought in 1819, and affecting Glaubmann's chain of title to a strip in the rear of his lot, measuring one quarter of an inch in breadth by seven feet in length.

"So far as I can see, Feldman," Goldstein commented as Mr. Jones laid down his report, "the only objection that will hold water is the one concerning Max Kovner's tenancy. As a matter of fact, I have witnesses to show that Kovner has always claimed that he didn't hold a lease."

For answer, Feldman touched the button of an electric bell.

"Show in Mr. and Mrs. Kovner," he said to the boy who responded. "We'll let them speak for themselves."

This, it would appear, they were more than willing to do; for as soon as they entered the room and caught sight of Glaubmann, who by this time was fairly cowering in his chair, they immediately began a concerted tirade that was only ended when Goldstein banged vigorously on the library table, using as a gavel one of Feldman's metal-tipped rulers.

"That'll do, Goldstein!" Feldman said hoarsely. "I think I can preserve order in my own office."

"Why don't you then?" Goldstein retorted as he leaned back in his chair and regarded with a malicious smile the damage he had wrought.

"Yes, Mr. Glaubmann," Kovner began anew, "you thought you got us helpless there in your house; but——"

"Shut up!" Feldman roared again, forgetting his rôle of the polished advocate; and Goldstein fairly beamed with satisfaction.

"Don't bully your own witness," he said. "Let me do it for you."

He turned to Kovner with a beetling frown.

"Now, Kovner," he commenced, "you claim you've got a verbal lease for a year of this Linden Boulevard house, don't you?"

"I sure do," Kovner replied, "and I got witnesses to prove it."

"That's all right," Goldstein rejoined; "so long as there's Bibles there'll always be witnesses to swear on 'em. The point is: How do you claim the lease was made?"

"I don't claim nothing," Kovner replied. "I got a year's lease on that property because, in the presence of my wife and his wife, Mr. Goldstein, he says to me I must either take the house for a year from last October to next October or I couldn't take it at all."

Feldman smiled loftily at his opponent.

"The art of cross-examination is a subtle one, Goldstein," he said, "and if you don't understand it you're apt to prove the other fellow's case."

"Nevertheless," Goldstein continued, "I'm going to ask him one more question, and that is this: When was this verbal agreement made—before or after you moved into the house?"

"Before I moved in, certainly," Kovner answered. "I told you that he says to me I couldn't move in unless I would agree to take the place for a year."

"And when did you move in?" Goldstein continued.

"On the first of October," Kovner said.

"No, popper," Mrs. Kovner interrupted; "we didn't move in on the first. We moved in the day before."

"That's right," Kovner said—"we moved in on the thirtieth of September."

"So," Goldstein declared, "you made a verbal agreement before September thirtieth for a lease of one year from October first?"

Kovner nodded and Goldstein turned to Henry D. Feldman, whose lofty smile had completely disappeared.

"Well, Feldman," he said, "you pulled a couple of objections on me from 'way back in the last century, understand me; so I guess it won't hurt if I remind you of a little statute passed in the reign of Charles the Second, which says: 'All contracts which by their terms are not to be performed within one year must be in writing and signed by the party to be charged.' I mean the Statute of Frauds."

"I know what you mean all right," Feldman replied; "but you'll have to prove that before a court and jury. Just now we are confronted with Kovner, who claims to have a year's lease; and my

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client is relieved from his purchase in the circumstances. No man is bound to buy a lawsuit, Goldstein."

"I know he ain't," Goldstein retorted; "but what's the difference, Feldman? He'll have a lawsuit on his hands, anyhow, because if he don't take title now, understand me, I'll bring an action to compel him to do so this very afternoon."

At this juncture a faint croaking came from the vicinity of Louis Stout, who throughout had been as appreciative a listener as though he were occupying an orchestra chair and had bought his seat from a speculator.

"Speak up, Mr. Stout!" Feldman cried.

"I was saying," Louis replied faintly, "that with my own ears I heard Glaubmann say to Kovner that he's got a verbal lease for one year."

"And when was this?" Feldman asked.

"About three weeks ago," Stout replied.

"Then, in that case, Mr. Goldstein," Feldman declared, "let me present to you another proposition of law."

He paused to formulate a sufficiently impressive "offer" as the lawyers say, and in the silence that followed Elkan shuffled to his feet.

"It ain't necessary, Mr. Feldman," he said. "I already made up my mind about it."

"About what?" Louis Stout exclaimed.

"About taking the house," Elkan replied. "If you'll let me have the figures, Mr. Feldman, I'll draw a check and have it certified and we'll close this thing up."

"*Aber*, Elkan," Louis cried, "first let me communicate with Flugel."

"That ain't necessary neither," Elkan retorted. "I'm going to make an end right here and now; and you should be so good, Mr. Feldman, and fix me up the statement of what I owe here. I want to get through."

Polatkin rose shakily to his feet.

"What's the matter, Elkan?" he said huskily. "Are you crazy, *oder* what?"

"Sit down, Mr. Polatkin," Elkan commanded, and there was a ring of authority in his tone that made Polatkin collapse into his chair. "I am buying this house."

"But, Elkan," Louis Stout implored, "why don't you let me talk to Flugel over the 'phone? Might he would got a suggestion to make maybe."

"That's all right," Elkan said. "The only suggestion he makes is that if I go to work and close this contract, y'understand, he would never buy another dollar's worth of goods from us so long as he lives. So you shouldn't bother to ring him up, Mr. Stout."

Louis Stout flushed angrily.

"So far as that goes, Lubliner," he says, "I don't got to ring up Mr. Flugel to tell you the same thing; so you know what you could do."

"Sure I know what I could do," Elkan continued. "I could either do business like a business man or do business like a mushik, Mr. Stout. *Aber* this ain't *Russland*, Mr. Stout—this is America; and if I got to run round wiping people's shoes to sell goods, then I don't want to do it at all."

J. Kamin took a cigar out of his mouth and spat vigorously.

"You're dead right, Elkan," he said. "Go ahead and close the contract and I assure you you wouldn't regret it."

Elkan's eyes blazed and he turned on Kamin.

"You assure me!" he said. "Who in thunder are you? Do you think I'm looking for your business now, Kamin? Why, if you was worth your salt as a merchant, understand me, instead you would be fooling away your time trying to make a share of a commission, which the most you would get out of it is a hundred dollars, y'understand, you would be attending to your business buying your spring line. You are wasting two whole days on this deal, Kamin; and if two business days out of your spring buying is only worth a hundred dollars to you, Kamin, go ahead and get your goods somewheres else than in our store. I don't need to be Dun or Bradstreet to get a line on you, Kamin—and don't you forget it!"

At this juncture a faint cough localized Joel Ribnik, who had remained with Julius Tarnowitz in the obscurity cast by several bound volumes of digests and reports.

"Seemingly, Mr. Polatkin," he said, "you are a millionaire concern, the way your partner talks! Might you don't need our business, neither, maybe?"

Polatkin was busy checking the ravages made upon his linen by the perspiration that literally streamed down his face and

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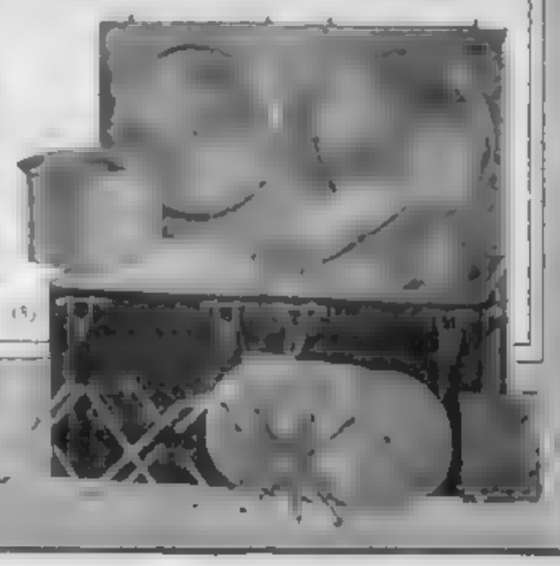

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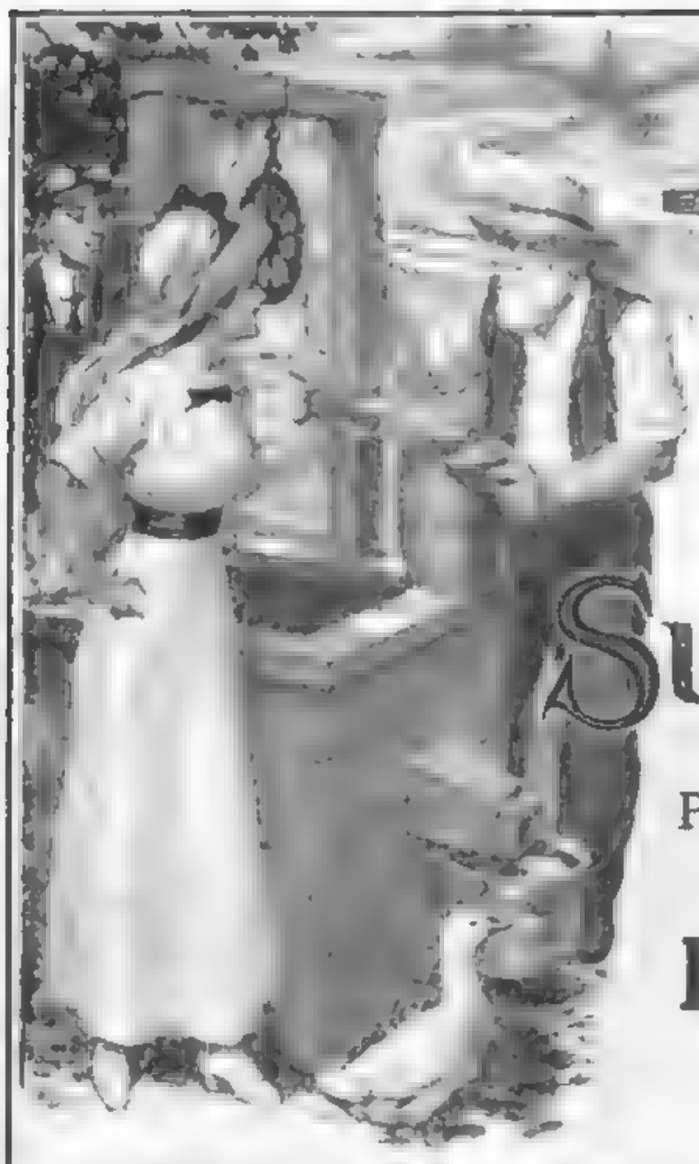

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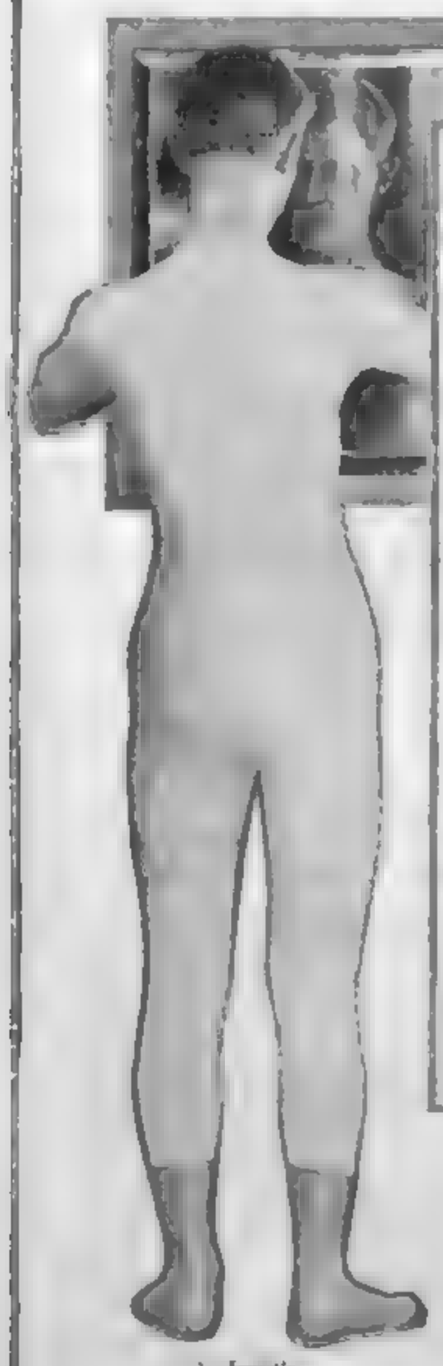

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neck; but Scheikowitz, who had listened open-mouthed to Elkan's pronunciamento, straightened up in his chair and his face grew set with determination.

"We ain't millionaires, Mr. Ribnik," he said—"far from it; and we ain't never going to be, understand me, if we got to buy eighteen-thousand-dollar houses for every bill of goods we sell to *Schnorrers* and deadbeats!"

"Scheikowitz!" Polatkin pleaded.

"Never mind, Polatkin," Scheikowitz declared. "The boy is right, Polatkin; and if we are making our living in America we got to act like Americans—not peasants. So, go ahead, Stout. Telephone Flugel and tell him from me that if he wants to take it that way he should do so; and you, too, Stout—and that's all there is to it!"

"Then I apprehend, gentlemen, that we had better proceed to close," Feldman said; and Elkan nodded, for as Scheikowitz finished speaking a ball had risen in Elkan's throat which, blink as he might, he could not down for some minutes.

"All right, Goldstein," Feldman continued. "Let's fix up the statement of closing."

"One moment, gentlemen," Max Kovner said. "Do I understand that, if Elkan Lubliner buys the house today, we've got to move out?"

Feldman raised his eyebrows.

"I think Mr. Goldstein will agree with me, Kovner, when I say you haven't a leg to stand on," he declared. "You're completely out of court on your own testimony."

"You mean we ain't got a lease for a year?" Mrs. Kovner asked.

"That's right," Goldstein replied.

"And I am working my fingers to the bone getting rid of them *verfluchte* painters and all!" she wailed. "What do you think I am anyway?"

"Well, if you don't want to move right away," Elkan began, "when would it be convenient for you to get out, Mrs. Kovner?"

"I don't want to get out at all," she whimpered. "Why should I want to get out? The house is an elegant house, which I just planted yesterday string beans and tomatoes; and the parlor looks elegant now we got the old paper off."

"Supposing we say the first of May," Elkan suggested—"not that I am so crazy to move out to Burgess Park, y'understand; but I don't see what is the sense buying a house in the country and then not living in it."

There was a brief silence, broken only by the soft weeping of Mrs. Kovner; and at length Max Kovner shrugged his shoulders.

"*Nu*, Elkan," he said, "what is the use beating bushes round? Mrs. Kovner is stuck on the house and so am I. So long as you don't want the house, and there's been so much trouble about it and all, I tell you what I'll do: Take back two thousand dollars a second mortgage on the house, payable in one year at six per cent, which it is so good as gold, understand me, and I'll relieve you of your contract and give you two hundred dollars to boot."

A smile spread slowly over Elkan's face as he looked significantly at Louis Stout.

"I don't want your two hundred dollars, Max," he said. "You can have the house and welcome; and you should use the two hundred to pay your painting and plumbing bills."

"That's all right," Louis Stout said; "there is people which will see to it that he does. Also, gentlemen, I want everybody to understand that I claim full commission here from Glaubmann as the only broker in the transaction!"

"*Nu*, gentlemen," Glaubmann said; "I'll leave this to the lawyers if it ain't so: From one transaction I can only be liable for one commission—ain't it?"

Feldman and Goldstein nodded in unison.

"Then all I could say is that yous brokers and drygoods merchants should fight it out between yourselves," he declared; "because I'm going to pay the money for the commission into court—and them which is entitled to it can have it."

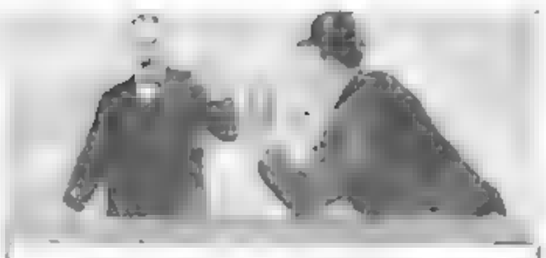
"But ain't you going to protect me, Glaubmann?" Ortelsburg demanded.

Glaubmann raised his hand for silence.

"One moment, Ortelsburg," he said. "I think it was you and Kumin told me that real estate is a game the same like auction pinocle?"

Ortelsburg nodded sulkily.

"Then you fellers should go ahead and play it," Glaubmann concluded. "And might the best man win!"



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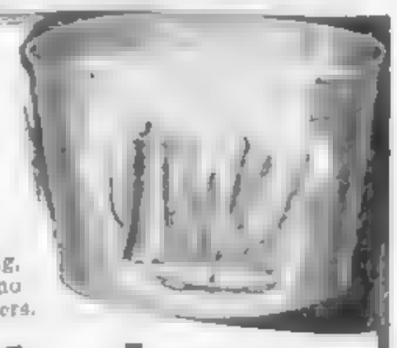

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Business Doctors and Quacks

By Frank W. Main

HAVE you ever been "sized up" by the shrewd glance of a New England Yankee that almost made you doubt your own honesty?

John Carroll ascribed his wealth to this faculty of correctly judging his man; and this wealth, in turn, had made him a director of the Atlantic Seaboard Bank, located in one of the largest cities of the East. Yet, in his new position, this quality that had made him so successful at home had, among his new associates—younger men who regarded business simply as a scientific system—only been a source of irritation; for they gave little heed to his opinions and felt that his method of judging their employees and customers in this personal and individual way belonged to the old days of John Carroll, storekeeper and trader.

For some weeks John had been seriously troubled—he could not relieve his mind of the idea that there was something dishonest about one of the young tellers of the bank; still he hesitated to bring his suspicions before the board, where he felt sure they would only be discredited. For the third time on a certain morning, John, ill at ease, rose from his chair in the directors' room and walked thoughtfully over to a large sign that hung in a conspicuous place just to one side of the main street entrance and read and reread the words, placarded in bold relief: "This Bank Continuously Audited by Smith & Brown, Public Accountants." That there could be anything wrong under these circumstances seemed out of the question, and he made an effort to convince himself that, with such protection, everything must be secure. Nevertheless, through several restless nights following, he worried over certain expressions on the countenance of the young teller, certain unconscious movements—furtive, telltale, as they seemed to John Carroll's keen mind; and he made up his mind at all events at least to look into the personal habits of this teller.

The Amateur Auditors

Quiet investigation of a man's personal habits, however, did not accord with John Carroll's method of dealing with men; and though, as a result of his inquiries, he found nothing dishonorable about the man, he could not be satisfied that he was mistaken. He decided to wait no longer and at the next meeting of the full board he stated fully his suspicions. To a man they acknowledged Mr. Carroll's native shrewdness, but his idea of reading character was surely simply an idiosyncrasy. Investigation of their employees they considered quite unnecessary, as this work was turned over to the auditing firm, who were engaged year by year to make a continuous audit at a low yearly rate. None of the directors was brought to his way of thinking and only one of them was at all impressed with his reasoning. In spite of this, Mr. Carroll remained unsatisfied.

Time went on; and it was three years later when, after an absence of a few days from the city, John walked into the bank one morning to find affairs in a state of consternation. The broken-hearted cashier and the crestfallen directors informed him that the object of his distrust had absconded and that a shortage of fifty thousand dollars was found to exist in the accounts.

The reassuring sign had disappeared. John Carroll missed it. Without waiting for details he hurried directly to the office of the auditors and demanded an immediate interview with Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown, however, were hundreds of miles away in their metropolitan office—as far away from the bank as from scores of other clients. John Carroll finally got to the bottom of the story. This was but one of a dozen branch offices of Smith & Brown, and the branch manager, Chesley Hays, until recently chief accountant of Welch, Harmon & Company, dealers in coke, wood and ice in a neighboring city, was but the last of a dozen managers who had been in charge of the local office; in fact it was a practice of the firm to try out novices at this unimportant branch. Chesley Hays disclaimed all responsibility for the shortage; it had occurred

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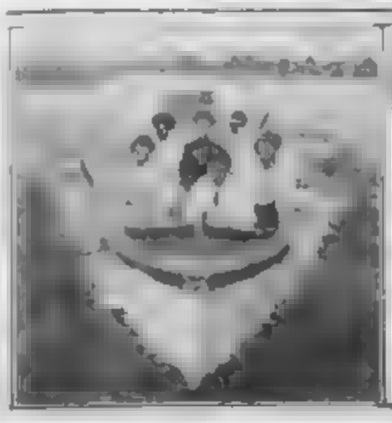

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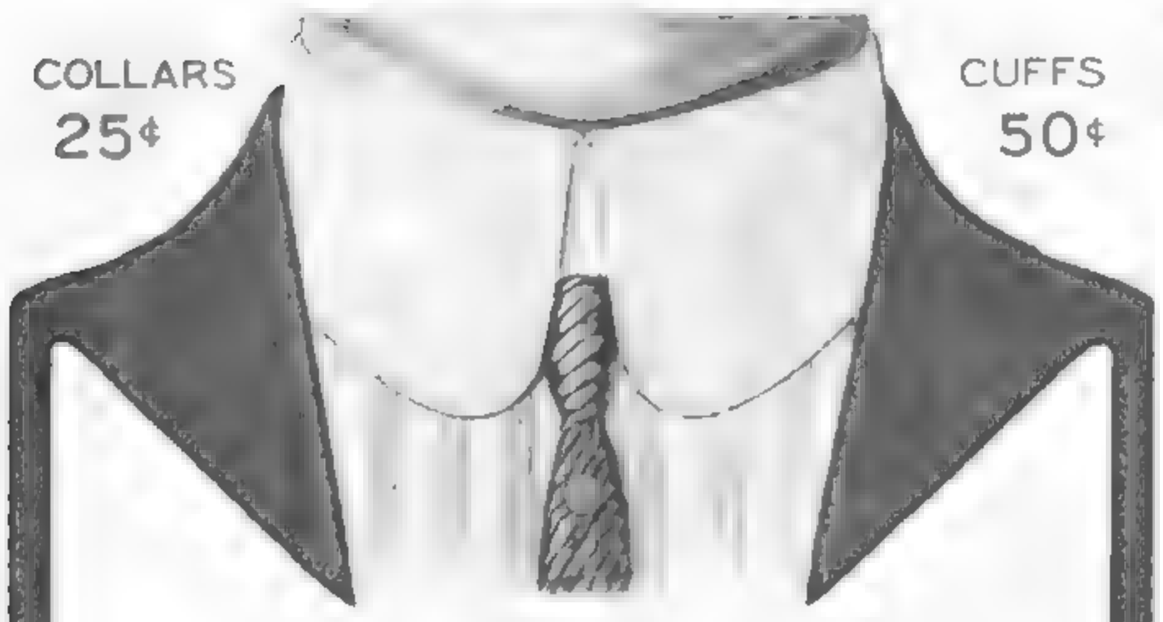
[illegible] are built like [illegible] to [illegible] proof steel plates [illegible] and [illegible] together that [illegible] The Mullins Steel boat is [illegible] against puncture [illegible] — will not [illegible] — drifting [illegible] — and NEVER RATTLE OR LEAK. MOTORS The Low [illegible] Lightest powerful — simple — can be operated [illegible] like [illegible] motor — one man control — never stalls at any speed — exhaust silently under water.

We also manufacture a complete line of steel hunting and fishing boats — row boats [illegible]

Our [illegible] free, by return mail, for the asking.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO., World's Largest Boat Builders, 129 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio.



A Good Front

A clean collar, a clean shaven face and clean shoes are passports to prosperity. They breed self-respect—the first essential in correct living—and it's so easy with the *collar*.

Litholin Collars are made in all the newest styles and they're no trouble to keep clean and fresh—just an occasional rub with a damp cloth. There's a *big saving* in the expense.

To the Trade The new **Litholin** packing is two dozen collars to the box—each box containing assorted sizes, 14 to 17½, the popular sizes predominating. The great advantage of this to both jobber and retailer is fully explained in our Selling and Distributing plan—write for it to-day. The old style packing will also be continued.

We also make a two for a quarter collar—particulars to the trade on request.

If your dealer is not selling Litholin, write, giving style, size and number of collars wanted and we will mail postpaid direct. Style booklet free on request.

THE FIBERLOID CO., 7-9 Waverly Place, NEW YORK

SELF-CLEANING
LITHOLIN
COLLARS & CUFFS

WEED ANTI-SKID CHAINS

On All Four Tires Would Have Prevented This Accident

Is *Your* Car Safe?

¶ *This picture* shows the accident in which [illegible] was killed [illegible] in Central Park, New York, and was thrown through the railing

¶ *Slippery pavements* were the cause of the accident, according to the chauffeur. He said: "[illegible] front wheels struck the slippery [illegible] skidded and the car became unmanageable."

¶ The accident could not have occurred if the car had been **fully equipped** with

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

"With the Creeping Grip"

as they would have prevented the front wheels from skidding when they struck the wet pavement, and the back wheels would not have slipped when the brakes were applied.

¶ An absolute necessity on both rear tires, and to doubly guard yourself against [illegible] and to make steering comfortable [illegible], put them on the front tires too.

¶ Don't **you** wait until after an accident before skid-proofing your car.

Stop at your dealer's today and *fully equip your tires* with *Weed Chains.*

Weed Chain Tire Grip Co.
28 Moore Street New York

before he was manager. Some of his predecessors had evidently been unsuccessful experiments.

John Carroll could not but feel a trace of personal satisfaction; for, though his holdings in the stock of the bank meant that a large personal loss would occur to him as his share—the teller's bond being for only ten thousand dollars—he felt that his old-fashioned man-to-man methods of dealing had been vindicated, and that he had won a victory over his fellow directors, with their newfangled notions of scientific systems and efficiency. In John Carroll's lexicon an audit was defined as a mere waste of money.

The officers and directors of the Atlantic Seaboard Bank were acting on the very general impression that auditors are crack thief-catchers. Undoubtedly they regarded the sign that their bank was being continuously audited as a most valuable asset; they had the utmost confidence in it and asked their customers and friends to have confidence in it—and they believed it an impossibility for their employees to steal when the bank was being so audited.

Another incorrect impression, and even a more general one, is that an audit which fails to result in the arrest of a thief is unsuccessful—or, at best, a waste of effort.

Both of these ideas are wrong—for, in the first place, an accountant is not primarily a thief-catcher; and, in the second place, in very many of the most successful audits there is absolutely no possibility of catching thieves, if for no other reason than that in the great majority of cases employees are at least financially honest.

That there is much confusion in the popular mind as to the real work of the accountant and as to the very important service which he is rendering in the business world, is not at all surprising.

In the first place, jobless bookkeepers without number, auditors of individual companies, seeing other fields of advancement closed—and cost clerks, certain that their grasp of the one particular business with which they are familiar has given them a grasp of all businesses and a knowledge of all manufacturing problems—have started out in the professional field as full-fledged auditors, accountants, systematizers and business experts, when, if experienced at all, their experience is confined to but one limited business. In some cases, at least, these "auditors" have about the same right to be known as professional accountants as a hospital orderly would have to palm himself off as a skuled physician.

Misfit Cost-Keeping Systems

The initial work which usually falls to the lot of the self-styled accountant on his first incursion into the professional field is usually in a line of business somewhat of the same nature as the one he has recently left. With the nerve which was necessary to start out in business for himself, and with his practical experience in that particular line, he is often able to render valuable service to his clients. As time goes on, however, and his business is extended into other lines, his difficulties increase; for unconsciously the effort is made to conform all business to the methods and the systems of the one concern with which he was most familiar. As a result, ludicrous situations usually arise.

A few years ago a prominent railroad accountant, a man second perhaps to none when in his special line of work, was called upon to install a cost system for a brewery in a neighboring city. The system, when complete, was as comprehensive as the most exacting brewery official could desire, and these particular brewery men felt that they now had just what they had been looking for. Unfortunately, however, for the business, the system installed in the brewery was still a railroad system and not at all adapted to the brewery business. After several heroic attempts to inject life into it, the system was entirely discarded. It cost so much to operate that a cost system might well have been installed to find out the cost of the cost system.

To refer again to the bookkeeper or cost-clerk auditor, the usual experience is that after heroic efforts of a few years he is glad to accept some permanent position at an assured salary with an established concern.

In his trail, however, are usually left scores of business men with the well-grounded belief that their own bookkeepers know all that any professional accountant does, and with the conviction that the paying to the accountant of the fees which he

What color should you paint your house?

This free portfolio will help you decide. Send for it

It is always difficult to select pleasing color combinations from color cards. It is also difficult to select the paint, varnish or stain best suited to the surface it is to cover.

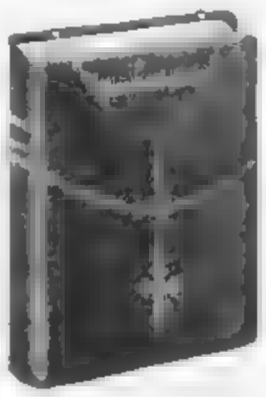
This portfolio not only suggests many harmonious combinations, showing them in colors on actual houses, but also gives complete specifications for the painter in getting the results shown.

The portfolio also contains decorative plans for interior work—every room in the average house being worked out down to the last detail. Every house owner and every prospective builder should have this portfolio.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to The Sherwin-Williams Co
Decorative Dept., 613 Canal Rd., N. W., Cleveland, O.

Cardinal Gibbons says:—



I urge upon all Catholics the use of the

MANUAL OF PRAYERS

A Beautiful Gift for First Communion, Confirmation, Weddings, Adult Baptism, &c., &c.

This book, in best Morocco binding, with gilt edges, and a beautiful rolled gold chain Rosary. **Both for $3.00.**

Or, the Manual, the Rosary, and the **"Life of Cardinal Gibbons,"** all for **$5.00.** Your choice of Rosaries: Amethyst, Garnet, Topaz, Carnelian, Crystal, Sapphire, Emerald, Opal, Jet or Pearl.

The Manual in white leather $5.00; silk lined $6.00

JOHN MURPHY CO., Baltimore, Md.

NOTICE

TO INTENDING BUILDERS

100 Page Bungalow Book Only 50c

[illegible] complete and practical bungalow [illegible] whether you wish Brick [illegible]

[illegible] expert architect's blue print plans for only $

GET OUR IDEAS. Send 50c coin or stamps for either book—or 90c for both. Do it now

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
335 E. Hill St., Los Angeles, California

A Great Educator and Entertainer

The Little Foss Moving Picture Machine and Stereopticon Attachment for the Home, Churches and Lodges. Attach to any electric light circuit and you see the same pictures as seen in picture shows. So simple a child can operate it. Guaranteed, easy terms, catalogue free.

O. F. Foss & Co., Republic Bldg., Chicago

Ready For Work

THE value of fire protection depends largely upon the readiness of the fireman to respond to any call and his willingness to face any danger. The value of fire insurance depends largely upon the readiness of the Company in which you are insured to respond immediately to your loss and its ability to meet any loss which may come to it. **The Hartford Fire Insurance Company** is always ready. It pays promptly every honest loss, big or little.

Its service to the American people is measured to date by a grand total of more than 150 millions in payments for losses. When you need fire insurance

INSIST on the HARTFORD

Agents Everywhere

demands is only foolishness, as they are certain that the same services can be as well rendered by their own employees.

There are, of course, exceptions; and some of our best professional accountants have graduated directly from the ranks of the bookkeeper and cost-clerk auditor.

The second cause of confusion as to the real service which is being rendered by the professional accountant is the impression created by some auditing companies, with their more or less prominent boards of directors, that auditing, accounting and systematizing constitute purely and solely a business; and that contracts for such work should be very largely placed in the same way that a contract for painting or brickwork would be—namely, to the lowest bidder.

Though, in the upper business circles, accounting is recognized as a highly specialized profession, without which the worldwide enterprises of today would be impossible, yet the exact nature of the work inherent to the profession of an accountant is often misunderstood.

The work of the accountant can be much better explained if divided up into the three main divisions into which it naturally falls—namely, auditing, accounting and systematizing. Very few men obtain efficiency in all these branches. Expert knowledge in two of the three is about all the average good accountant can hope to master. Let us then consider the branch of auditing, so that some idea may be obtained of what the work of the expert accountant is.

In accounting terminology, the strict definition of auditing is "the going over and verifying of the work of the accounting department," which operation is literally carried out in many small audits; for, in a business of comparatively small size, it is possible to go over in detail the work of each employee of the accounting department, this procedure being considered by very many auditors, as well as business men, a proper method; in fact, the only correct way to make an audit.

The Up-to-Date Auditor

Though it is possible and, in certain cases, perhaps practical to repeat step by step the work of the accounting department in a small concern, in the case of a large concern with, say, from twenty to one hundred employees in the accounting department, the volume of detail this method would necessitate makes this form of audit impossible. Contradictory as it may seem, such an audit would not only be impractical but of comparatively little value, as the auditor would soon be so lost in the mass of detail that not only would the true perspective be lost, without which any auditing is a failure, but the danger of repeating the same errors made by the office itself would quite likely be encountered.

The chief use of an auditor, after all, is not so much to catch thieving bookkeepers and clerks as it is to obtain the correct perspective of the work and results, and to set forth clearly the assets and liabilities and the income and expenses of the concern under review. He should also have the ability to impart his knowledge to his clients in such a way that they will thoroughly understand the situation. Hundreds of dollars may be lost through defalcations, but the loss through waste, extravagance and incompetency runs into millions. The evidence of this waste and extravagance and incompetency, however, is so obscured in the vast detail and so close to the eyes of those in charge that the real importance and significance is usually overlooked.

The work of the auditor is to obtain a clear, concise and exact view of the business under review, and not only to see clearly all weak and sore spots but also to catch a vision of what might be accomplished under improved and more correct methods. Verifications of all assets and liabilities, and the verification of the fact that the income has or has not been properly accounted for, and that the expenses are or are not in order, must be accomplished by some other method than the mere repeating of those processes of operation which were carried on during the period under review.

The chief work of the auditor is outside of the figures at hand, and his worth is largely summed up in his ability rightly to diagnose the business ills and correctly to prescribe for their cure—the thoroughness of the audit and the time necessary to be spent on the same varying with each different case.

The Genuine has this Label

TRADE MARK

"Porosknit"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12, 1905 — DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19, 1905

Handled by Good Dealers Everywhere

and is **Guaranteed**

We know the quality and durability of "Porosknit" so well—and how it satisfies—that we *guarantee* it unconditionally. But accept no imitation. The *genuine* alone has the label shown above and Guarantee Bond (below) with every garment.

Genuine "Porosknit" is **cool, elastic, comfortable.** In "Porosknit" Union Suits comfort is multiplied to the *utmost*. No messy "bunching" at waist—no bulging flaps—easy to button and unbutton—*stay* buttoned while on.

For Men **50c** Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment **25c** For Boys

Union Suits, Any Style—Men's $1.00, Boys' 50c

Write for Interesting, Illustrated Style Booklet

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY

1 Washington Street Amsterdam, N. Y.

Get GUARANTEE with Purchase

Chalmers Guarantee

If, in your opinion, this garment, labeled as below,

Be Sure It Has This Label — "Porosknit" — It Means Genuine "Porosknit"

fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage.

This guarantee applies to every genuine "Porosknit" garment not stamped "Seconds" or "Imperfect" across the "Porosknit" Label.

Chalmers Knitting Company, Amsterdam, New York

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

WHEN ROSES BLOOM—

When Nature is glorious with the first blush of summer—then is the charm of beauty most appreciated. LABLACHE imparts that touch of delicacy and refinement to the complexion which assists Nature in retaining the bloom of youth.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c a box of druggists or by mail. *Send 10 cents for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.

French Perfumers

Dept. 43, 125 Kingston St.

BOSTON, MASS.

You Want *This* Dining Table

Brooks Table No. 314

A beautiful extension top, solid oak, Master-built Brooks design, direct from factory for $15.50. Quartered oak—height 30 inches—top closed 48 inches—top extended 72 inches. Completed and finished at factory—then shipped in sections. Easily assembled in a few minutes.

Our Factory Price $15.50

Furniture Book FREE

Showing above table and 100 designs of chairs, rockers, settees, all at factory prices. Write for this book today.

BROOKS MFG. CO.

8006 East Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

A Real $1 Hand Woven Panama

Genuine quality, trimmed, finished and blocked, with inch silk band. Gives service like $10 kind, only not as fine a weave. All sizes. Sent *postpaid* $1.00. Free Catalog.

GEO. P. BUNGAY, 28 S. William St., New York

"First!"

First and foremost in quality and service are

D&M

Mitts and Gloves

They come to you in the right condition—and stay so. You don't have to break in D & M mitts and gloves—and they don't harden from wetting, the leather being of special tannage, which keeps it soft and pliable, padded with best asbestos felt.

Special to Catchers: Catchers mitts have patent D & M laced thumb—forms deep pocket—and laced back so player can adjust padding to suit.

D & M make a complete line of baseball articles and back up each one with an identical guarantee. Ask your dealer for 1912 catalogue and "Official Baseball Rules for 1912." Free. If he hasn't them, write us.

The Draper-Maynard Co.
Dept. P. Plymouth, N. H.

Invest a Dollar to Save Ten

This little bank keeps savings secure from tampering hands—yours or others. Shows to a cent how much you have on deposit. Registers all coins deposited. Takes nickels, dimes and quarters. Stays locked until you have $10. Then opens automatically. Good for children, but no toy. Made for all humanity that wants to save. Its name is the

Universal

Three Coin

Bank

It is good to look at, finished in black and gold, light, strong, made to last and to stay in order. Get one—get it now. $1 in department stores, toy stores and novelty shops, or on receipt of price we will send the bank, carriage paid, to any part of the country.

CHAS. W. SHONK CO.

Monroe Building Chicago, U. S. A.

Dealers supplied by

THE STROBEL & WILKEN CO., New York.

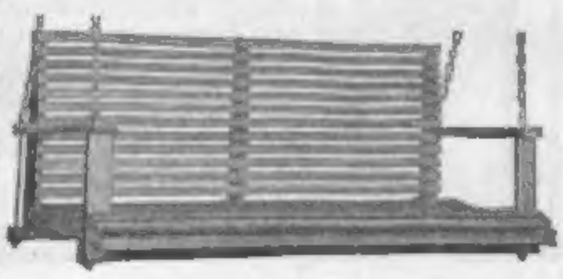
Porch Swing $2.50

4 ft. long, oak, weathered oak finish. Shaped back and seat, 28 slats, bolt and nut construction. 21 ft. chain and 2 hooks.

$4.00, Lawn Swing, 4 passenger, back adjusts to 3 positions, bolt and nut construction, shaped arms and standards, non breakable, shipped upon receipt of price.

CLARENCE SPILLMAN

Southport, Indiana



Why the PAIGE is a Better Car

We have told you repeatedly the Paige *is* a *better* car than other medium-priced cars. Now we want to tell you *why* we *can* make it better, why we *do* make it better.

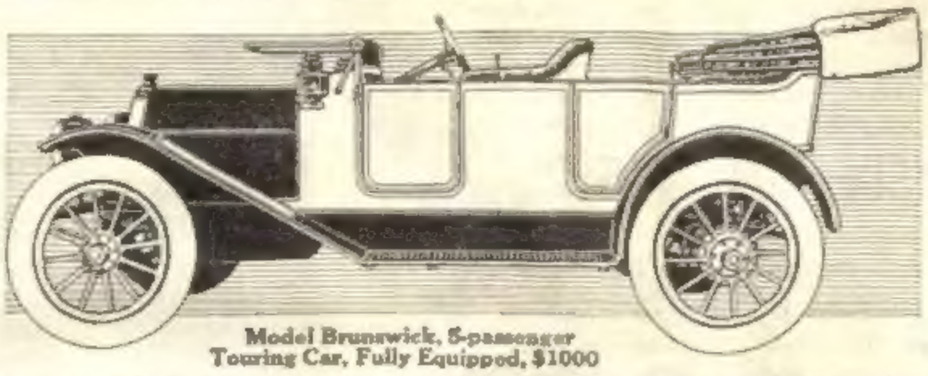
Because the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company has ample capital to conduct its business and *is not dependent on advanced deposits from dealers with which to manufacture.*

Because all of the seven Paige models are built on *one chassis* and with the same unit power plant, thus simplifying our manufacturing problems and processes, and reducing the cost of production.

Because our output (3500 cars for 1912) is large enough to enable us to buy *all materials* at the lowest possible price. If we built *four times as many* cars we couldn't buy our materials at lower prices.

Because the Paige official organization is made up of a great group of *successful business men* who are manufacturing and selling the Paige Car on a strictly *mercantile* basis,—not just for this year or next year but for *years to come;* building and selling not a "get-rich-quick" car, but a car which shall *endure.*

These are some of the *fundamental,* essential reasons *why* the Paige is a better car than others in its price field.



Model Brunswick, 5-passenger Touring Car, Fully Equipped, $1000

Paige cars—built for long and satisfactory service—come ready for the road, fully equipped.

Regular equipment includes top, windshield, 5 black enamel lamps, generator, horn, tools, jack, tire repair outfit. Quick demountable rims (set of 5) on touring car models, including tire irons, $15. Same equipment on roadsters, $12.50. (Self-Starter and Prest-O-Lite tank installed at the factory for $25 if desired.)

Write today for name of Paige dealer nearest you and our new 1912 Art Catalogue. The catalogue shows various models in beautiful colors and gives full details of Paige construction.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO.

265 Twenty-First Street **Detroit, Michigan**

You will get artistic effect, durability and low cost, when you use

Certain-teed Rubber Roofing

Quality Certified—Durability Guaranteed. Made in Shingles as well as Rolls.

In city and country, the sale of this modern, easy-to-lay **Ready Roofing** is increasing by leaps and bounds—because ***Certain-teed* Rubber Roofing** has three big advantages—three substantial reasons why you, too, should use it in the future. It is durable—guaranteed for 15 years—costs less than wood shingles, metal, tin or gravel roofings—can be put on with less labor and expense. Where highly artistic effects are desired, use

***Certain-teed* Rubber Shingles**

Stop in and see your lumber, hardware or building material dealer—he is backed by the "General's" three big mills—he can sell ***Certain-teed* Roofing** at the lowest prices, with the "General's" quality guarantee, and thereby save you as well as himself the trouble and expense incident to uncertain kinds of roofing.

If you contemplate building or renewing an old roof, write for our book BQ-4, **"How to Build for LESS Money."**

General Roofing Manufacturing Company

York, Pa. E. St. Louis, Ill. Marseilles, Ill.
Minneapolis San Francisco Winnipeg, Manitoba

General Roofing operating the three biggest Roofing and Building Paper Mills in the World.

In the case of large corporations, with their own staffs of private auditors and their own accounting departments, the work of the professional auditor is usually confined to what are known in the profession as balance-sheet audits, consisting of the verification of the assets and liabilities, and the proving and comparing of these assets and liabilities with the assets and liabilities at the commencement of the period.

Even in audits of this kind there is no standard of procedure; for, if from a practical standpoint an actual verification of the assets and liabilities is to be obtained, the verification must go deeper than the mere book entries.

In the case of concerns without a private auditor and without any real audit on their own account, more than a balance-sheet audit is usually required. As to the extent of this additional verification no two auditors will probably agree. The outcome of this lack of uniformity and failure to appreciate the real value, which should reasonably be expected from auditors, has brought about curious results. In calling for bids on the same audit, bids ranging, for instance, from one hundred and fifty to one thousand dollars have been obtained; and, though not always the case, the higher bids have often represented the possibility of a much lower percentage of profit to the makers than the lower bids.

To give a typical illustration: Bids were obtained by a mercantile establishment, small in itself but with a large volume of transactions covering a period of two years. The resulting figures obtained ranged from four hundred to nine hundred dollars, with one firm sending in a bid calling for "per-day" rates. This firm was given the work, with the result that the total cost amounted to nine hundred and fifty dollars. The audit, however, was not only of very great direct value but, in order to strengthen the work of the department and to eliminate waste, changes and improvements were made in the system in vogue, with the result that a very effective audit was made by the same firm the following year for two hundred and fifty dollars, and leakages that had been passed over in previous superficial audits were permanently corrected.

The Necessity of Special Training

The necessity for specialized training in order to obtain the proper results from auditing is perhaps not generally appreciated, and for two reasons: First—The great majority of bookkeepers and clerks are honest; consequently there are no embezzlements to uncover, with the result that, on the surface, very mediocre work will often show up in this respect as well as the work of the highest-skilled professional auditors. Second—In many cases, if waste, extravagance and incompetence are not reported—the waste, extravagance and incompetence not being appreciated by the management—the failure of the auditor to reveal their presence will also not be appreciated; and the waste may remain undiscovered for many years.

Though the terms auditing and accounting are often used synonymously, there is a very important difference between the two. The work of the auditor, strictly speaking, is to audit and verify the transactions, the income and expenses and the assets and liabilities; while the work of the accountant is constructive, and includes both the devising of proper accounting methods and records and the improving of those already in operation.

The modern voucher system, for instance, is the development of the American accounting methods and an evolution from the English purchase record. A line is often drawn between the work of the two; and where bids for auditing services are obtained alone additional charges are usually made for any accounting services performed. However, auditing and accounting go hand in hand; and, in order to obtain the best results from auditing the accounting methods and procedures must be adapted to facilitate the same.

Auditing in certain of its phases is often more or less routine and, so far as the assistants go, often demands comparatively little experience. Accounting requires the ingenuity of the most highly talented men and gives opportunity for individual constructive work, requiring not only a broad, comprehensive experience but exceptional skill of the highest order.

The Pencil Question is bigger than you realize

You pay, not only for pencils used, but for useless stubs thrown away; for points whittled off and for *time wasted in sharpening, and then washing the hands.*

If you are an employer all this expense is multiplied. And it hits your pocket harder than you know. You would save good money by using

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

They are pointed in 5 seconds. And you can use a Blaisdell pencil *clear to the end.*

Some large concerns have saved fully half on their pencil bills by using Blaisdell pencils.

No whittling. No soiled fingers. No broken points.

There are Blaisdells of every kind for every use. And all good stationers sell them.

Why not settle this question in *your* business *today?*

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co.
Philadelphia

Eternal Vigilance

is no longer the price of safety for your talking machine record. Nor is it the price of peace levied by the hostile noises at the end of the record. An

AUTOMATIC STOP

on your machine puts an end to these noises. The **Condon Autostop** prevents damage to your records. Fits any disc talking machine.

Prices: $3.00 and $4.00
Add 50c for Canada.
Nickel or gold-plated

CONDON-AUTOSTOP CO.
26 Front St., New York City
CANADIAN OFFICE: 126 Sparks St., Ottawa

The first Americans... on page 46

"My Chum"

Life, Innocence, Health glow from my Chum's rosy cheeks - a splendid tribute to Palmolive's beautifying qualities. Complexion perfection from babyhood throughout old age, thanks to Pride and Palmolive.

How Palmolive *alone* works cleansing and beautifying wonders

How It Differs From Any Other

Palmolive has been termed the Different Soap. It has the right to be so named, because it *is* unlike any other soap ever made.

The oils are those of the Far East. The Orient has yielded its precious secret to Palmolive. When we learned that palm and olive oils were responsible for the wondrous complexions of the most famous beauties known to history, we sent to the far-away land of palms and olive groves for these oils.

Then we learned to blend them in soap, making countless improvements and finally realizing an Ideal—a perfect soap—after 37 years of striving.

Oriental Oils Cause Its Dainty Green Color

The olive and palm oils alone give Palmolive its delicate green hue, found in this soap alone. No other soap maker has yet been able to reproduce the amazing qualities these expensive oils and their scientific blending give to Palmolive. *It is more than mere soap.*

Millions Captivated by Its Faint Fragrance

Palmolive's dainty odor delights every user. No other soap is purer, nor so effective in cleansing and beautifying the skin. No other soap can accomplish what Palmolive does. Its soothing, invigorating qualities are what have made Palmolive a household word in ten million homes. Every member of the family wants Palmolive, and will use no other once they have tried it.

A Creamy Lather in Hard Water

Because most soaps will lather well in soft water only, Palmolive has, by thousands of experiments and improvements, been made to lather perfectly in *hard* water also. Merely another reason for referring to Palmolive as the Different Soap.

Let Palmolive Lessen Soap Bills

We have a machine that crushes thirty tons of pressure upon every cake of Palmolive. That accounts for the fact that there is an enormous amount of soap in each cake. This is why Palmolive remains firm even when worn to a wafer. This is why Palmolive lasts so much longer than any other. This is why Palmolive is charmingly economical. It costs but 15 cents.

Send two 2-cent stamps for sample and free booklet, "The Easy Way to Beauty."

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP COMPANY
482 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Price 15c

A Generous Jar of Palmolive Cream Given Away

Just send us a band from a cake of Palmolive Soap and we will send a sample facsimile jar of this beauty-bringing face cream.

Pure and white; penetrating, cleansing and softening every pore of the skin. Made from our own formula, in our own factory. Used with Palmolive Soap, no wonder complexion improvement is at once noticeable.

Your druggist will heartily recommend Palmolive Cream.

Price 50c

(198)

Williams' Talc Powder

After Shaving **After the Bath** **When Motoring**

THE problem of what to use on the face after shaving is one which besets nine men out of ten. There is nothing so soothing as a good talcum. Williams' Talc Powder is more than a good powder, for it has a fineness, a purity and an antiseptic quality such as few talcs possess.

That is what makes it so safe for use on even the most delicate skin. Sprinkle a little on the towel or on your hand, and apply to the face.

AFTER the baby has had *his* bath and has been carefully patted dry with the softest of soft towels, there is nothing more soothing to the little tot's skin than Williams' Talc Powder.

It is deliciously soft and fine, mildly antiseptic, gently absorbent, quickly relieving irritations, sunburn, prickly heat, etc. Whether used for toilet or nursery or after shaving, Williams' Talc Powder has the same degree of perfection that has distinguished Williams' Shaving Soaps for generations.

Four odors: Violet, Carnation, Rose (a flesh tint)—fragrant as the flowers themselves—and Karsi, a rich Oriental perfume

May we send you a dainty Silver-plated Vanity Box for wife, sister or friend?

The comfort and relief of the occasional dainty dab of a powder puff means much to a woman. We have had made expressly for us an exquisite little heavily **Silver-plated Vanity Box** containing a French Powder Puff and Concentrating Mirror, and are enabled to offer for a nominal amount, what at a jeweler's you would willingly pay a dollar or more for.

How to get it

Buy a box of Williams' Talc Powder, send us the name of the dealer from whom you bought it, the date and 20c in stamps. A woman has use for a pocket mirror many times a day, and the little mirror alone makes the Vanity Box indispensable, while the charm and usefulness of the Vanity Box itself, justify its cost many times over.

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-cover Nickeled Box

The Williams Talc box is different from all others

Note the Hinged Cover, over the perforated top

The Silver-plated Vanity Box

Address The J. B. Williams Co., 160 Maple Ave., Glastonbury, Conn., Makers of Williams' Famous Shaving Soaps, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Dentalactic Tooth Powder, Matchless Cold Cream, etc.